

THE  
LONDON MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER 1, 1826.

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AN APOLOGY FOR THE "DIARY OF A CONSTANT READER."

SEPTEMBER.

THE "Constant Reader" counts only eleven months in the year. September is blank in his almanack, (we wish it were in ours!) It is very excusable to give up the newspapers, when they are only published—not to break the set. Except a love of uniformity, has there been, during the whole course of this month, an iota of reason why the "Times" should begin to publish at five o'clock every morning, and end at eight, as its bulletins announce. Would not a "Times" or a "Chronicle" per week have been too much? Surely then the "Diary" is excusable for having paid off its newsman, and gone out of town. We are not cursed with that greatest of all nuisances, an editor; we do as we like, and have the gratification of seeing what we write printed as it was written. Sense or nonsense—it is our own; each man's *entire*, and not interlarded with another's stupid jokes, or cut up, minced, and garnished with the sense or nonsense of somebody else, which, whether sense or nonsense, is probably wholly in another spirit, and certainly very provoking to behold. The miseries of working under an editor are great, but our republican freedom has its inconveniences. It is an old and a homely proverb, "that which is every body's is nobody's business," and it may so happen, that each member of our corps may think proper to go about his own affairs at the same time, and the Magazine of the month stand a good chance of being forgotten. If such catastrophe should ever happen—if the sun should forget to rise some morning—that event will take place in *September*. It is tolerably easy to keep each man at his post in winter; to be sure, some little effort is necessary about the latter end of December—the holidays and the hospitality of country firesides tempt a few away from their duty, but the long nights and the bad weather make in-door employment necessary, so that we *do* get out, and though in quantity our supply flows in but *scantily*, its quality is precious, smacking of the jocundity and the good cheer of Christmas. From January to June our printer has his hands full; his perplexity is only how to dispose, arrange, and condense. Then come the laments over articles postponed. "It may be thrown into the fire—*now*."

OCT. 1826.

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"Its only value was its seasonableness." "In a month it will be stale, the subject forgotten, and the allusions obsolete." "This is very discouraging." "It always happens, that the best things I write cannot go in until they might just as well be as bad as ——'s." The fine weather of June thins our crop; the *first* fine weather is irresistible; and the more idle and the more wealthy of us join the migratory birds, and we hear of them from Brussels or Geneva, before we, the *rump*, at home, are aware of their departure. But then, true to their "wonted fires," full of warm recollections of sober evenings and long and merry nights, their hearts are with us. The foreign post brings on fine paper, what the twopenny would have brought on thick—the excitement of travelling, and its experience, at least making up for the difference between twopence and three-and-sixpence. This industry lasts not long. The traveller fixes himself for a few months—perhaps at Naples, perhaps at Vienna, perhaps at Athens. Society engrosses at first only a few formal hours, but acquaintances thicken, intimacies grow, and flirtations commence. A truce to all thoughts of England and our contributor is lost,—till some desperate quarrel, some sober explanation, or fit of blue-devils or jealousy, brings him home, and much to our surprise the door is thrown open to the bronzed features of Mr. ——. "Just arrived?" "delighted to see you;" "not heard a word of you;" "quite unexpected;" "but of that bye-and-bye," &c. &c. But in September, the most regular of our body, the most studious, the gravest, and the most critical—they who rail against the dulness and the disappointments of travel, and laugh at those who prefer woods to walls, parks to streets, boundless view of hill and dale to the vistas of Regent Street,—even they begin to fancy the necessity of "being off." The sum total of all this is, that the "Diarian" is gone where newspapers cannot follow him, or where he does not choose to read them. We, his "locum tenens," are much too modest to attempt to supply the hiatus. We who have been left at home, have had enough to do to perform our own parts to our own satisfaction. Fortunately, however, the honorary members of our body have been peculiarly happy this month, in both the value and the seasonableness of their assistance. Our old and excellent friend Qæstor, has brought us interesting news of our quondam companions and collaborators of New-Home. Don Whiskerando's adventures in Greece are talked of in all parts of the country; his adventures are exciting universal interest in the hearts of all young ladies, and well it is for them that he is invisible. A man of deserved celebrity, who is one of the first Italian scholars in Europe, has given us his thoughts on a subject that must interest every man—the influence of the character and situation of the women of Italy, on the political state of that unhappy country. The extract from the Memoirs of Casanova will be read with that anxiety and suspense which are the triumphs of a skilful narrator. Our travellers and scouts abroad have also been so vigilant, as would at one time have made the labourers at home forget that they were spending the September in London, if indeed that were possible—if deserted club-rooms, solitary streets, summer theatres, and silent knockers, (never silent at other times,) could permit ideas of dreariness and desertion to escape for a moment.



## JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

## No. VIII.

*Wednesday, Nov. 2d.*—I rose at six; we found the gates shut, and a crowd of people waiting to be let out; in about ten minutes they opened a wicket, and it appeared that as many had been waiting to be let in: when they had crowded past one another, the gates were opened, and some market carts, which had been waiting, were suffered to enter. I do not pretend to understand warfare, but this shutting of gates appears to be a foolish thing, and gives much trouble for no good purpose. The cities are surrounded with ugly dead walls, which impede the view, the exit, and the entrance, and prevent a free circulation of air; and, except at Lucca, they are too narrow to make a good walk. The soldiers who are employed for the police, and to keep the gates, or even the inhabitants, could always repel the attack of a small number of persons, and a large army would not be kept out by such walls as the Italian cities would oppose to them. It is an absurd relic of barbarism, but often in a most senseless practice may be found some collateral good; by shutting the gates early, people are compelled to keep good hours; and as they are not open before sunrise, painfully long journies are prevented.

I passed through a flat country, and through Prato without knowing it, as I did not observe any city sufficiently large to contain ten thousand inhabitants: perhaps the extraordinary and almost incredible profanation, and astounding misapplication of wafers, by the nuns of the convent of St. Catherine, as related by De Potter, in his *Memoirs of the Bishop of Prato and Pistoia Ricci*, has infected the air of this city, so that it offuscates the mind of the traveller, and hebetates his powers of observation, and thus hides Prato, unwilling to be seen, and blushing for the scandals of its nuns.

I arrived at Florence without knowing it, and thinking that it was Prato; I told the driver, therefore, to take me to whatever inn he pleased as I supposed—to bait and breakfast; he took me to a dim place, full of vetturini, and, in spite of me, would carry my baggage into a bed-room, which led to an explanation: I immediately rectified my mistake, by ordering my bags to be transported to the Four Nations, and transplanting myself to that hotel. The pompous air with which my passport had been examined at the gate, and with which I was told to stand up, that they might peep into the seat, had not undeceived me, for I had experienced the same impertinence in the most paltry cities; but as soon as I saw the *Lungo l'Arno*, I recognised the beautiful Florence, and remembered an engraving which I used to look at when a boy, and especially the marble bridge, with three elegant arches; the most graceful bridge I ever saw. I cannot decide whether it is better with the three large shields over the centre of the arches, or would be better without them. To determine the curvature of the arches of the bridge of the Holy Trinity, is a problem which has always continued to exercise the mathematicians, and has never received a satisfactory solution; it is not merely a question of scientific and useless curiosity, but a matter of important and practical utility, because the curvature of these arches affords the flattest road-way, and

greatest water-way, with the least quantity of material, of any stone bridge that was ever constructed. It is, in other words, more of a bridge than any other in the world; and as it is also the most beautiful, it is a striking illustration of the theory, that in proportion as any thing is itself, and essentially answers the end proposed, it is beautiful. Every curve has been chosen for these three arches; they have been shown, by ingenious persons, to be elliptical, catenary, and cycloidal; and a patriotic Englishman maintains, that they are manifestly Gothic pointed arches, of the time of Henry VII., and that the shields or ornaments at the vertices seem intended, by the architect, only to veil his obligations to Gothic science.

The first visit of a traveller is to the post-office; however attentive his friends may be, however well he may have pre-arranged his times of arriving, he will, for some reason or other, generally be disappointed. It is a great disappointment; but he who travels, travels to see sights; in this he will be sometimes gratified, in all other things he will most probably be disappointed. How little of a journey is employed in seeing, how much in packing and unpacking, in going from one city to another, or from one part of the same city to another part; in changing money, in bargaining, in waiting for others; about passports, or with custom-house officers: and when you have the sight actually before your eyes, you are tormented by beggars, by rain, wind, or dust; by volunteer guides; or if you take one of the regulars to defend you against other assailants, by his impertinence he will not let you look at it in the right way, and teases you with some petty history of how some king or emperor, some conqueror of Spain, the Duc d'Angouleme, or the Duke of Wellington, once saw it; and what this person, who could not possibly understand it, said thereupon. If travelling really were what it is supposed to be, but what it certainly is not, the seeing of remarkable things would be most delightful: but as it is, if taken in moderation, it is improving.

I was tired, and therefore only wandered about in a desultory manner. I remarked that few of the buildings, and I think not any of the churches, were finished; the city, although beautiful, for some reason disappointed me. I walked out of the Roman gate, and turning to the left, ascended a steep hill by a long and remarkable avenue, consisting of the ilex and the cypress, planted very close together; they were in general fine trees, and the avenue was quite entire; at the top is a palace, and a view over the city of Florence. I saw a fowler under one of the trees, who was attempting to decoy small birds to some limed twigs, in a remarkable manner: a little owl was tethered by the leg with a long string, and kept hopping and beating on the ground; the man hid himself behind the trunk of a tree, and made a chirp, like a little bird; several sparrows drew near, and looked at the owl, and seemed half inclined to take a peck at him, but they did not perch upon the twigs whilst I was present: perhaps, as I stood openly at a little distance, and looked on, I thereby prevented the complete success of this singular mode of fowling, which, I have no doubt, from the foolish conduct of the little victims, is often effectual. I do not think the olive is ugly, as is the general opinion; there is a finish about all slow-growing trees and evergreens which is pleasing.



The Italian bricks are thinner than ours, therefore they are more like the ancient Roman, and perhaps are better baked. If the painting on the walls of a room is not well executed, it is displeasing to me, because it reminds me of a theatre, and of a country theatre,—and of discomfort: a theatre seems the most comfortless place in the world, and players the most uncomfortable people; but if it be well done, in good taste, with delicate colours, and due regard being had in the shadows, to the manner in which the light enters the room, it has a cheerful and excellent effect, especially if the subject be arabesques. Representations in perspective are rarely successful, because the perspective is only just and agreeable, when seen in one point of view; in all others it is not proportion, but deformity.

*Thursday, Nov. 3d.*—I have heard it remarked, by a good judge of pictures, that the landscapes in the back grounds of the paintings of the older masters, the predecessors of Raphael, are excellent; I treasured up the remark, which was new to me, in my heart, and resolved to look at these productions, with the view of forming my own opinion on this point. I visited the celebrated gallery. The effect of mingling pictures with statues is good, and ought to be imitated in all public galleries. The locking and unlocking some of the rooms, is a piece of coquetry, to keep up curiosity; it is, doubtless, a powerful excitement, but it is an artifice unworthy of so fine a collection. So much has been written about the Venus, and so much stuff is hourly talked about her, that the stranger visits her with an appetite already palled. The statue has been broken in pieces, which are not neatly joined together again. The hands and the head are said to be modern; the head is certainly insipid: with the grace, modesty, dignity, and general expression of the attitude, I was not much struck, but the form I praise: in the bosom, which is large, the feet, thighs, legs, back, and shoulders, I thought that I observed peculiarities of form, which I had not seen in other statues, and that these peculiarities were all merits. The Apollino is graceful, and in excellent repair. The Fornarina of Raphael is the wickedest-looking woman I ever saw. I tried to discover in three Correggio's, the peculiar merits of that painter. I admired a fine Claude; and many other good, and some perfect, paintings. I was attracted by a grand wild boar, two dogs, and many other antique statues, especially Fauns and Satyrs. Bacchi subjects are always pleasing and interesting; the fine arts are essentially Dionysiacal.

The Florentine architects affect to give their churches, what Homer thought a fitting attribute of a house, darkness, *ανα μεγαρα σκιοεντα*: the unfinished cathedral, an immense building, seems suited for deeds of darkness; it resembles a Druidical grove; the gloom is striking, but paintings cannot be seen at all, statues but little. In this, and in some other churches, I observed for the first time, that the great altar is placed within a circular inclosure. No cathedral, scarcely any large church, has been entirely finished; at Florence they are in a peculiarly unfinished state. The west front of the cathedral, which was designed to be covered with marble, and that of many other churches, reminded me forcibly of the remark of Burnet, "that they looked as if they had been flead." The Campanile, a beautiful and lofty square tower, close to the cathedral, which was built from the



design of Giotto, covered with coloured marbles, black, white, and red, reminded me of the comparison of the same traveller, "that it looks as if it were in livery." An octagonal church of St. John the Baptist, the baptistery of the city, has, doubtless, great merit, externally and internally; but it is just such a temple as the magpies would build to their black and white deity, if a feathered Giotto, or a Brunelleschi, were to be hatched amongst that chattering nation. Santa Maria Novella, the Annunciata, the Spirito Santo, S. Lorenzo, and the Santa Croce, have various beauties: the last church is the Westminster Abbey of Florence, and contains the monuments of the illustrious dead.

The bust of Michael Angelo, on his tomb, is spirited, and must be a good likeness: the monument of Alfieri, by Canova, has its admirers; but, in my opinion, the huge mound advancing into the church, is a mere nuisance, and the party most concerned is, as usual with Canova, sunk into a medal; and a giantess, who has nothing to do with the matter, usurps his place. "Idleness," says the copy-book, "is the root of all evil;" it is certainly the root of this evil: to make a good statue of the deceased, requires time and trouble; to make a statue of Italy, of Tragedy, of Fame, of Poetry, but little; as no one has seen these ideal personages, the dissimilarity cannot be detected. In a monument erected in honour of a Chancellor, most persons could judge, whether the statue were a good likeness of the late eloquent lord; but if a weeping John Doe, or a Richard Roe, in tears, bearing the visage of the departed, engraven on his ring, or his seal, were introduced; or an Equity, disconsolate as Rachel or Niobe, and attached to life only by a little lock of his lordship's hair, or wig, the composition might defy the individual peculiarities of criticism. Persons who prefer good butter to bad, here, as at Pisa, buy it of the grand duke, who has a dairy-farm.

*Friday, Nov. 4th.*—The Pitti Palace is in the rustic style of architecture; it is ugly and jail-like; a good large palace might be hewn out of it. There are pictures innumerable, and fine ones. The portrait of Leo X., by Raphael, is the perfection of the art; one regrets that such exquisite painting should have been thrown away upon such ugly fellows as are there represented; on the contrary, in the neighbouring picture, by the same master, of the Madonna della Seggiola, the countenance is so beautiful, that, as was observed by a foreigner, with a freedom, perhaps, reprehensible, if it had been a mere human transaction, St. Joseph would stand fully excused, for having taken to himself such a lovely creature at second hand.

The true wonder of Florence, is the collection of anatomical models in wax, at the Spegola; their number, beauty, and perfection, is astonishing. All the various systems of the animal economy are exhibited with perfect accuracy, as large as life, and are shown as well as by the most careful dissection: nothing shocks the senses; on the contrary, a certain beauty of imitation and gracefulness in displaying and disposing the parts and limbs, is even pleasing. Some other animals, as well as man, are shown; the anatomy of the cock and hen are well represented; of the lobster, cuttle-fish, silk-worm, and of some fishes, and of the gradual growth and progress of the chicken in the egg. It is open every day, freely, to all persons. Some Austrians, private

soldiers, were looking at the cuttle-fish; one of them asked me, what it was; he did not understand the Italian name; I knew enough of his language to tell him it was the Ink-fish, Tinten-fisch; with great glee he immediately inquired, if I could speak German; to be able to speak the language of the country, is always a powerful bond of union; but it is, perhaps, no where so great a recommendation as in Germany. I was disappointed in the celebrated representations of the plague; the figures are very small; the whole consists of only three little glass cases; absolute rottenness and rapid decay are well represented; but some intrusive allegorical figures of Time, who ought to be committed as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, greatly injure the effect. A human head, partly dissected, and in a putrescent state, the work of the inventor of this art, Zumbo, is the most extraordinary and the most successful of all the numerous pieces of wax-work; the colouring is marvellous; no imitation can be more perfect.

*Saturday, Nov. 5th.*—I found on the Continent many holidays that are not kept in England; this day at least is an English holiday, which is not kept abroad; I saw no preparations for bonfires; I met no Guys; no boys asked me for coppers to help to burn the Pope. It is said that the only honest tradesmen here are the Jews, who are therefore unpopular amongst other dealers; these unfortunate people fall between two stools—in England they are hated because they are not honest enough—in Italy because they are too honest. Their mode of dealing is, perhaps, always the same; it only appears different when compared to different things; contrasted with that of all other nations, it seems to be dishonesty, but with that of the Italians it is honesty. It is said that there are no Jews in Scotland, that that is the only country in the world from which they cannot extract a livelihood: the Jews can live upon as little or less than any other people, but not upon less than a quarter per cent.; if the average profits of trade fall below that rate, the Hebrews withdraw; a Jew must have his quarter per cent., and not finding that in Scotland, he cannot live. Others explain the phenomenon differently; they say, that the children of Israel derive their nourishment from second-hand cloaths; that this trade is in many countries attended with great sufferings and hardships, but that in Scotland, from the peculiar habits of the people, it would be intolerable, that even Abraham himself would not follow it for a fortnight.

A gigantic size injures the effect of a work of art; the famed Niobe is too large; her face is beautiful and expressive; to judge accurately and fully of this celebrated composition, more time is required than a hasty traveller can afford: the form of the daughter, whom she tries to shelter, is perhaps too much that of a woman; certainly that part of her which is most conspicuous, is rather womanly than girlish. Some of the sons are well executed; they appear as if stung to the quick.

Italy at present is not the land of music; I have heard less singing in the streets than in any other country, and the little I have heard was of a much worse quality: the music in the churches is extremely monotonous; I have generally found bad voices and bad performance: nothing can be less dignified or imposing than the religious ceremonies, or conducted in a more ungraceful and slovenly manner. Florence swarms with priests, black, white, and grey; it is said that the Grand



Duke, as well as his family, is extremely pious. The Tuscan wine is never good, the best is barely drinkable; it is not clear and bright, being made in dirty casks and vats, and has commonly an unpleasant taste.

*Sunday, Nov. 6th.*—To-day, or rather to-morrow, is the first day of Michaelmas term; I feel that I have no business to remain long in Italy. I admired in the cloisters of the church of the Annunziata, a fine fresco by Giotto, of the birth of the Virgin, containing many charming female figures; the holy family of Andrea del Sarto, and some other excellent works. We walked up an extremely steep hill to Fiesole; we passed the farm of Dante, and the house in which the party, who told the tales in the Decameron of Boccaccio, are feigned to have assembled, and which has no other merits than a good view and these recollections. In visiting the scenes of fictitious events, it is difficult to avoid falling into the error of the simple attorney, who being told that a great collector of Spanish works had got Don Quixote's library, he forgot that the romance was not a history; that all that could be meant was, that copies had been procured of all the works that Cervantes describes as forming the library of the knight; he even forgot that, even supposing all was true as related, that the books had been burned, and remarked, with an ingenuousness worthy of Sancho himself, "I wonder if there is any of the Don's hand-writing; a marginal note, or even his name, in any book, would be invaluable; how I should like to see what kind of a hand he wrote!" The hill is steep; the view from the top is good; a view of Florence, of the vale of the Arno, and the surrounding hills; the forms are fine, but to an English eye the colours are unpleasant; one sees only fallow fields tinged grey with the olive; refreshing green is entirely wanting. My companions, who are warm admirers of Italy, admitted that it is inferior to Highgate and Hampstead.

The finest views abroad can never be approached; lovely lakes are blocked up, as at Geneva and Como, by the vilest of buildings; on the top of this hill a monastery is so placed, that a partial view only is to be had, and the few moments we could enjoy that partial prospect, we were infested by the inauspicious presence of a sulky monk: the few moments that can be torn from passports, custom-houses, vetturini, and darkness, from sleep and the other necessities of life, are in Italy always embittered by the odious presence of some offensive beggar, lay or ecclesiastical. The lurid sluggard came to ask us to see his monastery; to beg, at least by his looks, or to spy, or for any purpose, save the only legitimate one, to have his head broken by one of the party, and to be kicked down the hill by the rest.

The view from Fiesole is deficient in water; whatever of the Arno is not dry, is a muddy little stream; it also wants variety; it consists entirely of olive grounds, sown thickly with white villas. The waiter at my hotel wished me much to have my hair cut, and recommended a barber to my attention, because he had been at Paris, and was a *bravo*; according to our sense of the term it would signify, not a good fellow, but a very bad one; a man who would cut your hair, and then stab you with the scissors—shave you, and cut your throat with the razor.

The papal government has in all ages been eminently distinguished



for insolent pretensions, and has showed them equally in the most unimportant matters, and in the most momentous affairs. I received my passport to-day duly prepared for Rome; the ministers of all other governments, great and small, had been content with a common stamped seal in ink of various colour, red, black, blue, or green; the Pope's nuncio alone had the impertinence to affix a seal of red wax, to take a distinction, and to show that his kingdom is not of this world. Had all the potentates and impotentates, through whose dominions I passed, presented me with an ounce of sealing-wax, my passport by this time would have weighed several pounds; in that case, I presume, the arrogant little priest, who officiates as consul for the celestial empire, would have compelled me to carry to Rome in my pocket a cake of resin, like the filthy appendage to a commission of bankruptcy, and other parchments under the great seal.

*Monday, Nov. 7th.*—I saw some frescoes in chiaroscuro, by Andrea del Sarto, in the little church of the bare-footed Carmelites, Scalzati; they represent the life of St. John the Baptist; they are much injured, but full of spirit and of merit. The modern paintings in the Academy Delle belle Arti, do not give a high idea of the state of that art at present in Florence; there are some very good casts and a gallery of pictures of the earliest masters, which is exceedingly interesting, as well as some cartoons and drawings by great men.

I had now recovered from the fatigue I felt when I arrived in Florence, and began to be impatient to visit Rome; I accordingly made arrangements with a vetturino for that purpose. Notwithstanding the difference of climate, for one great coat that is to be seen in England, five are found in Italy, especially amongst the common people; but the Italians sit less over the fire than the English, indeed they avoid it as unwholesome. Strangers cannot fail to remark the peculiar manner in which the Italians wear their great coats, and not unfrequently their coats and jackets also; they disdain to put their arms into the sleeves, but merely throw the great-coat lightly over their shoulders; the peasants appear to have a sort of pride in showing by how small a part it can hang on, and at first it seems difficult to believe that they have not some button or peg on the nape of the neck or shoulder, for to the eye it appears sometimes as impossible that the coat should retain its position, as that it should hang against a wall without one of those supports; an experiment, however, shows that it is not difficult, and with a little practice, even one of our scanty great-coats may be worn in this fashion; the full double-breasted Italian garments much more easily, because the weight of the parts that are intended to wrap over before, overbalance the weight of the back; it will hang, therefore, for ever, upon any point of support, however small; in a very scanty garment the weight of the back having no counterpoise, tends to pull it off. A coat of coarse cloth, and such is usually to be found in Italy, is more favourable for this experiment, because its rough surface takes hold of whatever is beneath, and will not suffer it to slip down. This manner of carrying a coat is more picturesque than the transalpine fashion; it is also more beneficial to the wearer, because a garment worn loosely is most effectual in warding off the cold, that is, in retaining the animal heat. The dislike of an Italian to put his arms in his sleeves is very remarkable; it seems as if these suspicious

people had the fate of Agamemnon continually before their eyes; that renowned chieftain, as is well known, was received by his wife on his return from Troy with a warm bath; when he came out of the bath, a garment, with the sleeves sewed up, was presented to him, and whilst his arms were thus hampered, he was struck out of the book of life. An Italian appears to suspect treachery in his sleeves, that if he were to trust his hands into them for a moment, his wife and her cavaliere servente would suddenly cleave his head with a murderous axe, as wood-cutters serve an oak.

—Ὅπως ὄρνυ ὕλοτομοι,  
Οχιζῃσι κατὰ φονίῳ πελεκεῖ.

or, as the hero's shade described the transaction, the cavalier would dispose of him as a man has been known to slaughter an ox at the manger—

—Ὡς τις τε κατεκτανε βοῦν ἐπὶ φατνῇ.

We sometimes see an Irish labourer with his coat in this fashion. A great coat is a common dress amongst the lower order of Irish: from the moral habits of the wearers it has won the appellation of a wrap-rascal. By these persons it is often used to hide the rags in which their indolence arrays them. The dress of the Italians, however coarse, except of beggars by profession, is rarely ragged.

*Tuesday, Nov. 8th.*—The more one contemplates the anatomical figures, the more wonderful they appear; I would gladly visit them every day for an hour, until I fully understood the wonderful structure of the human frame. It would be a great advantage to be accompanied by a person who was already conversant with the subject: it would greatly facilitate the acquisition of this interesting portion of knowledge, but it is not absolutely necessary, because each piece of wax-work is illustrated by a corresponding diagram; and wherever this fails, its deficiency might be supplied by a good book. It is said that the figures are imperfect: nothing is perfect. If the errors were pointed out by those who have detected them, the same wonderful skill that made the models could alter what is amiss, remove what is redundant, and supply omissions. Those who have obtained their information by actual dissections, are fairly entitled to compensate themselves for their disgusting labours, by sneering at all other and more facile modes of becoming wise. It may be true, that to make a surgeon these alone are insufficient, but I do not wish to become a surgeon; I would operate on no man, I would amputate nothing; let all my friends enjoy their limbs in peace for me. I do not undervalue galleries of paintings and statues: all public means of instruction are precious, but such a collection is at least as useful as a museum of antiquities. It would be desirable that a wealthy government should employ competent artists, either in copying these figures, or in modelling others of a similar kind from nature; and, above all things, when the work was completed, that they should be exhibited at all times, to all persons, and with the same laudable facility as these are; for a talent wrapped in a napkin, and buried in the earth, is worthless and useless. I have observed that, in anatomical collections, all the spectators, both ladies and gentlemen, anxiously inquire, since a certain irreparable loss, after the carotid artery.



The base of the Venus de Medicis is inscribed—

ΚΑΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΩΡΟΥ  
ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΩΕΣΕΝ.

Is the base as old as the statue, the inscription as the base? If it be, and if the statue were formed in a good age, so good a sculptor, especially if he were an Athenian, ought to have been able to spell *εποίησεν*; and why did Cleomenes, the son of Apollodorus, whether he be the person of that name, of whom Pliny writes in his Natural History, l. 36, c. 5, or some other, attempt to inscribe *fecit*, and not the more modest imperfect *faciebat*, *εποίηε*, which was usual to denote that the artist was making, but did not finish the work, which, however excellent, is not so complete as it might be? Can the lapidary critics, the men learned in stones, tell us what made the good Athenian at once so ignorant and so conceited?

Wine may be too cheap for jollity: where the best wine is three-pence a bottle, there is no hospitality in giving it, and no one thinks of finishing the bottle, which is a great principle of jollity, any more than of emptying the water-bottle in his bed-room: he takes a glass, or two, or three, or none, and leaves the rest with perfect indifference. When a gentleman helps himself in England to toast and water, or table-beer, neither Mr. President nor Mr. Vice, how jocund soever these officers may be, roars out thus from the top of the table, or from the bottom, "Come, fill fair! No heel-taps! No day-light!" So it is where wine is as cheap as small beer. The minimum for jollity ought to be, perhaps, one shilling a bottle for gentleman's wine: let the plebeian warm his veins with coarser liquor at a cheaper rate.

*Wednesday, Nov. 9th.*—I rose early and packed up my things, for the rogue of a vetturino had promised me to set off this morning for Perugia: he now declared that he had agreed for Thursday. We had much disputation and scolding: I had already lost one day in waiting for him, but as I found that I could not do better, I at last consented to lose another. In the course of our dispute, he said that he would swear that he would never go out of the room if he had not agreed for Thursday; he was much annoyed at my laughing at his oath, and he said that I would not swear that he had engaged for to-day, which I would not, as swearing is not my habit of transacting business. I was sorry I did not notice the exact terms of his oath: I have no doubt that the equivocation was curious and ingenious. The more swearing the more falsehood; the truth is not inconsistent with a simple assertion; an oath is an invitation to use deceit and evasion: it was the invention of those who sought to deceive, or who had deceived so often, that they could not hope to be believed without some new expedient: it was a confession that the sense of justice had no force, but the apprehension of the consequences of a terrible imprecation might possibly act upon the vile deceiver. It was a base substitution of cowardly fear for honesty, and a degradation of the mind of man, a courageous and moral being, to the state of the timorous brute, that flies before the goad and the lash.

Having done all in my power to quit Florence without delay, I paid another visit to the gallery with a clear conscience, and saw two interesting rooms, which I had not found open before. The walls of



both are covered with portraits of artists: in one room is a fine antique marble vase, in the other the famous hermaphrodite, which I think is the most beautiful statue I ever beheld: the body and limbs in every part, with one exception, appear at first sight to be decidedly feminine, but upon gazing for a time, something of the male proportions is discovered in every part, and opens gradually like the sun breaking through a mist. It is an elegant solution of a difficult problem. It would be a great effort of art to succeed in the converse of the proposition—to make a statue as decidedly male to the same extent, but which, on examination, should gradually develop female proportions. However astonishing as a triumph of genius, this work is not an agreeable subject of contemplation: it is a beautiful monster, for whose mixed nature it is impossible not to feel a certain antipathy.

The imperturbable and perennial good-temper of the Italians compensates for many defects: it must be a great blessing to all persons in a state of dependence, such as children and servants; and it is a vast advantage in the softer sex, who, in certain islands, are unfortunately too often inclined to be a little hard upon us. At five, when I sat down to dinner, it was raining heavily; I went to visit a friend at six, it was a beautiful star-light evening; and at eleven, when I returned, it was dark and wet. I think, during my short stay, I experienced changes of weather equally sudden, and I am told that the climate of Florence is very changeable.

*Thursday, Nov. 10th.*—I rose at five; it was dark; Sirius and Orion were reflected in the Arno: at six I went on board my vettura; my companions were a native of Perugia, his wife, and daughter, a little girl of four years of age. The day became gloomy; the roads were muddy. Foreign carriages are not more favourable for a view, than foreign houses; the windows of the latter are often eight feet from the floor of the room, like the windows of a prison, and such as are given in the plates to Don Quixote and Gil Blas; or, at best, so contrived, that it is impossible to see any thing, when seated in a chair: and the carriages, by reason of the construction of the overhanging roof, are well adapted to enable a traveller to pass through a country without seeing any thing of it. Our course was through pleasant regions; hilly, with arable land, shaded by vines and olives.

We dined at noon, cheerfully, in a shabby little town, called Figline; we passed through a similar country to a little place, of which I did not catch the name, where we arrived in the dark; the night was stormy, with violent rain. Our handmaid, who wore a black beaver hat, with a majestic plume of black ostrich feathers, the pride and glory of the females of Tuscany, was named *Assunta*, assumed in honour of the assumption of the virgin, as some are named *Annunziata*, announced, on account of her annunciation, as the interview with the archangel Gabriel, is called. I had in my bed-room a pot of holy water, and two pictures of Saints, to scare away the nightly demons.

*Friday, Nov. 11th.*—The day was gloomy; we rose abominably early, as usual. We passed through the town of Arezzo; the streets through which we drove were narrow; I saw nothing interesting; but as it was the native place of Petrarch, I took off my cap, as in a church, in honour of the lover of Madonna Laura.

We continued our immense fatigue to a later hour than usual, and came to a poor inn near Castel Fiorentino. I walked up the hill, and into the filthy little town, which is built on the narrow ridge of a steep hill; the smell of salt-fish reached to Heaven; it was market-day; the streets were filled with mules and mulish people, who rudely stared at a stranger; I saw nothing in the market but salt-fish, and a small supply of bad vegetables. I descended to the inn, which was at the foot of the hill, and I found, as it was a meagre day, that a meagre dinner only was to be had.

We pursued our journey to a village, the name of which I could not catch, where they said that Hannibal defeated the Romans; it was dark when we arrived, and dark when we quitted it; we saw neither Romans nor Carthaginians. We passed the night at a rude inn; the people, however, were civil; the supper was meagre in the strictest sense. A meagre day is really an act of devotion, if self-denial constitutes devotion, where there is only fresh water-fish, or sea-fish, not of the best and freshest, or salt-fish; where they are not well dressed, and without sauce, and where vegetables are scarce and bad; cold boiled tench, with oil and vinegar, and cold boiled cauliflower, with the same sauce, are less satisfactory than the worst fowl, steak, or chop. When fish is of the first quality, and got up in the best style, it is excellent food, but not otherwise; like poetry, it will not admit of mediocrity. Where things are different, names differ also; that of my fair companion was *Altavilla*, her daughter's, *Giulietta*, the Juliet of Romeo and of Shakspeare, and she spoke of her sister, *Clelia*, a name of romance.

*Saturday, Nov. 12th.*—We rose earlier than ever; and by the light of the bright stars, proceeded on our way, passing through a country which was formerly thoroughly wasted by Hannibal, as Livy writes, “Annibal, quod agri est inter Cortonam urbem Trasimenumque Lacum, omni clade belli pervastat; quo magis iram hosti ad vindicandas sociorum injurias acuat.” The city of Cortona I had not time to visit; it is said to have many monuments of antiquity, and the works of Pietro da Cortona, and of other masters.

At sun-rise we came suddenly upon the beautiful lake of Trasimene, the leather curtains were suddenly rolled up, and I contemplated with pleasure a lovely morning, reflected in these celebrated waters. I gazed upon them with silent and sincere delight, and forgot the present in contemplating the remote past; and as we crept along slowly by the edge of the lake, I was absorbed in obscure indistinct reflections, for such only can we form of the times of Flaminius and Hannibal.

The ancient warriors, both Carthaginians and Romans, were suddenly put to flight by a modern hero, a brave soldier of his Holiness, who asked for my passport, and told me to descend, that the luggage might be examined. I obeyed with a very ill grace, and the trunks of my companions underwent a long and rigorous inquisition. The lady had put on her head a new hat of the largest size, and of the finest straw, adorned with three long white ostrich feathers, to avoid the heavy duties, and thus to import at a cheaper rate, into her native city, this splendid sample of Florentine elegance. I amused myself by reading a long manifesto, or proclamation, against prohibited



books, in a spirit worthy of the darkest of the dark ages; there was also a large press, inscribed "prohibited books;" I felt great curiosity to open it. They tormented my little sacks, unfolded every parcel, and pryed into every corner; my two or three books were severely scrutinized; a German dictionary and a book of roads were examined, as if they had been the productions of Martin Luther, or of Lady Morgan. To give the devil his due, I must confess the fellows were very civil; as I had nothing to lose, I was quite the contrary, and they did not ask for money, a demand which, though of small importance in itself, is an indubitable proof of a shabby mode of doing business. Having lost much time in these absurd investigations, we mounted our carriage, and continued our ride by the side of the lake, and then quitting it, crossed a pleasant hill, and came to Mangiano, where a scanty, but not a meagre dinner, relieved us, tired and famished.

In a paltry church they were celebrating a *Cutafalco* of nine days, for the benefit of the dead; in the middle of the church was a stage or scaffold, the *Cutafalco* of four degrees, with abundance of lighted candles on each degree, or story; and at the top were two wax-work figures of a large size, one like a Roman soldier, the other a child crowned with roses; a priest was saying mass, and the church was crowded with people.

We went into a little coffee-house, to take a cup of such coffee as the place afforded. In looking over the *Gazette* of the Lake of *Thrasimene*, or a newspaper with some such title, savouring of the Punic wars, I found an instance of the more than Punic faith, and same crooked policy of the court of Rome in little matters, which formerly distinguished it in great ones. There was a long discussion about executing some robber contrary to alleged promises, and a laboured justification of the see, stating that some bishop had interfered, as a mediator of grace and favour only.

We arrived at Perugia about four o'clock in the afternoon; we met with swarms of friars issuing from its gates, black, white, and black and white: Dominicans, pied, like magpies, that it was evident we were no longer in the dominions of a mere earthly monarch, but of "your most humble man's man, Emperor Peter." I was frightened by the accounts of the exactions practised at the *Poste*; I went therefore to the Crown, a comfortable and reasonable inn. I did not find one English name in the book; but they showed me a journal, which had been left there by a young English lady, to see if I knew the hand. I looked at it, to satisfy them that I did not. It was in the writing of a young person; the only sentence which I read, said, that "the walls of Perugia are remarkably strong."

*Sunday, Nov. 13th.*—Perugia is built on a steep hill; but some of the streets are wide and handsome, especially the *Corso*. The general appearance of the city is striking; the inhabitants have plenty of house-room, walls, and arches, for it is thinly inhabited. The gate of St. Peter is ancient and noble, and that called the Arch of Augustus is a fine old gateway. The cathedral, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is heavy; the church of the Dominicans is heavy and dark; the church of St. Peter's is rich and finely painted, and abounds in pictures by Raphael, especially his early works and first fruits; the admirable



productions by Pietro Perugino, the master of Raphael, and the pictorial grandfather of Raphael, the master of Pietro: a large convent of Benedictines is annexed to this church. The view from the folding doors behind the altar is so beautiful, that it brings to mind the painful reflection,—this is one of the lovely things I shall only see once, which is, perhaps, worse than not seeing it at all.

I saw many pretty women in the streets; the Corso was much crowded at dusk, but I was told that all the Perugians had gone to pass the day in the country, as it was the feast of St. Martin. The wine of this district is white, sweet, and better than any I have met with in Tuscany.

Whilst I was at dinner, I heard a woman scolding most tremendously; it was the only thing of the kind I had heard since I left England; the objurgation was so loud and so long, that it drove all the women out of the kitchen; they took refuge in the hall, where I was dining—the chambermaid, her daughter, and a good-looking girl, a daughter of the house as they say, for the children of the landlady are called in all countries, a son of the house, or a daughter of the house. They seated themselves in a row on the table opposite, and told me, that of the four children of the house, the youngest, a boy of ten years, who was his mother's favourite, had been punished by his father for some misconduct, at which the mother was enraged, and had delivered with extraordinary vehemence and pathos the oration which I had heard, to the father, who preserved as strict and as respectful a silence as the pots and pans on the walls.

Travelling in Italy is a solitary thing; there are no *tables d'hôte*, no public conveyances, no one is to be found at the inns; the Italians are very courteous; but the men are, without exception, the shyest people in the world; and the women, who are not shy, are more guarded, and looked after more strictly and closely than amongst any other western nation.

*Monday, Nov. 14th.*—I quitted Perugia at eleven with a vetturino; I had no companions; we descended a long steep hill, and crossed the Tiber by the bridge of S. Giovanni. It began to rain, and it rained so hard as we passed the church of Madonna degli Angioli, a large building with a cupola, in honour of the spot where St Francis died, that I could not descend to view the interior without great inconvenience. As we ascended the hill, the rain fell in torrents, with hail, thunder, and lightning, and as we entered the city of Assisi, the water was running through the streets like a mill-stream. We drove into the cloisters of the convent; I was received by a monk, who had been in Malta and Egypt, and was on board an English ship at the battle of the Nile. He showed me the upper church; it was painted by Pietro Perugino, Raphael, and other great men; but the frescoes are so much defaced as to be hardly visible; the rain and wind were beating against the windows of painted glass, which seemed on the point of being driven in by the frightful storm. The lower church is painted by the same great artists, and their works are in good preservation, but it was too dark under this hostile sky to see them with any advantage. Beneath is a little chapel, lately fitted up in a handsome manner, in which the bones of St. Francis had been found, and were again deposited.

## WRESTLING.

THE amateurs of athletic performances were gratified towards the end of last month, with an exhibition of the old national feat of wrestling. Several matches were played between Devonshire and Cornwall men, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, at the Eagle Tavern green, in the City Road.—The science displayed on the occasion shows, that we are in some respects the same people as our ancestors were in the “good old times,” when rustic games attracted the notice of courts; and that, in recounting the achievements in this line of our forefathers, we may not use Homer’s illustration of the feats in the heroic age before him, when he represents Ajax as performing what two men’s strength in his times would be unable to accomplish.

The first day, every Cornish and Devon hero was free to throw his hat in the ring, as a challenge to any adversary of the opposing county. Several very pretty contests took place, in which the victory was not always to the strong; there was an agility and pliancy of limb in the liminative, that sometimes ensured them the throw: some of these seemed incapable of being laid with both shoulders to the ground, as the law of wrestle requires.—The variety of movement and attitude far exceeded that exhibited in the pugilistic combat.—If we might hazard a rash observation, we should say, that there is a degree of sublimity in this game, exceeding that attached to more dangerous exertions of bodily vigour. We know, indeed, that it is but play, from which no great injury can ensue, and therefore that the great tragic emotion, fear, which exalts human effort, is absent; but then, so far as it goes, the struggle is no less animated than one of life and death—every muscle is in play, the mind is concentrated upon one object, upon which eye and limb are equally intent. You may imagine it the beginning of a death-grapple, in which two wary, unarmed enemies encounter.—They lace their limbs tightly together, strain every sinew, throw their bodies into violent contortions, till human power is at its utmost stretch, and then one or both come to the ground. With savages this would be but the precursor of the death of one; with Englishmen it is the decision of the contest. They rise, and reciprocate that ancient pledge of honour and good humour, the shake of the hand, submitting to an umpire as to the fairness of the fall. It is at such spectacles as these, that the statuary will imbibe the boldest conceptions of the human form in a state of activity; and probably it is owing to the general neglect of gymnastic sports, that the moderns have made so much less progress in the higher branches of sculpture, than the ancients; among whom, all exercises that tended to liberate and develope the frame were in such high repute. Nor was it to muscular freedom alone, that the emulation fostered by the Olympic games conduced; it was found likewise to excite to great and heroic deeds. As in later days, the *spectari dum talia facerit* was the impelling motive to efforts almost superhuman. This passion for fame and applause was found to be best promoted by those public exhibitions, in which no reward but a simple emblem of distinction was to be won. It is to be presumed, that the Greeks were not so hard-pinched for subsistence, as our labourers and me-



chanics are, or an olive crown would not have had so many charms in their eyes, as the silver *crowns* for which the Cornish and Devon wrestlers played. But be the prize what it may, the more trifling it is, the less will be the chance of such corrupt venality creeping in, as that which has almost extirpated pugilism. It is for this reason we hope, that if wrestling should replace boxing, the Corinthians will not, by staking large sums, tempt the honesty of the players. There can be but little doubt, that the present degraded state of the *Fancy* is attributable to the discordant union of the vices of the nobility, with the sports of the vulgar. The gangrene of betting has infected almost all our old games, but we trust that this one of wrestling will survive in those districts which have become celebrated for it, and that it will long prove a recreation to the hardy miners of Cornwall and Cumberland—men whose days are passed in dangerous pits, and whose pastimes, therefore, should be of a rough and fear-dispelling nature. And we hope that the peasantry of England generally, will long preserve among the customs handed down by their merry ancestors, a game, which proves a good and harmless vent for that untameable love of display and hardihood, that *combativeness* (to borrow a scientific word) which in other nations finds its issue in savage battles with sticks, swords, and knives, or in lawless associations of bandits of some kind or other.

The above mentioned matches were noticed in *The Times* of the 23d ult. but in so partial a manner in favour of Cornwall, that we suspect the writer of the paragraph to be from that ancient duchy: or possibly he may be an intended candidate for some Cornish borough, in which the electors are *amateurs* of this diversion.—Indeed the rottenness of the system there, seems to have altogether infected the natives, even in their sporting transactions.—The Cornish committee had appointed a Cornish referee, and this one would not admit a countryman to have been thrown, even when the dirt on both shoulders proclaimed it to all eyes.—His decision obliged Cann, the Devonshire champion, to throw one man, Burdoo, three times; and his antagonist for the first prize, Warren, twice. Previous to the final struggle however, the Cornish Judge was almost unanimously voted *off*, and a new referee appointed. Another unfairness in the committee, was matching the Devonshire champion against the next best Devonshire wrestler, Middleton, who might probably have carried off the prize from Warren.—This accounts for three out of four prizes being assigned to the Cornish side.

The difference in the style of wrestling of these two neighbouring shires, is as remarkable as that of the lineaments of their inhabitants. The florid chubby-faced Devon-man is all life and activity in the ring, holding himself erect, and offering every advantage to his opponent. The sallow sharp-featured Cornwall-man is all caution and resistance, bending himself in such a way, that his legs are inaccessible to his opponent, and waiting for the critical instant, when he can spring in upon his impatient adversary.

The contest between Abraham Cann and Warren, not only displayed this difference of style, but was attended with a degree of suspense between skill and strength, that rendered it extremely interesting.—The former, who is the son of a Devonshire farmer, has

been backed against any man in England for 500*l*. His figure is of the finest athletic proportions, and his arm realizes the muscularity of ancient specimens: his force in it is surprising; his hold is like that of a vice, and with ease he can pinion the arms of the strongest adversary, if he once grips them, and keep them as close together, or as far asunder, as he chooses. He stands with his legs apart, his body quite upright, looking down good humouredly on his crouching opponent.—In this instance, his opponent Warren, a miner, was a man of superior size, and of amazing strength, not so well distributed however, throughout his frame; his arms and body being too lengthy in proportion to their bulk. His visage was harsh beyond measure, and he did not disdain to use a little craft with eye and hand, in order to distract his adversary's attention. But he had to deal with a man, as collected as ever entered the ring. Cann put in his hand as quietly as if he were going to seize a shy horse, and at length caught a slight hold between finger and thumb of Warren's sleeve. At this, Warren flung away with the impetuosity of a surprised horse. But it was in vain; there was no escape from Cann's pinch, so the miner seized his adversary in his turn, and at length both of them grappled each other by the arm and breast of the jacket. In a trice Cann tripped his opponent with the toe in a most scientific but ineffectual manner, throwing him clean to the ground, but not on his back, as required.—The second heat begun similarly, Warren stooped more, so as to keep his legs out of Cann's reach, who punished him for it by several kicks below the knee, which must have told severely if his shoes had been on, according to his County's fashion. They shook each other rudely—strained knee to knee—forced each other's shoulders down, so as to overbalance the body—but all ineffectually.—They seemed to be quite secure from each other's efforts, as long as they but held by the arm and breast-collar, as ordinary wrestlers do. A new grip was to be effected. Cann liberated one arm of his adversary to seize him by the cape behind: at that instant Warren, profiting by his inclined posture, and his long arms, threw himself round the body of the Devon champion, and fairly lifted him a foot from the ground, clutching him in his arms with the grasp of a second Antæus.—The Cornish men shouted aloud, "Well done, Warren!" to their hero, whose naturally pale visage glowed with the hope of success. He seemed to have his opponent at his will, and to be fit to fling him, as Hercules flung Lycas, any how he pleased. Devonshire then trembled for its champion, and was mute. Indeed it was a moment of heart-quaking suspense.—But Cann was not daunted; his countenance expressed anxiety, but not discomfiture. He was off terra-firma, clasped in the embrace of a powerful man, who waited but a single struggle of his, to pitch him more effectually from him to the ground.—Without straining to disengage himself, Cann with unimaginable dexterity glued his back firmly to his opponent's chest, lacing his feet round the other's knee-joints, and throwing one arm backward over Warren's shoulder, so as to keep his own enormous shoulders pressed upon the breast of his uplifter. In this position they stood at least twenty seconds, each labouring in one continuous strain, to bend the other, one backwards, the other forwards.—Such a struggle could not last. Warren, with the weight of the other upon his stomach and chest,



and an inconceivable stress upon his spine, felt his balance almost gone, as the energetic movements of his countenance indicated.—His feet too were motionless by the coil of his adversary's legs round his; so to save himself from falling backwards, he stiffened his whole body from the ankles upwards, and these last being the only liberated joints, he inclined forwards from them, so as to project both bodies, and prostrate them in one column to the ground together.—It was like the slow and poising fall of an undermined tower.—You had time to contemplate the injury which Cann the undermost would sustain if they fell in that solid, unbending posture to the earth. But Cann ceased bearing upon the spine as soon as he found his supporter going in an adverse direction. With a presence of mind unratable, he relaxed his strain upon one of his adversary's stretched legs, forcing the other outwards with all the might of his foot, and pressing his elbow upon the opposite shoulder. This was sufficient to whisk his man undermost the instant he unstiffened his knee—which Warren did not do until more than half way to the ground, when from the acquired rapidity of the falling bodies nothing was discernible.—At the end of the fall, Warren was seen sprawling on his back, and Cann, whom he had liberated to save himself, had been thrown a few yards off on all-fours. Of course the victory should have been adjudged to this last.—When the partial referee was appealed to, he decided, that it was not a fair fall, as only one shoulder had bulged the ground, though there was evidence on the back of Warren that both had touched it pretty rudely.—After much debating a new referee was appointed, and the old one expelled; when the candidates again entered the lists. The crowning beauty of the whole was, that the second fall was precisely a counterpart of the other. Warren made the same move, only lifting his antagonist higher, with a view to throw the upper part of his frame out of play. Cann turned himself exactly in the same manner using much greater effort than before, and apparently more put to it, by his opponent's great strength. His share, however, in upsetting his supporter was greater this time, as he relaxed one leg much sooner, and adhered closer to the chest during the fall; for at the close he was seen uppermost, still coiled round his supine adversary, who admitted the fall, starting up, and offering his hand to the victor. He is a good wrestler too—so good, that we much question the authority of *The Times* for saying that he is not one of the *crack* wrestlers of Cornwall.—From his amazing strength, with common skill he should be a first-rate man at this play, but his skill is much greater than his countrymen seemed inclined to admit.—Certain it is, they destined him the first prize, and had Cann not come up to save the honour of his county, for that was his only inducement, the four prizes, by judiciously matching the candidates, would no doubt have been given to natives of Cornwall. We trust that the trial between the two counties will instigate the *crack* men to come, and fairly meet each other, as such a measure might bring wrestling into vogue, and supply the gap left in the annals of Sporting by the extinction of the pugilistic club.

GYMNAST.

## LORD F. L. GOWER'S FAUST.\*

THE building of the Tower of Babel was an idle business. It contributed little, as far as we can learn, to the science of architecture; and had it not been for so airy a project, we should now have known the precise words with which the serpent prevailed upon the woman to do—as she listed;—we should now have known whether a chattering, grinning monkey, be really and indeed a man;—and, what is still more important, we should never have been plagued and distracted by the pestilent tribe of translators. Professional translators we of course mean;—not such as have made Bayle and Froissart a part of the literature of our country, whose services we acknowledge with gratitude; but that never-ending, still-beginning swarm of caricaturists, who with little knowledge of the genius and structure of their mother-tongue, and still less of the language which they affect to translate; and naturally endued with an equal poverty of words and ideas, regard a dictionary as the sole requisite for the work of translation.

*Scribendi recte sapere est principium et fons*

is the maxim of Horace; to which, as writers modestly conscious of our own perfections, we unhesitatingly accede. But if this be the case, with respect to original composition, it is very different with translation. Generally speaking, the “*principium et fons*” of translation, are Mr. Colburn and Mr. John Murray; and the course of proceeding appears to be as follows. A foreign work happens to be talked of as abounding with agreeable lies, or disagreeable truths; with political invective or private slander; with an extra proportion of sentiment, either of the German or French school. It has been mentioned with encomium or execration in some review, or by some traveller; † or, perchance, one of our own writers, in order to exhibit at once his candour, and the extent of his reading, pretends to have copied some common-place sentiment from it. It has procured its author a pension, or a prosecution; or has, perhaps, sent him on his travels. For one or other of these weighty reasons the work has acquired celebrity; and therefore the said “*principium et fons*” contract with some person, at so much the foot, to render it into such English as the translator may possess. Hence we have memoirs upon memoirs, and a host of other performances, executed in the same workmanlike style, which it would be tedious to enumerate.

There is also another process of translation, equally conducive to

\* Faust, a drama, by Goethe, &c. By Lord Francis Leveson Gower. Second edition. London, 1825. 2 vols.

† Nothing can be more instructive than the remarks of travellers upon the writers of the countries which they visit. They string together some score of names, great and small, of all classes, and pronounce one sweeping eulogy upon them; or if they condescend to particulars, every historian is another Gibbon, and every dramatist a Shakspeare or a Sheridan. Take Mr. Blaquiere's Spain for example. “It is impossible to repeat the names of such men as Lardizabel, Toribio Nufiez, Cambronero, Heneros, Salas, Cabrera, Hermosilla, Reinoso, Vascons, Andujar, Clemente, Rodriguez, O'Farril, Fernandez, Moratin, Gorostiza, without acknowledging,” &c. p. 508. The same author, speaking of the “*Delinquente honrado*” of Jovellanos, observes, that it is “equal in comic power to the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan.” Now, as the play in question was written for the purpose of pointing out the unjust severity of the law of Charles III. against duelling, it contains, as might be expected, about as much comic incident, and comic power, as Moore's Gamester.



the interests of literature. Some aspiring youth, wishing to prepare himself for foreign parts, begins to study a foreign language. No sooner has he made such proficiency in his grammar as to enable him to distinguish, with tolerable accuracy, a verb from a substantive, but he takes up some work to translate; and in order that his mind, his pocket, and the world may be all simultaneously benefitted, he commits the result of his labours to hotpress and a handsome type. Not satisfied with following the example of an hereditary bel-esprit, who, a few years ago, appended his college themes to a political pamphlet by way of notes, he makes his task the very stock and substance of the volume; and his master corrects the press and his exercise at the same time.

To this source we owe "Popular Tales," novels, and sonnets without number; and to this source we are almost inclined to ascribe "Faust, a drama, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower."

The Faust of Goethe, the most splendid effort of a wayward and capricious, but transcendent genius, has appeared before the public in so many different garbs, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon its story. Such of our readers as have neither seen the original German, nor Lord Leveson Gower's translation, have at least read the short and spirited critique of Schlegel, or the more elaborate analysis of Madame de Stael, full of epigram, antithesis, and manner; or Boosey's prose, which is very prose; or Soane's specimen of a translation in verse, which is prose with rhymes appended; or they have seen the characteristic outlines of Retsch, which give the liveliest idea of the whole at a glance; or they have witnessed the representation at Drury-lane, which gives—no idea of any part of it.

An examination of the plot and moral of the piece would be equally beside our present purpose. We shall not dive into the poet's mind, and canvass his intentions. We shall not adopt the antithetical arrangement of Madame de Stael, who insists that the author's meaning is, that as Margaret suffered for her crime, and was pardoned by heaven, so Faust's life is to be saved, but his soul damned;\* nor the more humane, though the less rhetorical disposition of the Quarterly Reviewer, "that if the author had ever completed the poem, the repentance of the seducer would have come forth, and been rewarded as fully as that of his victim Margaret." We abstain from all such speculations, for the simple reason that as the author has been contented to leave the matter unsettled, we deem it superfluous to settle it for him; and proceed at once to the consideration of Lord Levison Gower's performance.

If nothing were requisite to a translation of "Faust" but an easy flow of language, a smooth, not unmusical versification, some delicacy of tact, and a perception of the pathetic in its tender unimpassioned form; we should have no reason to complain of his Lordship. But works of imagination require in a translator a kindred mind and congenial powers; and few works have ever appeared exhibiting powers so various and extensive as this drama. In it the author has

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\* L'intention de l'auteur est sans doute que Marguerite périsse, et que Dieu lui pardonne; que la vie de Faust soit sauvée, mais que son ame soit perdue.—*L'Allemagne*, ii. 216.

given a loose to the most luxuriant and wonder-working fancy ; hurrying through the vast range of human sympathies and human pursuits ; and not satisfied with the phenomena of the moral and the visible world, he transports the reader beyond the limits of reality into "the sphere of dream ;" a world peopled by beings of his own creation, fantastic, wild, and awful. Unfortunately the magic rod and spells of Faust are beyond the grasp of Lord Leveson Gower. The tumultuous workings of a soul thirsting for knowledge, that "in enjoyment pants for fresh desire ;" its presumptuous aspirations, its feverish rapture, and its despondency, are but feebly portrayed in the Noble Lord's version ;—the bitter fiendish sarcasms of Mephistopheles fall pointless to the ground ; and the bold imagery of the witches' festival dwindles into very edifying sing-song. The tender passages of the poem, on the contrary, are rendered with elegance,—we wish we could add, with fidelity. The following lines from the prologue are a favourable specimen :—

Then give me back the days of feeling,  
When I was an expectant too,  
When, through the wilds of fancy stealing,  
The stream of song was ever new ;  
When morning mists the scene surrounded,  
And buds foretold the promised rose ;  
When, bee-like, o'er the flowers I bounded,  
And pluck'd and rifled as I chose !  
Enough, yet little, form'd my treasure—  
The hope of truth, illusion's present pleasure.  
Give me the active spring of gladness,  
Of pleasure stretch'd almost to pain ;  
My hate, my love, in all their madness—  
Give me my youth again !

A part of the melancholy musings of the philosopher in his study, is equally felicitous :—

Thou silver moon, whose friendly light  
Has shed, through many a wint'ry night,  
Unwonted rays on learning's scrolls,  
Her massy volumes, dusty rolls,  
Would that beneath those rays my brow  
Throbb'd with its last pulsation now ;  
And yet I feel the wild desire  
To mount me on thy rolling fire,  
With daemons of the misty air  
To wander in thy azure glare,  
And bathe me in thy dewy deeps,  
Where pain is hush'd and conscience sleeps.

Among those parts of the poem, in a deeper and more solemn tone of feeling, which has suffered least by the translation, is the soliloquy of Faust, in which he exults in the majesty of nature, and in his own faculty of comprehension and enjoyment.

Spirit of power ! thou gavest me, gavest me all  
My wishes ask'd :—not vainly hast thou turned  
Thy awful countenance in fire towards me !  
Thou gavest me Nature's realms for my dominion,  
And power to feel and to enjoy the gift.  
Not with mere wonder's glance my eye was cheated ;  
Deep into Nature's breast at once I dived,  
And scann'd it like the bosom of a friend.  
Thou bad'st, in dark array, her living forms



Glide by: thou teachest me to know my brethren  
 In air, in quiet wood, or glassy stream;  
 And when the storm is howling through the forest,  
 The storm that strikes the giant pine to earth;  
 While many a branchy neighbour shares the ruin,  
 And rocks give back the crash and the rebound;  
 Then, led by thee to some wild cave remote,  
 My task I ply—the study of myself,  
 Or, should the silver moon look kindly down,  
 The vision'd forms of ages long gone by  
 Gleam out from piled rock, or dewy bush—  
 Mellow to kinder light the blaze of thought,  
 And soothe the maddening mind to softer joy!

But his Lordship labours under one defect of somewhat more importance than he seems to consider it,—an ignorance of the language of his original. This is obvious throughout the whole poem. Sometimes he blunders on unconsciously; at others, where he is evidently aware that he does not understand, he throngs together sweet and high-sounding words:—

A happy tuneful vacancy of sense,

which bewilders and pleases. We are bound therefore to warn the readers of these volumes, that whenever they meet with such beautiful mystifications, they are to attribute them not to the author, but to the translator. Now as the noble Lord has been complimented in other quarters for his “thorough knowledge of the language of his original,” and as Professor Schlegel's few words of passing commendation have been strangely magnified, we shall point out some of the most laughable blunders of his Lordship's performance.—When Faust gives Wagner an account of the preparation of the sovereign elixir, which in his and his father's hands had been more baneful than a pestilence, the translation runs thus:—

There was a lion red, a friar bold,  
 Who married lilies in their bath of gold,  
 With fire then vex'd them from one bridal bed  
 Into another, thus he made them wed.  
 Upon her throne of glass was seen,  
 Of varied hues, the youthful queen.

We have certainly heard—

Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,  
 The peacock's tail, the plum'd swan,—

but we question whether in all the mystical jargon of alchemy a “friar bold” was ever heard of as the symbol of any ingredient, or any chemical result.—The original however explains the mystery; for *there* stands the word “freyer,” the English of which is and ever was “a suitor;”—we wonder the noble Lord did not translate “rother lue” a “red lie.”—“Their bath of gold” too is gratuitous nonsense; for in the original it is a “tepid bath.”

“Are you sure you loosed them  
 I' their own menstrie?” says Subtle.  
 “Yes, sir, and then married them,”

answers Pace; but who ever heard of a menstruum of gold? Mephistopheles exclaims elsewhere:—

We give them words, cannot they be content?  
 Must they still be inquiring what was meant?

And so seems to think Lord Leveson Gower.

Again, when Faust tries the force of his spells upon the poodle, under the form of which the fiend had introduced himself; and conjures the spirits of the elements:—

Salamanders, mix in flame;  
In your waters, sprites, the same;  
Sylphs, shine out in meteor beauty;  
Goblins, help to do your duty.  
Incubus, Incubus,  
Make the spell complete for us.  
None of the four  
Stand in the door.

Stand in the door! What! Salamander, Undine, Sylphs, and Incubus stand in the door! What should they do there? Who asked them? "Salamanders, mix in flame." Gentle reader! check your surprise, and lay not rashly to the charge of Goethe any such absurdity. The literal version of the passage is "none of the four fits the beast," or "has any power over the beast." To explain the origin of the "malapropos," we must have recourse to the text;—

Keines der viere,  
Steckt in dem thiere.

Now "viere" certainly does signify "four;" ergo, (or what will become of our rhyme?) "thiere" must necessarily signify "door." But the word "thiere" is stubborn, and will mean nothing else but "a beast;"—it is true that "thür" which in parts of Germany is corruptly pronounced like "thiere," does mean a door; and this is the sole reason we have for suspecting that the noble translator has been in Germany.—The keen cutting satire of the scene, in which Mephistopheles puts on the Doctor's gown, and lectures the scholar upon the faculties, is almost entirely lost in the translation;—but in its place there is much edification, such as Goethe himself never dreamt of. Thus when the youth asks the devil's opinion of theology, we have in answer:—

The happiest he who by the word abides,  
That leads him straight where certainty resides,  
And everlasting truth is found!!!

Why aye! this smacks of doctrine. Whose afternoon lecture has the fiend pilfered? But really Mephistopheles, with all his merits, is not quite so orthodox; and therefore we must have his own words:—

The safe course is to listen but to one,  
And fix your faith on him alone.  
And above all cling fast to words;  
A word alone assurance firm affords,  
And calms the doubts that would our bosoms rend.

The scholar, with childish naiveté, remarks,—

Yet an idea should the sound attend.

Good! replies Mephistopheles:—

Good! but for that we need not be in pain;  
For words a fitter place can ne'er attain,  
Than there precisely where ideas end.

Indeed the translator appears to be "one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy;" for he takes pains to distort a whole passage, for the sole purpose of being civil to him. "Hear me," says Faust:—



Hear me! I do not ask for happiness.  
 To passion's whirl my soul I consecrate;  
 Fury that gladdens, *love that turns to hate*.  
 My breast, that swells no more with learning's throes,  
 I give to pain, and bare it to the storm;  
 And all that man enjoys, or undergoes,  
 I wish concentr'd in this single form:  
*High as yourself to mount, to dive as low;*  
 Upon myself to heap *your* weal and woe;  
 Wide as *your* range my circle to extend,  
 And, like *yourself*, be blasted at the end.

It will probably strike the reader, that the four last lines contain a very gratuitous offer of fellowship in damnation. Faust, however, is innocent of any such disinterested proposition. The wish that he expressed is audacious, but not impious; a wish that would almost naturally occur to one suffering under that barrenness of spirit, which, to use Lord Byron's language—

Hath no dread,  
 And feels the curse to have no natural fear,  
 Nor fluttering throb that beats with hopes or wishes,  
 Or lurking love of something on the earth.

It is the wish for tumultuous excitement, to *feel* all the vicissitudes incident to humanity;—the delirium of joy, the luxury of sorrow; the height and depth (no mounting or diving in the case) of weal and woe; of *human* weal, and *human* woe. The cause of the mistake here is obvious. His Lordship had been very properly instructed that the Germans, in the language of *politesse*, always use the third person plural, when they address one another. His grammar informed him that “*sie*,” and its possessive “*ihr*,” indicate the third person plural;—but his grammar might also have informed him, that the self same words also indicate the third person feminine, singular;† and that in the passage in question they refer to the word “*menschheit*,” “*humanity*,”—but his Lordship will have them refer to the devil. This is as if an Italian were to address the devil “*vosignori*,” or a Spaniard “*usted*.” It reminds us of an anecdote of a Spanish divine, who made the temptation of our Saviour the subject of his sermon, paraphrasing the story in the usual taste of foreign preachers. Coming to that part where the tempter is described as urging our Saviour to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, the well-bred divine proceeded to say, that Jesus answered, “*Beso las manos, Señor Satan, tengo yo otra escalera para abaxar*.” I kiss your hands, Mister Satan, but I have another staircase to go down by.

It would fill a volume to enumerate the blunders of the translation before us,—not mere inconsequential inaccuracies, but such as affect the meaning of whole passages.—Thus it is that the splendid vision of Faust's soaring fancy, which he describes to Wagner, becomes mere inflated nonsense in the English, and Margaret's affecting little history of her family is robbed of half its beauty.—Of all the blunders, however, the most ludicrous is one that appeared in the first

\* *Verliebtem* *hass*—cherished hatred.

† Owing to the same ignorance, or high-breeding, his Lordship translates the opening scene of the drama, as if the angels addressed the Deity in the conventional phraseology of a *Leipsig salon*.

edition of the work. It is where Wagner entreats Faust to desist from his invocation of the spirits of the air:—

Too near at hand those viewless agents soar,  
Too ready to obey the spell;  
Prompt listeners to what heard shall make us grieve—  
Prompt slaves to serve their masters, and deceive.  
They feign their native home the sky,  
Assume a false gentility,  
And lisp in *English* when they lie.

What the noble Lord saw in the English language to render it so apt a vehicle for deceit, we are at a loss to conjecture. The truth is, that the German word "*englisch*," signifies either "*English*," or "*angelical*;" the latter signification his Lordship discovered time enough for his second edition, so that the line now runs—

They lisp like angels when they lie.

This correction—a single solitary correction by the by—will no doubt be a serious disappointment to that numerous class of readers, who fancy that they can see farther into a millstone than their neighbours—we dare scarcely venture to calculate the number of ingenious and amusing theories that it must have blown into air. A French system-builder would require no more substantial foundation than the line as it originally stood, for a folio treatise, metaphysical, psychological, and moral.

There are parts of the poem which the noble translator has not attempted. We do not complain of the omission;—on the contrary, we are rather inclined to commend his discretion. It is the privilege of genius to wield weapons, which would crush common men with their very weight. It is its privilege to outstep the limits of art's rules,—limits, which cannot be transgressed by inferior spirits with impunity. The gigantic creations of Goethe's imagination would degenerate into caricature;—his daring expressions, bold to the verge of extravagance, would disgust under a weaker pen. Mediocrity, however, has one consolation;—*les barrieres sont souvent des appuis*.

It is impossible to speak of a translation of "*Faust*," without making honourable mention of Mr. Shelley's splendid fragment. In all Mr. Shelley's writings, indeed, there is a vigour of conception, and a rich tone of feeling and expression, which are peculiarly in unison with the character of this extraordinary poem. Accordingly we find that, in his translation of the "*Walpurgis*" night-scene, he enters freely into the spirit of his author, and luxuriates in the throng of his wild images. We shall give the "*chorus of Faust, Mephistopheles, and Ignis Fatuus*," first in the language of the noble Lord, and then in that of Mr. Shelley, that our readers may be able to form some estimate of the relative merits of the two translators.

To the magic region's centre  
We are verging, it appears;  
Lead us right, that we may enter  
Strange enchantment's dreamy spheres.  
Forward, through the waste extending,  
Woods and forests never ending.  
See the trees on trees succeeding,  
Still advancing, still receding;  
Cliffs, their pinnacles contorting,  
As we hurry by are snorting.



Down their thousand channels gushing,  
Stream and rivulet are rushing.  
Whence that strain of maddening power?  
Sounds of mystic excitation,  
Love, and hope, and expectation  
Suiting witchcraft's festal hour.  
While echo still, like memory's strain  
Of other times, replies again.

To-whit! to-whoo! chirp, croak, and howl!  
The bat, the raven, and the owl,  
All in voice, and all in motion.  
See! the lizards hold their levee;  
Their legs are long, but their paunches heavy.  
See the roots, like serpents, twining!  
Many a magic knot combining—  
Stretching out to fright and clasp us,  
All their feelers set to grasp us,  
From their sluggish crimson masses,  
Catching still at all that passes:  
There the polypuses sleep.  
Mice, of thousand colours, creep  
Through the moss and through the heather;  
And the fire-flies, in swarms,  
Guide us through the land of charms.

Tell me, tell me, shall we stay,  
Or pursue our mystic way?  
Rocks and trees they change their places—  
Now they flout us with grimaces.  
See the lights in whirling mazes,  
Misdirecting all that gazes.

The following is Mr. Shelley's version of the same lines:—

The limits of the sphere of dream,  
The bounds of true and false, are past.  
Lead us on, thou wandering gleam,  
Lead us onward, far and fast,  
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see how swift advance, and shift,  
Trees behind trees, row by row,—  
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift  
Their fawning foreheads as we go.  
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!  
How they snort and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones  
Stream and streamlet hurry down—  
A rushing throng! A sound of song  
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown!  
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones  
Of this bright day, sent down to say  
That paradise on earth is known,  
Resound around, beneath, above.  
All we hope and all we love  
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,  
Which wakens hill, and wood, and rill,  
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,  
And which echo, like the tale  
Of old times, repeats again.

To whoo! to whoo! Near, nearer now  
The sound of song, the rushing throng!  
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,  
All awake as if 'twere day?  
See with long legs and belly wide,

A salamander in the lake !  
 Every root is like a snake,  
 And along the loose hill side,  
 With strange contortions through the night  
 Curls, to seize or to affright ;  
 And animated, strong, and many,  
 They dart forth polypus—antennæ,  
 To blister with their poison spume  
 The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom  
 The many-coloured mice, that thread  
 The dewy turf beneath our tread,  
 In troops each other's motions cross,  
 Through the heath and through the moss ;  
 And, in legions intertangled,  
 The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,  
 Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay ?  
 Shall we onward ? Come along !  
 Every thing around is swept  
 Forward, onward, far away !  
 Trees and masses intercept  
 The sight, and wisps on every side  
 Are puffed up and multiplied.

That Mr. Shelley's version is disfigured by many blemishes, cannot be denied ; the sense indeed of some passages is entirely lost ; as for example, in the chorus of wizards :—

We glide in

Like snails, when the women are all away ;  
 And from a house once given over to sin  
 Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

Lord Leveson Gower's translation is not much happier.—The *almost literal* version is—

We creep along like housed snails ;  
 The beldams all are in advance :  
 For women still outstrip the males  
 A thousand steps in the devil's dance.

Mr. Shelley's fragment, however, is entitled to peculiar indulgence. It was but a rapid sketch, never intended to meet the public eye in its present imperfect state.

Notwithstanding our admiration of the spirit of Mr. Shelley's performance, we may be pardoned for saying, that the poet, of all others, that was best calculated to present to the English a faithful copy of Goethe's grand original, was Lord Byron. True it is, that his delineation of another Mephistopheles in the "Deformed Transformed," was not altogether successful ; perhaps, indeed, that is the only character in the whole of Goethe's poem which was not adapted to his genius. But our readers cannot have forgotten the airy and fanciful but terrific imagery of his Manfred ; the beautiful strains of the spirits ;—the awful shapes and sounds, and above all, the vivid and fearful display of the workings of a mind cast in the same mould with that of Faust, though appearing under different circumstances.

We shall conclude this article with a passage from that poem, as well on account of its exquisite beauty, as because in many parts it bears no small resemblance to the soliloquy of Faust which we have quoted above.—

I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,  
 I held but slight communion ; but instead,



My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe  
 The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,  
 Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing  
 Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge  
 Into the torrent, and to roll along  
 On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave  
 Of river-stream, or ocean, in the flow.  
 In these my early strength exulted; or  
 To follow through the night the moving moon,  
 The stars and their development; or catch  
 The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim:  
 Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,  
 While Autumn winds were at their evening song.  
 These were my pastimes, and to be alone;

\* \* \* \*

And then I dived,  
 In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,  
 Searching its cause in its effect; and drew  
 From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,  
 Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd  
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,  
 Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,  
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance  
 As in itself hath power upon the air,  
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,  
 Space, and the people infinite, I made  
 Mine eyes familiar with eternity.

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SCRAPS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A MUSICAL DILETTANTE  
 TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

No. III.

——— Io vo contarvi  
 Il mio viaggio, che vi fara ridere;  
 Però deh! state à udirlo.—*Il Sammaritano.*

I LEFT Bologna la Grassa on a beautiful autumnal morning, by a lumbering vettura, almost as big as my lord mayor's state carriage. I prefer this unstylish mode of travelling in Italy to any other, (unless it be now and then on foot,) for several reasons—it is very cheap, it saves one the trouble of disputing accounts at inns, as the vetturino furnishes you with lodging and dinner on the road—its slow progression gives one time to observe the country—and then one has the benefit of native society, and almost a certainty of falling in with an original of some sort—some character to be amused with for a while; a sententious priest, for example, a sleek monk, a travelling fiddler or composer—and when lucky, *da tempo in tempo*, an amiable *damina*, a sentimental *cantatrice*, or a sprightly *ballerina*. For an idler like me, who has nothing to press his arrival at a given place, who has so few ties or calls in this generally busy world, that he is just as well *here* as *there*, and whose business and purpose of life are pretty well fulfilled if he amuses the passing day, it is undoubtedly the best way of peregrinating. On the present occasion I was not long in finding out what my fellow travellers were.

They were all theatrical people who had been *scritturati* at Bologna, and forming the strength of an operatic company, were on

their way to open a campaign at Trieste. There were five inside passengers besides myself, for in the vetturino's language, the coach held six, *con comodo* (though, perhaps, the prefix *in* might go with the last word) of these errant spirits; one was a delicate looking soprana with a pretty pale face, that the vile daubing, considered necessary in her line of life, had not yet turned to yellow, with large oriental eyes, and teeth of exquisite whiteness and regularity; another was a cherry cheeked contr'alta, whose hilarity, enbonpoint, fair complexion, and peculiar dialect, announced as a native of that contr'alta district the Milanese. The privileges of their sex had entitled them to the back seat, in which, as I had paid for a *primo luogo*, and was moreover a foreigner, I was installed on my entrance. Opposite to us was an eagle-nosed, sallow-faced tenore, with large black whiskers terminating in sharp angles at the corners of his mouth and thick draggled hair hanging down his neck.—Next to him sat a diminutive fellow, in a black silk night-cap, with pinched cheeks like the beaten sides of "an ostler's lantern at an inn," a nose of preposterous dimensions, and eyes, in one respect like Homer's Juno's, for they were as big as those of an ox; from this tiny organ issued a deep bass voice that did not seem to belong to him—he put me in mind of the Juge Mage of Annecy, whom Rousseau has immortalized—there was no understanding how such a body of voice and such a body came together! The sixth inside—the sixth and last, in place and quality, was a big-bellied bass viol that reposed snugly in a corner of the carriage, without any inconvenience except to the elbow and legs of the man with the bass voice. In the cabriolet in front of the vettura, was the maestro ab cembalo, a primo violino, and a singer of inferior parts. On the whole, it was as gay and agreeable a company as man might desire, and though I had not quite the novice's enthusiasm of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, that could convert "by ready alchemy," an actress into an angel; I was equally far from the philosophy that could have regarded my two *jolies petites chanteuses* with indifference. Now and then, as we journeyed on, they would hum over their favourite parts, and talk of the "furore" they had made in some particular passage, or raise their voices in touching concert, (and nothing in my opinion is so touching as the union of a soprana and a clear contr'alta,) "*Cantando giulivi canzoni d'amor*," or investing themselves in the *Regina* and *Amante*, go through *agitati* movements, making the leather roof of the old vettura tremble with the sounds of "*Deh! trema*," "*Ma per pietà*," "*Tu mi oltraggi indegna*," &c. &c. Their chat too, was delightful; their inexhaustible fund of anecdote—their scandal—their professional bickerings—their jealousies. How I enjoyed all this! how I endeavoured by attention and flattery to draw them out, while clouds were gathering on the brow of the hook nosed tenore, who had evidently some *pretenzioni* to the merry Milanese, his complacence and deference to me increasing at the same time! I was fool enough to be sorry when we came to the place where we were to separate; and when I received my blooming contr'alta's hearty farewell embrace, I was well nigh taking my place again in the same carriage.

Padua.—There was no opera here during my stay, and the only good music I heard was in the house of an Austrian officer. There



was some excellent instrumental music ; but, I was sorry to see that the able performers were nearly all Austrians and Bohemians. At Padua I met with a volume of a treatise on music by Padre Vallotti, once a celebrated professor here : the work has never been finished, but what there is of it, is excellent : Bonifazio Asioli has followed its principles in his "*Trattato di Armonia*." Music in Italy, has been greatly indebted to the clergy :—it was a monk who invented notation and gave it a written language, by which the fugitive beauties of sound can be condensed on a scrap of paper and preserved for distant ages and countries ; and from that remote period up to the present day, the best writers on the science, and many of the finest composers, have been in the church : nor ought this to excite surprise, when we remember how largely that body drew on *all* the fine arts to give allurements and charms to the Catholic religion—and music more sensual than any of them, was naturally most frequently impressed in the service of that eminently sensual religion.

Venice.—Here (in 1822) I met two old acquaintances on the stage, Mr. Sinclair and La Colbran (a Spaniard by birth) who had some time before, when past the discreet age of forty, chosen a master to her person and fortune in an unprincipled old lover, Maestro Gioacchino Rossini, having abandoned for that purpose her dear *impresario* at Naples, Don Domenico Barbaja, with whom she had lived ten or twelve years. The circumstances of this honourable union are too curious and too characteristic of Rossini to be passed over in silence. Colbran was living as wife and absolute mistress of his house, and despot of his theatres, with Barbaja, who kindly lodged Rossini in his house, and gave him a place at his table as one of the family. It was well known that Rossini had been long before a favoured *amico* of Colbran, when in upper Italy ; and the Neapolitans could not help remarking that Don Domenico was an unsuspecting very good natured fellow, to give him such a fine opportunity of renewing his intimacy with La Signora Isabella. This family union however continued undisturbed for months—for years ; and whenever Rossini was in Naples, which was very frequently and for long periods, he lived at Barbaja's as at his home. Colbran had a pretty little villa and estate near Bologna where her father resided ; besides this she was mistress of some forty or fifty thousand ducats in money and jewels. These united charms, it seems, were too much for Rossini ; he enticed her to go to Bologna—she went during a theatrical vacation, as if on her usual business, and Barbaja still suspected nothing. Some kind friend however opened his eyes ; he began to storm ; and Rossini, to end all connexions with so vulgar a man, and to make him his last instalment of gratitude, insisted on being paid *instante* a considerable sum of money he had in Barbaja's hands, and which it was very inconvenient for the manager to raise at this moment. Maestro Rossini pocketed the cash and curses of the betrayed *impresario*, and *prese la volta di Bologna*. Shortly after a French traveller brought the news to Naples, that he had met Rossini in his usual old green coat and nankeen *casque*, driving after La Colbran into Bologna to celebrate the holy sacrament of matrimony ! The exclamations "*straordinario!*" "*incredibile!*" were heard for a few days, but both Rossini and Colbran were pretty well known. She had

deserted the French General Menou, (the feigned apostate to Ismaelism in Egypt,) who had kept her like a queen and spent treasures on her, when he fell into sickness and misfortune—Rossini's principles had always been subservient to his love of money, and the only problem was, how she, who had known him so long, could have thrown up every thing into his hands. It was said at the time, that one of the first conditions of the marriage was, that Colbran should retire from the stage. Indeed she ought to have done so three or four years before, for her fine voice was lost past recovery; and by attempting to adapt her style of singing to the change of her voice, she had sacrificed all its beauty. The Neapolitan audience by which she had been so long idolized, began to perceive her defects, and at length to be heartily tired of her, and wish her away; as they well knew as long as she remained the tyrant of the *impresario*, no good *prima donna* would be admitted on the stage of San. Carlo, to eclipse her. To Rossini, however, money was dearer than her reputation; he had induced her to accept a profitable short engagement at Venice; and in spite of her ill reception there, he afterwards, as you must well remember, thrust her on your theatre at London, where she could have presented but melancholy remains of her fine person, and a sad wreck of her voice. During her *scrittura* at Venice, Rossini produced his "Semiramide," and she sang the first part with very little effect. I shall speak of this opera on a future occasion, but I must premise, that I differ *in toto* with your London and Paris critics, and esteem it the best of Rossini's *Opere serie*, in which I have all Italy on my side.

I found Sinclair much improved, and I was delighted to see my countryman warmly applauded by an Italian audience. It would have been well, however, had he paid a little more attention to the pronunciation of the language in which he sang; for though Italians care nothing about the *words* of their operas, they like them to sound at least like Italian. This caution might be given to all the foreign artists and amateurs who sing in Italy.

There are no good institutions for music, or for any thing else, in Venice. Her poverty and abasement are echoed by every traveller, and are but too well known! The songs of the gondoliers are no more!—or if they sing, it is no longer of Tasso and the "*Arme pietose ed il capitano*," but rhymes and music as unpoetical and anti-romantic as the dirty shouting of a London waterman or the Jeremytish see-saw of a vocal drayman. Poor Venice!—It is very rare that an operatic company of any sort can be got together here. Trieste that rose on her fall, and is flourishing on her ruin,—Trieste that is more than half *tudesque*—the jobbing, docking, shop-keeping Trieste, is a much more musical place than Venice; for so it is, the fine arts are assiduous in the train of wealth and prosperity; they are "summer friends," and fly the approach of adversity. Wealth may foster them and make them flourish in the boreal capital of Russia, while poverty will strangle them in their birth, or exile them from the lovely regions of Italy, which should seem their natural home!



## ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

## No. III.

THE Turks, in spite of their knowledge of the massacre which had been perpetrated at Tripolitza, were driven by hunger to offer to capitulate, which the Greeks immediately accepted, as they knew they could impose whatever conditions they chose. The captains, who entertained a full intention of putting all the inhabitants to the sword, carefully absented themselves from the conferences, and threw the whole responsibility upon Prince Ypsilanti, in order that they might afterwards have it to say, that he had given a promise he was totally unable to keep. Thus, all the plunder would fall to their share; and to his, the reputation, throughout Europe, of being a traitor to his word. This is a specimen of the way in which the Prince suffered himself to be the tool and dupe of Colocotroni and the other chiefs. On the 26th the Turkish chieftains advanced to the gate of the fortress to receive the Greek captains, throwing down their arms at their feet. The prince sent his aid-de-camp and some troops into the fortress, with orders to put every thing he might find there under seal. Meanwhile Colocotroni and the other chiefs being already there, had taken possession of whatever they chose, and had sent off all the most valuable things to their own houses. Every Greek captain took with him into the fortress a number of retainers, who plundered every thing they could lay their hands on, and at night threw over the walls, to their companions, whatever they had taken in the day. The poor Frankish battalion, and the European officers, after toiling at the blockade, were left to starve in Corinth; the Greeks would not suffer us to enter the citadel, for fear we should get any share of the spoil, but promised, when all was concluded, that we should be rewarded. The terms of the capitulation were, that the Turks were to leave the third of all their property, and all their arms, jewels, money, and plate; and the Greeks engaged to procure them vessels in which to embark for Asia. The Turks, although reluctant to leave so much of their wealth, were yet glad to obtain the promise of a safe embarkation at any price. The Greeks, however, now took possession of whatever they liked, and thought no more of sending for the ships they had engaged to furnish. The prince, who was perfectly well acquainted with the wild and undisciplined character of the people under his command, was inexcusable in ordering all the Turks down into the city, until these vessels arrived. He ought to have foreseen, that by placing his prisoners in the power of such an enemy, he, in fact, decreed their destruction. Such, however, was the course he pursued. He ordered them all down into the city, with the property they had been allowed to retain; and assigned a number of houses to them until the arrival of the vessels, instead of leaving them under guard in the fortress until the moment of their embarkation. The day before they quitted the fortress I went with some of my friends to the gate of the citadel, where I saw a great number of Greek women, boys, and girls, on the walls, talking with their relations and friends without, who were enquiring as to the treatment they had received

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from the Turks. I inquired why all these Greek women and children were shut up in the fortress. I was told, that while the Turks commanded, they seized any women and children who happened to please their fancy, as resistance was out of the question. "They are now expecting their liberation," added my informant, "and those are their relations waiting without, for the prince's order to take home their wives, sisters, or children." It was impossible to witness this scene without indignation; and at that moment I felt as if I could have willingly joined in a massacre of the Turks. Shortly after the order arrived, and I saw about fifty Greek women, of all ages, come out of the fortress,—all handsome, and certainly very creditable to the good taste of the Turks. They all embraced their relations, and went off to their respective homes. I would not have my readers suspect me of any hostility to the Greeks. So far from entertaining any such feeling, I went to Greece with the utmost ardour for their cause; but that affords no reason for my asserting facts which did not take place. I shall give impartial evidence. I cannot, therefore, applaud the conduct of Prince Ypsilanti on this occasion. He well knew the inveterate hatred borne by the Greeks to the Turks, and, as a mere matter of policy, ought to have taken measures for the observance of the terms of capitulation. The consequence of this act of perfidy was, that, in all succeeding sieges, the Turks said, "If we capitulate, we are sure that the Greeks will not observe the conditions. It is better therefore to hold out to the last extremity." If the Greeks had scrupulously maintained their treaties, the whole of the Morea would have been liberated at a very early period of the Revolution.

The Turkish families now began to descend to the citadel, but were not suffered even to reach the houses allotted to them; though they were escorted by guards, they were slaughtered by the way. I was walking with three friends upon the esplanade of Corinth, watching the Turkish families in their descent, and from time to time we saw, with pain and indignation, some one killed. We then drew near, to endeavour to save some victims from the massacre, when we saw, in another direction, several Greeks attacking a Turkish family, composed of husband, wife, two little boys, and two slaves. Being at some distance, we began to run, but before we could get up to them they had butchered the husband, the little boys, and one of the slaves; they had seized the woman, and were lifting up the black veil with which she was covered, that they might see her face. We ran up to them with drawn sabres, upon which they paused; I asked them to give me the lady; they replied that they must have fifty Turkish piastres for her. I told them if they would wait I would give it them; they agreed to wait, and leaving my friends to guard her, I ran to Mauro-Amato to ask him to advance me fifty Turkish piastres upon my effects, which were in his keeping. I told him they were to save a victim from the massacre. He gave me the sum I asked for, and I ran to deliver the lady. After I had paid the money, the Greeks wanted to strip her of her most beautiful and costly clothes. Upon this I said to my friends, "Courage, comrades!" and so, sword in hand, we made them give us the lady, who had fallen senseless to the earth, at the cruel spectacle of her murdered husband and children. My companions assisted me in raising her up, and



conducting her to my house. She spoke not a word, but began to weep, and in this state she continued for five days, refusing almost all nourishment, and weeping bitterly. Almost all the Turks having quitted the fortress in the course of the day, the prince stationed centinels at the doors of the houses they occupied, to prevent the populace from putting them all to death. But ought he not to have been sufficiently well acquainted with the Greek soldiery, to be certain that these centinels would be the first to massacre those whom they were appointed to guard? So it happened. About midnight seven or eight hundred Greek soldiers broke into all the houses where the Turks were, stripped them almost naked, took away every thing they possessed, killed a great number, and seized on all the young girls and handsome women, whom they publicly sold the following day to the highest bidder. The fate of the disconsolate and despairing mothers, torn from their children, appeared to me infinitely more worthy of commiseration than the slain. They were saved to a living death. Such was the termination of the capitulation of Corinth. The vessels never arrived; and the chiefs, gorged with plunder, laughed at the prince to his face, for capitulating with the Turks. Many of the Franks saved a number of victims from slaughter.

The Greeks left some persons of the greatest consideration in the citadel; among others, the wife and the mother of Kiamel Bey. They hoped to get more out of them at the moment, and murder them afterwards. When they had massacred the greater part of the Turks, they took Kiamel Bey from the citadel, and placed him in an isolated house, where he was surrounded by guards, and forbidden all communication with his wife and mother. The Greeks hoped to devise some means of discovering where his treasures were hidden. In answer to all their interrogatories Kiamel Bey replied, with perfect coolness, that he was quite sure they would put him to death whether he confessed or not; and that he therefore preferred to die with the satisfaction of knowing that they could not enjoy his wealth. It is thought that, at the breaking out of the revolution, Kiamel Bey concealed his treasure, and put to death all the slaves who had assisted him in burying it, for none of it has ever been discovered. After many attempts to get at the facts, three of his most faithful Moorish slaves were taken to the Seraglio, and were told, that if they did not confess where their lord's treasures were hidden, they should all be put to death. The poor wretches wept, and swore by Allah that they knew nothing about them. These Greek ruffians then murdered one, at the same time telling the others, that the same fate awaited them instantly, if they did not confess. I cannot describe the terror and distraction of these innocent men, who could utter nothing but the most frantic protestations of their ignorance. The Greeks, however, butchered the second, and soon after the third, out of rage. These are the heroes of the age—the champions of liberty! Money is their only god. This will appear in all that it falls to my lot to relate. Why nobody has chosen to detail facts, which must be known to many, I cannot tell. The truth ought to be told, for their depravity does not render the cause of national independence less sacred.

The Greeks now made a regular market of all the plunder they had taken from the Turks. Turkish girls and women were publicly sold

for thirty or forty piastres each, according to their age or beauty. I cannot describe the sensation excited in our minds by the sight of this traffic. Prince Ypsilanti, president of the assembly, had no power to check this atrocious trade. The soldiers walked about Corinth with golden and silver pistols in their belts, thinking only of making money, and totally indifferent to the numerous provinces, which were in the most critical situation, and threatened with immediate invasion. There were now more than twenty thousand persons in Corinth, all utterly useless, and occupied only with eating and drinking. Every day the bodies of murdered Turks were found in the streets. The few who had been saved from the general massacre, were thus dispatched in detail, as it suited their plunderers.

One day, as I was passing through the market place, I saw a number of people gathered together; on going up to see what was the matter, I found a poor Turkish girl, whom some Greek soldiers, after subjecting her to every indignity and outrage, had stabbed seven or eight times with a knife in the face and arms; and at last, thinking her dead, left her. The miserable victim had crawled, during the night and morning, on her hands and knees, to implore assistance, and had reached the market-place. My readers will not believe me, when I say, that *I saw* the Greeks standing around her, cutting off pieces of her clothes, spitting at her, and calling her Turkish b—. No words can express my sensations at the sight of this unhappy girl's condition; her open and bleeding wounds would have melted a heart of stone. I ran, as hard as I could, to the house of M. Coletti, minister at war, to entreat him to send two men to take away the wretched creature, and to put the speediest termination to her sufferings, rather than prolong them in this barbarous manner. M. Coletti compassionately gave orders that she should be despatched, and accordingly two men came to the market-place, took her up, and dragged her away in a brutal manner, after which they gave her three strokes with a sabre and left her to the dogs. This was one of the daily scenes we were obliged to witness.

I must now return to the history of the Turkish woman I bought. As soon as she entered my house, she fell on the earth, weeping bitterly, and calling on her husband and children. I thought it better to let her sorrow have its free course. The first day she would not touch food. The second she continued to weep, and ate nothing but a small piece of bread; the third, fourth, and fifth, she still wept from time to time, and took very little. She was about twenty-five, of a fine form and complexion; she had most beautiful hair, somewhat spoiled, however, by the red colour with which they tinge it; and black eyes. On the sixth day, as I began to speak a little Greek, I told her to tranquillize herself, for that I would not abandon her, and that I would endeavour to place her in safety. Her expressions of gratitude were innumerable; but she told me, that as I was a military man, I should probably be obliged to leave her, and that then the Greeks would kill her. I tried to persuade her that this would not happen. She had been in great affluence under the Turkish government, and was tolerably educated. She was much gratified that I did not treat her, after the Turkish fashion, as a slave, but with the respect and consideration women receive among us. Many of the European officers



took Turkish women to live with them, for these poor creatures preferred to live with the Europeans in the utmost poverty, to sharing all the riches in the world with the Greeks. We shall hereafter see in what manner I disposed of my Turkish lady, and the tragical end of some others.

I must break the thread of my narrative, and defer the incidents which followed this massacre, and the account of the formation of the government, to give a slight description of the city and fortress of Corinth, which may be useful to future travellers, and to all who wish to form an accurate notion of this interesting and celebrated city. After a rapid ascent of about a mile and a half, we came to two gates, built by the Venetians; continuing the same ascent, we reached the third gate, between two towers, which is the ancient gate of the citadel; the old walls, strengthened with some additional work, serve as a foundation to the modern building. Two small lower towers complete its means of defence. At the entrance is a mosque, built on the ruins of a temple of Venus, the columns of which have been used in the building. A great number of fragments of antiquity are lying neglected; but all the best were taken to embellish the seraglio of Kiamel Bey. Continuing still to ascend, we approached a mosque, where a great number of antique fragments, scattered on a little plain, mark the site of the Temple of the Sun. We here found a great many wells, of most delicious water. On inquiring the number of wells to be found in the citadel, we were told there were more than two hundred. Further on, in the same direction, we came to the source of the Draco.

This celebrated fountain of Pireneum, although despoiled of its ornaments, and no longer corresponding with the idea we had formed of it, was extremely striking from the abundance and beauty of its water. The greatest heat of summer does not diminish either its quantity or its coolness. It feeds all the wells of the fortress, and is conducted into the city by subterraneous pipes. At a short distance, without the latter gate, is a small hill, on which is the Temple of Venus. I might add many other minor details, but as they have been frequently described, I will not take up my readers' time with them here. Descending again into the plains of Corinth, we passed near the seven columns of the Temple of the Sun. They are in good preservation, notwithstanding their great antiquity. Each pillar is composed of a single block of stone: they are nearly half buried in the earth. At a considerable distance there are two chambers excavated in the rock. Following the road to the west, to the termination of the houses, we came to the remains of the Temple of Minerva; there are also fragments of columns, and other antiquities. Descending in the same direction, we came to the ruined fountain towards the isthmus; there are a great number of subterranean pavements, many water courses, formerly cut for the streams which rise here, and several subterraneous apartments of a very singular construction. We then descended by a staircase, recently cut by Kiamel Bey, which leads to the seraglio, and making a little circuit, found ourselves at the fountain of Lernes, which falls in a grotto. The quantity of curious petrifications here are surprising. This place is supposed by some to be the Bath of Diana. In summer the inhabitants

come and pass hours here, to avoid the intense and insufferable heat. On the right of this fountain is the seraglio of Kiamel Bey, which was burnt by the leaders of the revolution.

While I contemplated this splendid specimen of Eastern luxury and magnificence, built to enclose within its own walls all the delights of the world, I could not help making the reflection, that its inhabitants were, in fact, far worse off than our women who shut themselves up in convents, to pass a life of mortification; for they may, at least, speak to any one they please, but those in a seraglio are buried alive; and what are fine clothes, delicate fare, fountains and cascades, beautiful gardens, groves of oranges and lemons, beds of fragrant flowers, gorgeous buildings with pillars of the rarest stones, gilded roofs, and beautiful carvings,—what are all these, without freedom? Thus it seemed to me; but it appears I was mistaken, for some ladies of this seraglio assured me that they were extremely happy there, and never thought of the world, or what was passing in it. Their ideas were, indeed, wholly confined to the world of the seraglio. Few of them could read or write; nobody ever told them any of the events passing without their walls, for fear of exciting their imaginations, and thus they lived, as they said, contented. Yet, in spite of these professions, I am inclined to doubt whether their happiness was very great. One of them, who was by nature more acute and intelligent than the rest, said to me, “Our great torment, and one which sometimes produces the most frightful consequences amongst us, is jealousy. Whenever we saw the Bey more attracted by one than by the rest, which not unfrequently happened, we were devoured by rage and envy, and often, if we had not been surrounded by guards, we should have killed each other.”

I must confess, then, I was extremely sorry to see this magnificent structure ruined, defaced, and torn in pieces, for no other reason than that it had been the property of a Turk. Numbers of fine houses, which might have afforded lodging to the Greeks, were destroyed, while they were obliged to seek shelter in roofless ruins. They thought this showed a lofty contempt of the Turks, and could not be made to understand that themselves were the only sufferers. It was just as if Louis XVIII., on his return to Paris, had burnt down the Tuilleries, because it had been inhabited by Napoleon. But it is quite in vain to attempt to reason with a Greek.

On the other side of the city is an amphitheatre, with steps on the outside. The people here believe that this place served for popular assemblies, for the discussion of affairs of state, as well as for the games.

Having spoken very freely of the Greek character, I must now say some words in praise of the people. The Greek *people* are excellent—I will almost venture to say, the best in Europe. They are docile and obedient, temperate, abstemious, contented with the poorest food, and always ready to march. They do not stand fire well, and certainly want courage; but this is entirely the consequence of their having no good officers; none in whom they have any confidence. They see all their superiors smoking their pipes, and scraping together money, and avoiding danger as much as possible; and of course they do the same. They had some good leaders, but for the misfortune of



the cause, they are no more. Of these true patriots I shall hereafter have occasion to speak with the veneration they deserve.

But to return from this digression. In our daily walks, my comrades and I used to stop at the amphitheatre and drink milk. One day, after having given us our accustomed draught, the old herdsman asked us whether Békir Agá had quitted the citadel; we replied that we did not know, and expressed some desire to know what interest he could have in the affair; "he is a monster," exclaimed he, "and I wish to rid the world of him." He then proceeded to tell us, that the agá having stopped there one day to ask his son for some milk, the lad had the misfortune to incur his displeasure; upon which the agá immediately drew his ataghan and stabbed him to the heart. "At that moment," added he, "I came up; you may judge of my feelings on finding my beautiful boy weltering in his blood, and breathing out his last sigh. I burned to revenge myself on his murderer; but what could I do? I should only have shared his fate. I threw myself on the body, and the agá passed on. I buried him in this spot, that I might be daily reminded of his death and of my revenge; hitherto I have shed only useless tears on his grave—I was weak, and the assassin powerful. Now at length I may avenge my son, and die content amid my flock." This poor old man's story moved us at once to compassion, and to indignation against the Turks; though even such acts as these could not make us approve the breach of all faith and honour with them.

While many of the chieftains, and Colocotroni among the rest, were adding to their wealth by the plunder of Corinth, and the people ate and drank merrily out of the profits of the trade they carried on in Turkish property, the Frankish battalion and the European officers alone were entirely overlooked and neglected. We passed many days without receiving so much as a ration. At length, driven to desperation, we were obliged to go out into the fields, and take an ox wherever we could find one. The Greeks, to whom the cattle belonged, came to complain; upon which the primates sent for us, and reprimanded us for our conduct; we replied, "we came to Greece to fight and not to starve; give us food, and we will not touch what does not belong to us—you reduce us to such a situation that we must rob to live."

There were at this time a few upright men at Epidaurus who were trying to form a provisional government, to organize troops, and to send them into the provinces in which the danger of invasion was the most imminent. Mavrocordato, the president of the council, used his utmost efforts to carry these plans into effect, but there were some who opposed any thing systematic or settled, as fatal to their schemes of license and independence. In spite, however, of much opposition, it was at length formed. The power was vested in two assemblies; the one legislative, composed of deputies from all the provinces; the other executive, consisting of four members and a president. The highest powers were given to the executive, and nothing could be done without its consent. My readers may not think it an unwelcome interruption of my narrative, if I present them with a copy of the Act of Independence published by the Assembly at Epidaurus. It was drawn up by Mavrocordato.

“The Greek nation takes heaven and earth to witness, that in spite of the tyranny under which it has so long groaned, a tyranny which has threatened its annihilation, it has still a national existence. Its ferocious tyrants, violating all treaties and all principles of justice, by cruel and iniquitous acts, which had no other object than the total destruction of the subjected people, have forced them to take up arms for their own preservation. Having repulsed the violence of their enemies by their own unassisted courage, they now, by the mouth of their assembled representatives, declare their political independence before God and men. Descendants of a nation famed for knowledge and polished civilization, living at a period when this civilization has shed its benefits abundantly over all the nations of Europe, and looking back upon the greatness to which their progenitors rose under the protecting ægis of the laws, the Greeks have resolved to remain no longer in this ignominious state, deprived of the rights which God has given to all. Such are the imperious motives which have awakened the nation from its long lethargy, and aroused it to shake off its present infamy and to assert its rights. Such are the causes of the war which we have been goaded to undertake against the Turks. Far from being merely an act of rebellion, far from being caused by any private interests or animosities, this war is purely national and sacred. It has no other object than the re-establishment of the nation, and the recovery of the rights of property, honour, and life.

“Some arguments not very worthy of men born free in the bosom of Christian and civilized Europe, have been directed against our cause. But why? Are the Greeks alone, of all the people of Europe, to be excluded from a participation in those rights which God has made common to all mankind? Are they condemned to an eternal slavery? Are they doomed to be eternally the victims of spoliation, violence, and murder? Is the brutal force of any barbarian, who comes unprovoked, bearing barbarism and destruction in his train, to fix himself amongst us, to be established in his usurpation by the national law of Europe? The Greeks have never acknowledged the sovereignty of their conquerors, but have always repulsed it whenever an opportunity offered.

“With these principles, and with this assurance of the justice of our cause, we desire, we claim our restoration to that place in European society, to which our religion, our manners, and our geographical position call us; we claim our re-union to the great family of Christians, and our restoration to that rank among nations, of which a usurping force has robbed us.

“With intentions thus pure and sincere, we have undertaken this war; or rather we have concentrated those partial wars which Mussulman tyranny had provoked in some of the provinces and in the islands: and we now make common cause for the liberty of the whole, with the firm determination to obtain it, or to bury ourselves with our misfortune, under some ruin worthy of our origin; but which, in our present state, does but add to our humiliation.

“But few months have elapsed since the moment when we first declared this national war. The Supreme Being has hitherto favoured us. Unprepared as we were for this unequal conflict, our efforts have been



crowned with success, although almost every where met by a vigorous resistance. Occupied without a moment's intermission in overcoming the obstacles which were opposed to us, we have been compelled to defer the time of that political organization which was to establish our national independence; till we had secured our physical existence, we could not, and ought not, to undertake the establishment of a political state.

"This has been the cause of our involuntary delay, and has stood in the way of the prevention of some acts of disorder and outrage.

"Those difficulties being at length in a great degree surmounted, we have applied ourselves with enthusiasm to the completion of our political system. Circumstances have compelled us to establish in the first place local governments; as those of Etolia, Livadia, of the Peloponnesus, and of the islands. As the functions of these governments extended only to the internal administration of the respective places in which they were fixed, the provinces and the islands have deputed representatives, charged with the formation of a provisional but supreme government, to whose sovereignty that of the local assemblies was to be subject. These deputies united in a national congress, after long and careful deliberation, do hereby establish this government, and proclaim it the sole legitimate government of Greece, both because it is in conformity with the principles of justice and the laws of God, and because it is founded on the will and choice of the nation.

"The government is composed of an executive council and a legislative body. The judicial authority is independent.

"In conclusion, the deputies declare to the Greek nation, that their office being fulfilled, the Congress dissolves itself this day. The duty of the people is to obey the laws, and to respect those in whose hands the execution of them is placed.

"Greeks! you have determined to shake off the yoke which oppressed you, and your tyrants daily disappear before you; but concord and obedience to the government can alone consolidate your independence. May God enlighten with his wisdom the governors and the governed, that they may know their true interest, and co-operate with one accord in the deliverance of their country.

"Given in Epidaurus, the 15th (27th) of January, 1812.—First year of independence.

(Signed) "ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO,  
"President of the Council."

(Countersigned by sixty-seven members of congress.)

Mavrocordato's sentiments were truly patriotic, as this Act of Independence sufficiently shows; but what could he do, unaided, and without power to compel the obedience of others. The chiefs, who ought to have set the nation an example of disinterestedness and devotion to the common cause, were the most implacable enemies of the government; and though they now thought proper to yield in appearance, made use of every intrigue to thwart its progress and measures. Although Mavrocordato well knew the character and views of Colocotroni, and many other chiefs and primates, he had not courage or resolution to rid Greece of the monsters who have been, are, and will be, the cause of the destruction of the liberty of their country.

Mavrocordato would have been an excellent secretary of state, but was totally unfit to be at the head of a revolution, particularly in a half-civilized country, where fair words and arguments do nothing. In such a situation, the qualities most wanted in a leader are—strength of mind and purpose, utter indifference to his own life and safety, and indeed to every thing but the salvation of his country from the hands, not only of its external enemies, but of its treacherous and rapacious sons.

Before Mavrocordato came to Corinth, he wished to go to Hydra, to fit out the Greek fleet and make it put to sea. The Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and Ipsariotes, were perfectly right in not choosing to put to sea without money for their equipments. "We," said they, "contribute our ships, but we have not money sufficient to maintain sixty men. Why should we risk our ships, our money, and our lives, while you land-captains pocket all the wealth you have taken? We are willing to risk any thing for our country, provided we saw that all were of the same mind; but while we see, that on the main-land every man thinks only of himself, why should we, who have families to maintain as well as they, bear all the burdens? We will put to sea as soon as we receive any pay. The Greek fleet might on several occasions have acted much more efficiently if it had been out sooner, but the provinces of the main-land would not give us a single penny; the captains took and kept every thing they could lay hands on. When, however, the Turks were at hand, and the danger pressing, money enough was always forthcoming to bring out the fleet."

It is an act of strict truth and justice to say, that the Greek fleet has invariably displayed the most heroic courage and devotion; and I feel perfectly certain, that if Miaulis, Canaris, and the other chiefs of the islands, had seen that the chiefs of the main-land acted with honour and loyalty, they would have made great progress in the work of independence.

Every thing in Corinth was in confusion; nothing was thought of but buying and selling the property of the Turks. We Franks were every minute accosted by Greeks, inquiring *whether we wanted to buy any handsome Turkish women cheap*. We told them we could not buy without money. We managed to get food—that is to say, we helped ourselves, stealing bullocks by night, wherever we could find them. The Turkish lady I had bought, began to be reconciled to her lot, and to treat me with more confidence and familiarity, as she saw I had bought her for the purpose of saving her life.

The government being established in the form I have already described, Corinth, which seems to overlook both seas, and to guard the whole of Greece, was chosen as its seat. Although Colocotroni and the other chiefs had appropriated a great portion of the spoil of Corinth, some persons, appointed by government, were sent thither by Mavrocordato and Ypsilanti, to watch over what remained, and to preserve it as much as possible for the service of the country. Means were thus obtained for fitting out the fleet, organizing two Frankish corps, and despatching some Greek officers to various parts, as will be seen hereafter. The Greek captains, with their troops, would not take the field, and did not care that the enemy threatened several parts of Greece, while they continued their traffic. The Turkish effects were



sold almost for nothing; and if there had been any speculators at Corinth, they might have made their fortunes.

Prince Ypsilanti was extremely indignant at being nominated head of the legislative, and not of the executive department, to which he thought he had claims. How often then did he regret that time when he was absolute master, and when he might have been so eminently useful to his country! But this was irrevocably past, and, as he could not recall it, he hastened his departure for Zeitouni, with the intention of resigning his office. As the motives of his conduct were evident enough, and his opposition to the government was caused by mere personal pique, his departure was witnessed with pleasure by all. In his transactions with the executive he never chose to subscribe himself as president, affecting the character of a mere private patriot, sent by his brother Alexander. If pride and jealousy are so injurious to the popular cause even in civilized countries, it is easy to imagine what they must be among the ignorant and undisciplined.

Mavrocordato, knowing that every thing was in a state of utter confusion in Corinth, and that no warlike preparations were making, with some difficulty arranged matters with the islands, and succeeded in sending out sixty ships to watch the Turkish fleet. He immediately repaired to Corinth, where his presence was most necessary, to put an end to the daily dissensions which prevailed there. In a few days his presence introduced some regularity and method into affairs, which would have been still more obvious had his orders been attended to. To satisfy the general ambition, every man who pleased might declare himself a captain, by planting a banner on his house to signify that he engaged soldiers in his pay; it did not signify that one had five men and another an hundred; they were all captains, and not one of them knew the duties or functions attached to his rank. They went where they pleased, and paid not the slightest attention to any orders which were unpalatable to them. If the enemy appeared to be at hand, the captains met in haste and discussed the probable mode of attack; and if by great good luck they agreed, they concerted some plan of defence; but if jealousy of command, or fear that one might get a larger portion of the plunder than another, crept in, all public measures and considerations were abandoned, and they did not care whether the enemy overran the country or not. If the Turks had known how to take advantage of the dissensions of the Greek captains, the question of Greek independence would have been settled long and long ago. Another still greater abuse was, that when a captain guarded any important post, where he was liable to be attacked at any instant, if he gave the least disgust to his soldiers, either by his manners, or by want of pay or provisions, they all deserted him, and left him to follow their example, or stay to be massacred by the enemy. The government had neither energy nor means to pass from a state of total disorganization to the discipline of regular troops.

We found that the ill-treatment all European officers experienced from the Greek captains, arose from their fear, that if those already in Greece were encouraged, numbers would flock thither from Europe, and would so strengthen the hands of the government, that they would be compelled to obey it, and to abandon that system of brigandage which they wished to perpetuate. Mavrocordato perfectly un-

derstood their views, and persevered in his endeavours to introduce European officers and discipline. The minister at war was Mr. Coletti, formerly physician to Ali Pachà ; and though there is some difference between feeling pulses and managing the war affairs of a state, he acted in unison with Mavrocordato, and tried to establish regular regiments. Prince Ypsilanti's battalion was still in existence, and was now commanded by Colonel Tarella, a Piedmontese ; a man endowed with all the qualities that could fit him to render important service to the cause, to which, in spite of every discouragement and ill-treatment, he showed the most unwearied attachment. Mavrocordato formed a first regiment, into which he incorporated the battalion ; he appointed the oldest among the European officers. Numberless altercations arose, as there were several Greek officers in the battalion, who had been attached to it in the first instance, from the insufficient number of Europeans. When the regiment was organized, they insisted on holding all the highest rank, (though they had not the slightest idea of the military art,) and on commanding men who had served in ten or twelve campaigns, under the greatest warrior of the age. In spite of all these obstacles, the regiment was at length organized, and sent into the citadel to drill the recruits which were daily raised. The soldiers were nearly naked ; Mavrocordato wanted to clothe them, but the means were wanting ; projects were formed in abundance, but it was not so easy to carry them into effect. Colocotroni laughed at the formation of this regiment, as he knew the government had no money to pay the men. As there were still about a hundred and forty officers unemployed, Mavrocordato formed them into two sacred companies, to which he gave the name of Philhellenians, and wished to be colonel himself. He however gave the command of them to Colonel Doria, a Genoese, and a very brave soldier.

Shortly before this occurred, General Normann arrived. He had landed at Navarino, together with sixty officers, two four-pounders, a hundred and fifty muskets, and a good many barrels of powder. General Normann was a native of Wittenberg ; he was married to a young, beautiful, and rich wife ; he had children ; and as no political events had driven him from his country, he had quitted that and his family from a pure and enthusiastic love of freedom. He was eminently useful to Greece, yet he never received the slightest mark of gratitude from any one, and died at Missolonghi in the depth of poverty, as will be seen in a future part of my narrative. He had been landed but a few days in Navarino, when he gave indisputable proofs of his courage. While he was waiting in that city for orders from the government, he put his troops into quarters, and made them do regular duty. The Turkish fleet, which was returning from provisioning Modon and Coron, lay to off Navarino, and began hostilities, intending to make a landing. The inhabitants were in the greatest consternation, and thought only of saving themselves by flight : they retreated to the mountain without attempting a defence. General Normann marched his little troop to the place where the Turks were going to land ; posted his two four-pounders, and ordered the drums to beat frequently. The Turks had already put off a great many boats towards the shore, but the general drew up his men in line, and ordered them



to keep up an incessant fire, both of musketry and artillery. The Turks thought this was an advance guard, and taking for granted that there was a formidable European force in Navarino, the boats immediately returned, the men re-embarked, and the fleet set sail. The inhabitants of the city returned to their houses; but so far were they from showing any gratitude to the Europeans who had saved them, that they would not supply them with food. General Normann kept his men on regular duty at night, and made them go the rounds for fear of a surprise. One morning they found a French captain lying in a ditch, murdered and stripped of every thing. It was supposed that he had fallen behind, and had been attacked and killed by the Greeks for the sake of his clothes, (which were very good,) and his gold watch and seals. The general, on this, wrote to Mavrocordato, that he did not like to remain at Navarino, in consequence of the ill-treatment he experienced from the inhabitants, and that he wished to be removed to Corinth. Mavrocordato immediately sent to him to come to Corinth with his troop. As soon as he arrived, Mavrocordato formed the *état-major*, of which he appointed General Normann chief, and subsequently gave him the command of the Frankish corps.

At this period the massacre of Chios took place, and the few families who escaped from Turkish ferocity took refuge in Corinth. Among them were several young men, who, being left without any ties or means of subsistence, enlisted in the Frankish regiment: the Greek captains used the most strenuous and persevering endeavours to prevent the augmentation of this corps, and dissuaded all who were willing to enter it, promising them rations and pay. They were so successful, that, in spite of all the activity of Mavrocordato and of Colonel Tarella, it never could be brought to exceed five hundred men, and from that point gradually declined. Those Greeks who began to know the use of the bayonet, were delighted with it, and under Colonel Tarella's active and constant superintendance, very rapidly acquired our mode of manœuvring. The command was given in Greek; for although the officers were not acquainted with the language, they had taken care to learn enough of it for that. Mavrocordato issued a decree, assigning pay, according to their respective ranks, to the officers both of the regiment and of the sacred companies, a third of which was to be paid in money, and two thirds in bills payable in two years, or in portions of land. The first and second months we had the third above mentioned, but after that time we heard no more about pay.

The government next employed itself in the civil organization of the country, but was constantly thwarted by the local authorities which had sprung up in all the little towns. Nobody would undertake to discharge any office, nobody would furnish contributions, or pay regular taxes. What was the government to do without money, and openly resisted in its attempts to raise any? Mavrocordato hit upon an expedient of issuing bills payable in two years, and forcing those whom he knew to be rich to accept them. Such was the generous and patriotic devotion it was my lot to witness!

Curchid Pachà, vizier of the Morea, sent an English frigate to Corinth, to request the restitution of the forty ladies of the seraglio of Tripolitza. Among them was his own wife, a most beautiful

woman, and sister of the Grand Sultan, who had been bestowed upon him as a reward for the services he had rendered to the Porte. The sum demanded for their ransom was eighty thousand collonati. The frigate soon returned, accompanied by two brigs bringing the money, and the ladies were fetched from Tripolitza; though they were all covered with black veils, it gave me pleasure to see them again. While the wife of Curchid Pachà was at Tripolitza she had fallen in love with the brother of Pietro Bey, a young Maniote of great personal beauty—she had no idea she should so soon be restored to her husband; and when she received the intelligence that she was going, instead of showing the satisfaction that was expected, she was in the greatest distress. Indeed she had cause enough—not only was she leaving the man she loved, but she was going, as she herself knew, to certain death. She was conscious that she was in a situation which would reveal the secret of her infidelity. However, this beautiful and unfortunate creature was carried on board with the rest; the money was paid into the hands of the minister at war, Mr. Coletti, and several other Greeks, and the frigate set sail.

About the same time the Turkish government sent proposals for the exchange of Kaian Bey of Tripolitza for a Greek family. Though the Greeks cared nothing about an exchange by which they were to get no money, Mavrocordato accepted the terms.—He sent for Kaian Bey to Tripolitza, and invited him to dine with him. During dinner Mavrocordato asked him if he would take up arms again against the Greeks. "I am your prisoner," replied Kaian Bey, "and you may put me to death when you please; but I give you my word that the moment I am set at liberty I will resume hostilities against you." Mavrocordato was delighted with his answer, and gave him every mark of esteem. In the evening he was sent on board, and the Greek family landed.

Colocotroni did not choose to go, having his eye on Kiamil Bey, who was still a prisoner in the citadel of Corinth, and would not confess where his treasures were concealed, though Colocotroni promised him his protection. One day, Mavrocordato, Coletti, and Colocotroni went together, and threatened him to put his wife and mother to death, if he did not say where his money was. "Neither my mother nor my wife," replied Kiamil Bey, "know where my money is, and it is useless for you to wreak your anger on innocent persons. Whatever terms you might propose to me, I should not confide in them, as I see that you always violate your word. I am certain, that whether I say where my money is or not, I shall equally be put to death; so that I choose to die with the satisfaction of not enriching you. One thing, however, I wish you to observe, that I have always treated my people as subjects, but not as slaves; and that if all beys had treated the Greeks as I have, this rebellion would never have broken out. The people were contented with my government, and saw that I punished the Turks who oppressed them."—(This has been confirmed to me by the testimony of many Greeks.) Finding they could do nothing with him, they left him that day, threatening to put him to death, which eventually they did—when not being sufficiently provisioned to stand the blockade of Curchid Pachà, they were obliged to abandon the fortress of Corinth once more to the Turks.



This was one of their most remarkable blunders. Immediately after they had taken the fortress, all the Europeans represented that it ought to be instantly provisioned; but they always replied that they had no money. They had just received eighty thousand collonati. Why did they not spend half that sum in provisions? A great many European vessels arrived laden with grain, biscuit, and other necessities, and returned because nobody would purchase on the part of the government. Of all those who had their pockets full of money, not one would spend a penny for the public good.

Colocotroni being obliged to renounce all hope of further plunder, set out for the blockade of Patras, where Captain Nikitas was already stationed. We shall hereafter see how Colocotroni abandoned this very place, from a fresh hope of adding to his wealth. The death of Ali Pachà determined Curchid Pachà to turn all his forces against the Greeks. Curchid had possessed himself of the treasures of Ali Pachà, part of which he sent to the Porte, and part he employed in engaging the Albanians, who held themselves neuter in the contest, in his service.

The brave Suliotes were strictly blockaded, and were prepared to meet any attack with undaunted courage; but provisions began to fail, on which they sent to acquaint the Greek government with their situation, and urged the necessity of prompt succour, to enable them to raise the blockade, and get out to procure necessities. The bravery of the Suliotes was so well known, that the Greeks ought to have sent instant succour; instead of which, they passed months in talking, over their pipes, of what was to be done, without taking one step to relieve the famishing Suliotes. I may, perhaps, be asked, why the Suliotes were good soldiers, invariably fought well, and were feared by all? I answer, because their chief sought not his private interest or advancement; because all classes were temperate and hardy, and were devoted to the deliverance of their country. In every engagement their captain was foremost, and the soldiers, encouraged by his example, followed him with ardour and confidence. As they saw he had an iron pistol in his belt, they did not strive to get one of gold or silver. I repeat, the *people* of Greece were excellent, and might have been led to any thing by virtuous and able chiefs. But the people saw their leaders always engaged in discussions, robbing one another of that which ought to have been dedicated to the public service, and striving who could sell his country the most to his own advantage—of course, they followed their example. Greece can never be free till it is purged of these parricidal monsters. The Suliotes, as I have said, suffering all the privations of a rigorous blockade, Curchid Pachà sent to offer their leader, named Dinos Zervas, a large sum as a bribe, to induce him to deliver up the island into his hands. The following was the reply of the brave Suliote: "Vizier, the sum you offer me to become a traitor is too large, for I could not so much as count it; nevertheless, I will not give you a single stone of my country for it;" and this when he had not a morsel of bread to eat, and was neglected and ill treated by his countrymen! Daily did he send letters to the government, at the risk of the life of some brave Suliote, who had to pass through the enemy's fleet to carry it; while the government proceeded with the same tardiness, as must

inevitably be the case where every individual acts at his own pleasure. The Suliotes seeing the hopelessness of their situation, and the ingratitude of the Greeks, at length accepted the honourable terms obtained for them by Mr. Meyer, the English consul at Prevesa. They capitulated on the 3d of September. Several English vessels came to convey them to Cephalaria. Three thousand Suliotes were thus driven from their country, leaving their arms, and all their property in money and effects. Omer Vrioni, whose hands were set at liberty by the surrender of Suli, now turned all his forces against Missolonghi. The Greeks thus went on in a continual series of fatal mistakes, from a total want of concert and of principle.

Our situation was now become very critical. We were threatened at every point from Arta and Prevesa to Zeitouni. The enemy had obtained great advantages by the discord and insubordination which prevailed among us, especially over the inhabitants of Mount Olympus.

Intelligence was received that a formidable fleet was fitting out, and was to join one from the Barbary States, and one from Egypt. Mavrocordato saw the urgent necessity for setting out for Romelia immediately, at the head of the regular troops, and whatever Greeks he could collect; but his schemes were always thwarted or delayed by those turbulent spirits who lived on the ruin of their country. Seeing that, without some prompt measures, we should very soon be hemmed in on all sides, he resolved to issue a proclamation, and send it into every part of Greece, to arouse the apathetic and excite the cold-hearted, if that were possible. As it appears to me very interesting, and full of energy and fire, I think it may not be unacceptable to my readers.

“Hellenians,—You took up arms to rid your country of the presence of your enemies; to raise yourselves from the state of misery in which you groaned under your devouring tyrants; and to escape the innumerable vexations and insults to which you were exposed in the exercise of the holy religion of Jesus Christ. You hoped to live under the protection of good laws; to unite yourselves to the rest of Europe, and to throw off the yoke of barbarous, sanguinary, and impious tyrants, who have treated you like beasts of burthen.

“Never did the sun arise upon a more righteous war than ours; and if you had striven for victory in all combats as you did in the first, if your holy ardour had not cooled by success, you would now be free. You have given the enemy time to make great and formidable preparations, and we think it our duty to declare to you, that you are threatened by the most imminent danger. The time is come when you must show the world whether you are worthy to be free, or whether you are born to be slaves.

“Hellenians! life and death are common to men, with the lowest animals; but an honourable life and a glorious death are the portion of freemen alone. Show the world that you are equal to those Hellenians of old, who knew no good preferable to liberty, and fought for it till they had subdued all the forces of Asia. Nor are examples wanting in the present day, worthy your imitation. Your bishops, your senators, and your primates, are sensible of the dangerous state of our country, and will march at our head. We fight not for a foreign land. We fight for ourselves—for our lives, our religion, our



honour. Let us all fly to arms, and endure a few months of evil to conquer and secure our independence for ever.

“Let the cities and the villages be deserted, and let every plain and mountain present the appearance of a camp.

“Peloponnesians! you first unfurled the standard of liberty; you have shed the blood of the barbarians; you may claim to fight in the foremost rank, and to be the bulwark of Greece. Your unwearied arms must know no rest till the tiger falls!

“Spartiaites! limit not your freedom to your inaccessible rocks, nor to your lowly cottages, when you may extend it over cities and fertile plains!

“Brave Suliotes! you to whom Greece has for so many years entrusted the sacred deposit of her liberty, let not your constancy be shaken. Your countrymen, and the Philhellenians of Europe, will fly to your succour [*when it was too late!*]. And you, inhabitants of Attica and Livadia, take courage; you shall soon receive assistance.

“Hellenians, you must have but one soul; all private animosities must be put to rest; all private interests must be laid aside. Your only interest is victory; your only lawful hatred—hatred to your oppressors.

“Sailors, what is become of that noble ardour and bravery which distinguished you in the beginning of the war. Is your enthusiasm cooled? Do you wait till your islands are ravaged, to display a tardy valour? Now is the time when you must prove that you are sensible of the advantages attached to a national existence; now is the time to show that you are patriots and Christians. Do you fear the Turkish vessels? They are not manned by Hydriotes, Spezziot, and Ipsariotes, but by Jews, Armenians, and Asiatics. You have dispersed one formidable fleet. Do you think that the one which now threatens you is of brass or iron? Let it be seen that victory is not obtained by large vessels, but by Hydriote, Spezziote, and Ipsariote valour. Hellenians, the time is short; all is lost if you continue to neglect this important occasion. Unite hands and hearts, and swear to destroy your common enemy, and to die for your religion and your country! (Signed) “MAVROCORDATO, President.”

Such was our situation. Mavrocordato did all he could; but of what use was it to command those who would not obey, who were intent on nothing but plunder; and who kept vessels in readiness, in case the enemy should reconquer the country, to sail for Europe, and there enjoy their ill-gotten wealth, utterly regardless of the thousands they left to be massacred by the enemy.

If the government had availed itself of all the resources afforded by the conquest of the Turkish towns, the Greeks might have been free at this moment, and masters of Constantinople. All their errors and reverses, which have uniformly been caused by want of money, might have been avoided, and Greece might have been spared the humiliation of asking alms of every country in Europe, to assist her in procuring her independence. Not only have the captains appropriated the wealth of the Turks, and the primates the revenue of the country, but a great number of the Greek merchants established in various towns in Europe, who were empowered to receive the amount of the

subscriptions of the generous well-wishers of their cause, have enriched themselves out of this sacred deposit, and have remitted to Greece about a tenth part of what they received. The committees of every country have sent ships laden with muskets, pistols, sabres, ammunition, and powder in great abundance; yet the government has never been master of a dozen muskets. The captains always got possession of them all, and gave them to their soldiers to get them altered according to the Greek fashion, by which means they accomplished the double purpose of arming their own retainers, and rendering it impossible for the government to increase the number of regular troops. When the Frankish regiment, and the two sacred companies were organized, we were all obliged to take old muskets. Most fortunately, Mavrocordato, who foresaw the consequences of an attempt to carry on a war with an undisciplined rabble, had brought from Marseilles two excellent armourers, who put the muskets into the best state they could be, and rendered it possible to make use of them in a regular campaign. The muskets sent by the Greek committees were openly sold in the streets, for fifteen or twenty Turkish piastres. Mavrocordato saw this shameless traffic with the greatest indignation; and in order to check it, gave orders to his people, and to the police he had established, whenever they found arms and ammunition in the hands of men who were trading in them, to seize them, and bring them to him. Two or three times these orders were executed; but the arms generally belonged to captains, who immediately claimed them again; they were restored, and nothing more said about the matter. So the trade continued to thrive, while we Europeans were armed with old vamped up muskets.

I must make a little digression here, to throw some light on the history of the massacre of Chios. This terrible event was chiefly caused by the obstinacy and avarice of the primates of that island, who refused to pay the Frankish artillery officers. For several months the Turkish fleet had been passing and repassing before Chios, and continually threatening to make a descent upon the island. The Chiotés wrote to the government, that they were in great want of gunners to work their guns, and of an engineer to erect some little fortification. The government replied, that they could easily have all the assistance they required, if they would pay the Frankish officers who were ready to go, and buy a few more guns. As soon as the primates heard that they must spend money, they abandoned all thought of preparing for a defence, and chose to *hope* that the Turks would not land. When they saw the fleet actually anchored off their island, and their destruction imminent, some of the primates went to Corinth, entreating the government to send officers immediately, to save the island, if possible, and engaging to pay all the necessary expenses. Mavrocordato sent for Captain Gubernatis, a man of distinguished merit, and gave him the command of the island, twelve artillery officers, an engineer, and two pieces of artillery. They instantly embarked, and having a fair wind, hoped to reach Chios in time. On approaching the island they met a number of boats, feluccas, and small vessels of all descriptions, laden with people; and on inquiring whence they came, were told that they



were escaping from the massacre of Chios; and that the Turks had landed, and had cut to pieces all the inhabitants, except the few who had got to their boats. If these officers had been a little sooner, they would have shared the fate of the Chiotes. They, of course, returned to Corinth. If the primates had taken timely precautions, and had engaged some of the many officers who were starving in Corinth, and who would willingly have gone, if they had only been sure of the means of subsistence, they would in all probability have saved their island, and all the unfortunate and innocent victims of their stupid avarice.

(To be continued.)

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NEWHOME.

SOME years ago, a number of young men, who had been educated for the professions, conceiving an apprehension of not succeeding in pursuits, distasteful to some, and beyond the abilities of others, manfully resolved to husband the little property which they could command, and by union and co-operation to endeavour to secure as large a share of the blessings of this life as its uncertainty admits. They formed themselves into a little senate, and debated seriously upon several plans drawn up by the reflecting part of their community. It soon, however, became evident to all of them, that nothing but experience could rectify and gradually perfect the various constitutions laid before them; and under that impression, they contented themselves with entering into a solemn compact, like the sacramental oath of the Roman soldier, to be true and faithful to the republic, and not to desert their brethren until the object was effected, or renounced by general consent.

To relate *seriatim* the various steps which they took, the difficulties which they experienced, or the failures which they encountered, is not the object of the following sketch: however interesting the history of the first foundations of a prosperous colony, and however useful, as a direction to succeeding settlers, its minutest details might prove, the primary task should be, to give a true picture of the society, that individuals may measure its promise of happiness by that standard which every man forms in his own mind, and judge of its benefits in relation to himself. I shall therefore pass rapidly on to the settlement of the colony as it has been effected since 1820 in one of the adjacent dependencies of the British empire, namely, in the beautiful island of Jersey, on the confines of the parishes of St. Pierre and St. Owens.

The society at that time consisted of forty members, the oldest of whom was under thirty; the additional candidates had been elected by ballot, and had taken the vow of the order, which was, shortly—to be obedient to the general will expressed by a majority of votes, and to lend heart and hand to the society as long as *they* continued in it. The admission fee has varied considerably, but the annual subscription

is 50l.; for which sum the subscribers enjoy all the advantages which may be collected from the following account.

The dwelling selected for their abode, is one of those Norman edifices erected many centuries ago by the seigneurs of the soil. Each succeeding generation has added a wing or return to the pile, by way of introducing the conveniences of modern architecture, or of accommodating married sons and daughters, whom the smallness of the patrimony would not allow the allodial lord to portion off in separate holdings. From the massive size and multiform construction of this fabric, it has probably domiciled many generations under its roof at the same time. It lies in the midst of venerable elms and tall chestnut-trees, an ancient avenue of which leads straight up to its antique portal. The ivy has liveried some of its turrets, and hangs over its modernised casements, as though it would hide the innovating hand of repair. The freshly-pointed wall in several spots declares that other infringements have been made, and that its picturesque appearance has not been consulted in preference to the habitableness of the place: the *alentours* also show that the modern art of landscape gardening has known how to avail itself of piers and fosses, that once reminded us of nought but the baronial days of warfare and plunder; orchards and gardens flank the building, up the high gables of which the obedient vine has been trained, while the *châmontelier* decks its outer range of walls; a row of glossy walnuts and dark mulberry-trees hides its offices and haggards in the rear, behind which the corn-lands and pastures of the community extend.

The dwelling was selected by two of the travelling brethren, who had been sent by the society to inspect different sites proposed. The statistical account which they gave of the island, and the suitability of the pile, determined us at once to make the purchase. This we (for I am a member of the society) found no great difficulty in effecting with the proprietor, whose means were too limited to keep the building in repair. In the autumn of the same year, a committee of six intelligent members dassed over to superintend the repairs of the place, and managed with the country artizans and labourers to put the house in a way of accommodating thirty members, each with a separate sleeping-room, reserving two large saloons for dining and drawing rooms. Plans and reports were continually forwarded by them to the senate in London, where measures were discussed with all the shrewdness that men extend to practical concerns of life. A plan of action was resolved upon, and each member again pledged himself to adhere to it until modified by common consent. It remained now only to take the grand final move; to cut the cable, as it were, of habit and prejudice, that bound us to the capital and its enervating pleasures. The day was at last fixed upon, and the eighth of November was to mark the epoch of our farewell to haunts and scenes, sweetened by no recollections but the triumphs of vanity, and embittered by many a record of weakness and guilt: but we knew not but that its associations would cling to our memory, and load it with the fond regret of exiles; therefore it required every effort of manliness to cheer our spirits under the anticipated pain of separation. Some of us visited the theatres on the eve of our departure, as if to take leave of the favourite muses—



others roamed the streets, detecting beauties in their style unobserved before—others flocked to coffee-houses and taverns, where they embittered their wine with doubts and tardy regrets; most of us nourishing hopes that he might be among the fortunate ten who were to remain in coalition behind.

But the die was cast, and the hour drew near. We assembled on board the brig in which our books, furniture, implements, and other goods, had been shipped; and there, in the great cabin, we prepared to draw lots to decide the point in suspense. At this critical moment, a member, whose name I would gladly record, but that his modesty forbids, rose from his seat, and declared, for one, that he had no wish to be ballotted for—that he was anxious to go, and be among the first to promote the establishment of the colony—that after all, it was better than being transported to the Indies, to acquire complicated diseases there; or being sent to perish in the pestilential climes of Cape Coast and Sierra Leone, merely, that it might satisfy the rapacity or the ostentatious pride of relatives, who preferred luxury and appearance to the health and comfort of their families—that for his part he saw few pleasures for a wholesome mind to regret in London—that society was unmodelled in a great measure there, and the best of it might be reduced to the head of mere pomp and show—that the poor gentleman was virtually excluded from its enjoyments, because he could not compete with the rich in splendour and magnificence—that the theatres, which many seemed to regret, and which in fact ought to be the first feature of metropolitan enjoyment, because they were the fields for natural taste and literature to disport in, were now sunk below mediocrity, and fast sinking into a state of slippered, drivelling imbecility—that, for polluted pleasures, he disdained to mention them among our regrets, as the discipline of the society had already taught most of its members that such pleasures were out of the scale of moral happiness, and detracted infinitely more than they added to real gratification—that we took with us the means of mutual improvement; and he hoped, that whatever we missed in the resources and opportunities afforded by the city, would be made up to us in strength and pliancy of mind, to turn our acquisitions to the best account, not in a vain search after fame and wealth, but in a steady pursuit of happiness.

These few words, which recalled some of the leading practical tenets of the community, produced a wonderful effect upon us. We hastened, with vying resolution, to join the volunteers for the voyage. Twenty-four were soon numbered off; the remaining ten descended into a boat with their luggage, and giving us three hearty cheers, rowed away on their return, to occupy a small town-house rented by the society. As for us, we glided down the river with the morning ebb, our regrets vanishing with the fog of London. We tried to enumerate its fascinations; but the idea could not be cloaked in words, without our immediately disclaiming it, ashamed to betray the base and childish tastes upon which our liking had been founded: true, there remained a palpitating inquietude at the bottom of our hearts, touching the success of the experiment, and the reproaches which it might draw down upon us from our relations and the world; but

many of us had already struggled too early with adversity, to be much unmanned by the dread of failure; and there were few of us who had not experienced the senseless misdirection of controlling relatives. Some had made a compromise with their families, to claim no more than the small annuity required by the society, provided it were secured to them; others had generously sacrificed a portion of their moderate incomes, to enable friends to embrace the scheme—for the plan and its discussion had excited a considerable enthusiasm of a noble sort among us, and we had drilled our minds and bodies to enter into the spirit of the institution, and to encounter the hardships which might present themselves in its formation. It was habitual with us to rise at six, and undergo a routine of exercises similar to the modern gymnastics, which some of us had practised in Germany. This was thought a necessary preliminary to reception into the society; for it was deemed, that he who could not overcome habitual laziness, was unfit to belong to a co-operating community; and early rising was thought to be the best safeguard against dissipation and profligacy; and it was found, that mental activity was excited, and mental fatigue relieved, by bodily exertion. It tended too, to divert the thoughts from old associations, and to give a tone of manliness to the whole character,—endowing the nervous with courage and moral force, and the gloomy with openness and hilarity. Our mental occupations consisted of conversations conducted with zeal and spirit, on subjects interesting to us all; the examination of Plato's or Xenophon's principles of community,—the feasibility of modern plans of union, such as those of the benevolent Owen and Miss Whitwell,—and generally the constituent principles of civil society. This led into historical disquisitions, and lecturers were appointed among ourselves, to collate different authors, examine their credibility, and impart the results to the society. Dissertations on various subjects were also required, according to his ability, from every member; thus the study of one was made instrumental to the instruction of all. Every effort was made to substitute oral for book information, because it was thought an infinitely more useful practice, both for the intellect and the organs, than silent reading, particularly where the droning habit had been acquired, in schools and colleges, of slurring over words and sentences with little or no attention to their meaning. But above all, no discipline of mind or body was judged efficient, unless it strengthened and confirmed that moral sense within us all, whose approbation confers outward dignity and inward nobleness upon man; giving independence of thought and action to him who abandons it not to the direction of ignorant or artful teachers, and prostitutes it not to the seductions of vicious and heartless companions.

Our voyage terminated favourably on the third day, and we landed at St. Brelade's, where our companions waited to receive us. We lost no time in gaining our new habitation, where every preparation had been made to celebrate the taking of possession. Part of our furniture was transferred thither the very day of our arrival, and before night the house was tenantable: each had his quarters assigned to him; in the fitting up of which, the zeal of our companions left us



nothing to desire. Neatness and plainness had directed their efforts, and the apartments admirably tallied with the simplicity and durability of the furniture that we had imported. At evening we sat down to a symposium, and quaffed, but not to excess, the choicest wines of France, in commemoration of our occupation: wit and song went round—and we cheered each other with prospects and exhortations, till the pulse of youth was at its fullest tide, and another cup must have made it flow above reason's mark.

The succeeding morning we rose at our ordinary hour, and collected upon the arena which had been selected for athletic feats. It was an elongated plain of about two acres, kept close cropped by sheep; on one side thatched sheds had been erected. Here we pursued our usual course of active exercises, as if no alteration had occurred since our last performance of them. This tended to allay that insatiate curiosity which would have led us to explore our new precincts, and possibly might have induced us to form rash projects, or unfavourable anticipations, at a time when all of us felt that the utmost self-possession was necessary for the ensuing conference. We thence proceeded to the bath, a large reservoir of welling water; and as each member plunged into its crystal bosom, he formed some unbidden vow, suggested by the scene, and the enthusiasm of the moment, that he would not disturb nor pollute the sanctity of his new dwelling by idleness, contention, or vice—and we called the bath, "The Fountain of the Oaths."

We adjourned then to our commons-hall, where we breakfasted; and thence to the council-room, where we entered into deliberation, and passed the resolutions which were to govern our immediate conduct. Officers were appointed to control different departments of domestic management; parties were nominated for specific purposes; the hours for labour and study, for meals, rest, and recreation, were fixed on; and it was agreed to meet from day to day in council, until order and method were completely established, and to alter no rule without the consent of two-thirds of the members on the island. Finally, the habitation was proclaimed by the name of Newhome.

I have said that it is not my intention to detail succinctly the proceedings of the brotherhood: it would but show the imperfections of every human project, were I to point out the numberless alterations which we were compelled to make, the sundry little adjustments and anomalies which we were constrained to admit, before we had brought it to its present system, in which it works almost undeviatingly, by the mere force of habit and established rule. With the assistance of a few labourers of the island, we soon had our crops in the ground; and whatever strangeness we at first felt in tilling the land, custom and duty soon reconciled us to that first labour imposed upon man. We drew examples from the old heroes of Rome, and thought upon those—

———— With whom compared our insect tribes  
Are but the beings of a summer's day;

who

———— Have held  
The plough, and greatly independent lived.

And we endeavoured to emulate their spirit, at least in such works as were not too drudging or laborious. For these last we procured farm-servants on the island at moderate wages. But gardening, in all its varieties, formed a main part of our occupation; and auxiliary lectures were appointed to be given by one who had qualified himself by reading the choicest works, to lay down such instructions as were suitable to the season and climate; and under him the practical superintendants ordered their improvements, whether in the hot-house, the grapery, the orchard, the kitchen-garden, the parterre, the lawns, or hedge-rows. Originally every one of us contributed a portion of his labour daily to the improvement of the grounds; but now it is found that one-third of the society is sufficient to keep them in good order: unless at seasons of hurry and difficulty, such as hay-making, harvest, and apple-gathering for the cyder-press—then all who are present lend a hand, dressed in the working uniform of the society. There are always intermittent seasons of festivity and merry-making. On ordinary occasions, those whose turn it is to attend the out-door business of the farm, receive their directions over night, and do not join the rest in their games and diversions next morning, but proceed to their allotted task, never more than a six-hours' job, on the completion of which they may return to their companions. If the work is reported to be unfinished or ill-done, no further penalty is imposed upon the transgressor, than an injunction to return and rectify his omission next day. This effectually guards against slovenly labour; but it has seldom been required to enforce any of the observances of the institution; for each member finds his comforts dependent upon the general good, and knows very well, that he enjoys infinitely more blessings at less trouble and expense in the lap of this society, than if he were thrown an isolated struggler upon the world. As to our domestic arrangements, they are under the charge of comptroller and purveyor, elected at intervals; these, assisted by a house-keeper, cook, and a few other domestics, regulate our household.

In the spring of the year we enlarged our dwelling by out-houses, containing apartments for visitors, besides closets and libraries for the literary members. We added to our offices a painting and sculpture room, a laboratory and workshop, in which those who were inclined to the fine arts, chemistry, or mechanism, might pursue their studies. These and other scientific subjects were not only canvassed familiarly in our meetings, but short histories and explanations of recent discoveries were occasionally directed to be given by their respective professors among us. We were not ashamed to assist in the erection of our own buildings. Many of us were seen, girt with our aprons, on the scaffolding of the building with plummet and trowel, aiding the hired mason in his work; some shaped coigne-stones, others adapted timbers for the roof; few were idle, and none from a frivolous notion that it was *infra dignitatem*. We had abjured the silly vanity of aristocratic pride; ridicule lost its sway over us, once we had resolved to obey reason and nature, preferably to conventional modes of thinking. We had long adopted it as a maxim, that he who contributes not a share of his labour to the general good, is a free-booter upon society; and that there is a correcting dispensation in Pro-



vidence, that forbids him to enjoy, in its true sense, what he has not earned—in short, that he must miss happiness were the world's wealth at his feet. It was in this spirit that many among us, whose pecuniary means would have enabled them to employ substitutes, refused to resort to such compromising expedients; and that those who would gladly have been excused, on the score of exerting their talents in sedentary pursuits, also disdained unnecessarily to evade the social compact by indolent subterfuges. The notion was not admitted amongst us, that labour and thinking were two separate and incompatible offices; on the contrary, the alternation of each was thought good, both for bodily and mental vigour; and unquestionably it has proved productive of more common leisure and individual comfort, than if the community had consisted of two classes of slaves, the one overburdened with corporeal, the other with intellectual toils.

In the third year of our establishment we constructed a theatre for our lectures; around the walls and galleries of which we formed cases and compartments for such objects of natural history as composed the museum of the society. The whole was surmounted by a dome, the chamber of which made a rude observatory for astronomical purposes. A wilderness of intermingled trees, creepers, and underwood, darkens the northern side of the hill on which this simple structure is raised; the labyrinth gradually loses its wildness in rows of finer and finer shrubs, till, in the meridian aspect, the mount becomes enriched with the rarest plants and exotics.

The same year we purchased a small vessel, or *corsaire*, which had been used as a privateer by the hardy marines of St. Aubin's; in this, under the command of a member who had been an officer in the navy, we all took our turns, till we became expert mariners, hardened to the sea, and acquainted with all the neighbouring coasts. It not only served us as a fishing smack, but enabled us to take voyages of pleasure to the coasts of France, and fowling parties to some of the little rocks of the Cesarean Isles, on which woodcocks, barnacles, and other migratory fowl alight, and where no game-laws impede the pleasure of the sportsman. A few hours took us to Normandy; and St. Maloes became our market for several commodities which could be had cheaper there than in St. Helier's, or the other towns of the islands. Two of our brethren have been occasionally furnished by the society with the means of travelling into countries, the language of which they had learned from natives admitted into the institution. On such occasions they were usually disembarked on some part of the French coast, and thence, as pedestrians, have found their way into Spain, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, reaping information every foot of the road, and consulting the interests of the society by purchases, not only of pure wines, but of manufactures and mechanical inventions; and by transmission of specimens of botany and mineralogy to Newhome. The voyagers often send us home letters, which are read with delight by the assembled inmates; they also at times bring back estimable strangers, whose conversation and accomplishments instruct and enchant the little republic. It is thus that the poetry and music of Germany and Italy have been naturalized among us. Our walls are hung with pictures touched by foreign masters. Our

porticoes abound with statues moulded in Florence and Vienna. The arts flourish here, unseared by professional devotion and taste-withering anxieties. The future does not engulph imagination in cares and ambitious dreams, but leaves it at liberty to explore whatever is beautiful or sublime in surrounding nature, or in ancient monuments.

The use of arms is familiar to the community, who know that the arts and blessings of peace depend upon the warlike virtues; and who, as citizens of the state, may one day be called upon to protect the country in which they pride themselves, and in which they enjoy such manifold rights: regular days are appointed for drill, platoon exercise, and horsemanship, at which officers who have served in war generally preside. The boast of the institution is, to render every one of its members a benefactor to all the rest; to excite and foster emulation in as many useful arts of life as possible, that every one may excel in some one branch. This is the only division of labour—that each member being pre-eminent in some particular art or science, may confer the benefit of his acquirements upon the whole community. We have almost as many professors as members: and such is the diversity of human genius, when free to choose its own direction, that scarce two individuals manifest the same leading talent. The only professorships which we repudiate are those of ethics, philosophy, and divinity, from a persuasion that herein none of us can profitably take our guidance from another, but that we are all equally bound to be perfect in the knowledge of our duties, and to habituate ourselves to receive them from a higher source than nominated instructors. Oratory is not cultivated as a separate art; but is either a habit acquired by freedom and fearlessness of speech, or a spontaneous effusion springing from enthusiasm and the consciousness of virtue. Poetry, however, has its honours amongst us; for we hold it, to conjoin art and skill, with genius and feeling; to be something more than music and painting combined.

One half of our quæstors in London are replaced monthly, unless when it becomes necessary for any one to exceed that limited time for a specific object, such as medical study or tasteful pursuit. Most of our financial concerns are entrusted to their management, the investment of capital, the purchase of commodities, and the disposal of the productions of the Newhomians, whether literary, artistical, or mechanical. By good faith and management the funds of the society are in a flourishing condition; every member too has a thorough insight into our dealings, and is become, in a degree, conversant with mercantile transactions.

It may be thought exaggeration, that so small a sum as sixty pounds should be adequate to ensure all these advantages. But it must be considered, that all articles of consumption are laid in at wholesale price, or purchased for ready money in markets where they can be bought cheapest. Able workmen, supported by the institution, make up our clothing, without respect to fashion or extravagance. Every thing is of the best quality, and consequently elegant. Our diet is neither sparing nor luxurious, consisting of the best provisions purchasable in the cheap markets of St. Helier's or St. Maloe's. We bake, brew, and churn, at home. From the peculiar circumstances of the



island, we can procure colonial produce at almost importation price. But it is in the quantity we make the greatest saving: in fact the profit of the retailer is entirely merged; and that which would enrich the grocer or chandler, goes into the coffers of the institution. In the same manner every interventionary profit is cut off from agents, stewards, and jobbers. *Sic nos non nobis*, cannot be applied to us; for we reap what we sow to the uttermost sheaf, and enjoy, undiminished, all that we have exerted ourselves to obtain.

Objections have been raised against the institution, as if it were of a monastic and anti-social nature, and prevented the forming of alliances with the better part of creation; but these have been proved to be unfounded. They are the true respecters and adorers of women, whom regularity of life preserves from contaminating connexions. In their attachments to the charming sex, they evince infinitely more devotedness, than those to whom hourly contact exposes all the little foibles and contests of female vanity in the great world. Many of our companions, in their rambles through provincial parts of Great Britain, and Southern Europe, have found amiable and endearing partners, whose affections they have known how to secure; and have carried into domestic life that settled temper, and those providential habits, which guarantee its happiness, and enable them to look forward to the blessing of offspring, without repining at moderate incomes or baffled expectations. Such as have not been able to accomplish their secret aspirations after matrimonial alliances, are no worse off than thousands in society at large, who have no prospect of honourably overcoming the difficulties which poverty interposes; and, on an average, the prospects of success are in the favour of those, who, with views more moderate, unite qualities as cultivated, and more adapted to various stations of life. Far from being secluded from the possibility of forming connexions, they enjoy more extensive opportunities than they did previous to their entrance into the society; not only do they mingle familiarly with the respectable families of the island, but in London and abroad we keep up friendships, and make visits at a hundred leagues' distance, where a letter of introduction is sufficient to ensure us a hospitable welcome; for the friends of one soon become the acquaintance of all.

As to other objections of a speculative nature, this is not the place to answer them; when started by opponents, or persons seeking information relative to the institution, they shall be refuted or admitted, according as they are frivolous or valid. We are not beating up for recruits, for the republic is as populous as its territory will admit; but we are anxious that others should satisfy themselves of the practicability of this plan of mutual endeavour, and so be induced to attempt its execution, whether on a modified scale in the capital itself, or in full perfection in other parts of the United Kingdom, nearly, if not fully as eligible as NEWHOME.

QUESTOR.

## THE WOMEN OF ITALY.

THOUGH the political degradation of Italy may be traced to a variety of causes, the deepest and most poisonous has never been sufficiently insisted upon. It is to be found in the toleration, or to speak more correctly, in the privileges granted to breaches of the sanctity of marriage, among people distinguished for rank and wealth. The observation of the fact is very old, and has been frequently repeated; sometimes with more severity by Italian writers than by strangers. Foreigners, on the other hand, fall into the error of subjecting all the women of Italy to one indiscriminating censure: they cannot distinguish the classes to which corruption is confined, from those in which circumstances concur to preserve the virtue of wives and mothers. Lastly, we have not found that any writer, whether native or foreign, has ever traced the causes of this state of manners in the history of the country, nor pointed out how greatly it has contributed, does contribute, and will contribute, to the subjection of that unhappy country. The subject, if not viewed under this aspect—if not treated with this design—would not deserve our attention. Having seen in what way it has been handled by other writers, we hope to give it a character at once new and useful; free from the gossip, the licentiousness, or the cant, with which every writer, according to his disposition and his views, has invested it, in the multitude of classical or unclassical “Tours in Italy.”

The system of Cavalieri Serventi, though at first sight it may seem to deserve nothing but ridicule and contempt, acted like one of the *negative powers* of mathematicians, condemning the more active powers to inertness. The custom was caused by the religious, and perpetuated by the political condition of the people of Italy. This anomalous personage disappeared almost instantly throughout the north of the peninsula, as soon as the lovely daughter of the King of Bavaria appeared there as the wife of Eugene Beauharnois, and the model of all the domestic virtues. The influence of her example, however, would probably have been comparatively slow and feeble, had she not strengthened it by the refusal to receive any lady at court who was not accompanied by her husband. Where will you find a woman who would not rather give up her cavalier servante than the society of a court. The effect of this attempt to employ vanity as a corrective of domestic vices, could, however, be but apparent, and was consequently very transient; while, in the southern provinces, manners underwent no change whatever. This was particularly the case in Rome, where the celibacy of the priests, who there hold the rank of sovereign princes, causes adultery to be tolerated as an incorrigible and necessary evil. This is the part of Italy from which almost all the accounts of the national manners—whether true or false—all the declamation, and all the exaggeration, are taken. Thither flock, from every country in Europe, women who have been too much or



too little favoured by fortune in their ties of love or marriage. They fly to the south of Italy as to a peaceful sanctuary; and when their days of gallantry are over, beguile their old age either with talking without restraint of the pleasures of their youth, or in displaying their zeal for virtue, in vehement indignation at the offences of their successors in the same career. These ladies, naturally soured by emigration, by domestic loneliness, by mutual jealousies, and, above all, by age, regularly meet in little *coteries* and *conversazioni*, where each of them introduces any traveller or countryman who may happen to fall in her way. It frequently happens that the traveller is wandering over the face of the earth with no other view than to make a book. By giving an attentive and believing ear to all their gossip, he thus accomplishes the double purpose of paying for the favour of an introduction, while he finds his own account in collecting matter which will swell volumes, and tickle the national vanity of his countrymen, by a comparison of their virtues with the vices of other countries. Lord Byron, who was the most accurate and impartial observer of the English and the Italians on this head, traces with the grace of a poet, but the rigorous truth of an historian, the origin of the numerous stories, forgotten in the country which gave them birth, but repeated over and over again to all Europe, in the volumes of travellers.

The pleasant scandals which arise next day;  
The nine days' wonders which are brought to light;  
And why no husband sues for a divorce,  
Soon find their way to London-press, of course.

As we quote from memory, we must bespeak pardon for any unintentional misrepresentation of the illustrious poet. Let it not be supposed that it is from any puerile admiration of his genius, nor even of his acuteness in discovering truth, nor of the originality and manly courage with which he avowed it, that we subscribe to the sentiment he addressed to a reverend correspondent—"That all our words, manners, actions, religion, morals, our whole mind and existence in modern Europe, turn upon one single hinge, which the English, in one expressive word, call cant."\* Doubtless, if the demon cant had been as omnipotent among the ancients as it is among us, they would have raised altars and temples to so tremendous a deity.

"Why an Italian husband does not sue for a divorce," appears a question definitively settled by the gypsies in their tents, and the decision is equally applicable to all cases among savage nations. But among civilized people, the Italians have some distinctive peculiarities in this matter; and we must first examine those variations by which our common mother has distinguished their women from those of other climes. The remark of Eustace on this subject, that "In Italy the beauty of the sex seemed more connected with sentiment than in our colder climate," appears to us to admit of no dispute.† The most interesting of all spectacles which nature can present to the eye or heart of man, are a young mother with her

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\* Lord Byron's letter to the Rev. C. Bowles, on Pope's poetry and character.

† Classical Tour.

bered that I am speaking throughout of the daughters of families of rank and wealth,) almost invariably depends on a husband who has pleased, not her, but her parents. It frequently happens, that the husband is chosen, and the marriage articles definitively settled by the father, before the girl knows any thing about the matter; her first-born at her breast, or a young girl who has the frank and cordial smile of her age on her lip, and at the same time the bashful and pensive expression of deep sentiment shed over her whole countenance. The former is rarely exhibited by the ladies of Italy; but in no country does love so early inflame and exalt the heart of woman. The passion, in them, is not mingled with romantic fantasies, still less with arithmetical calculations. Love, in their hearts, is nothing but love pure and unmingled—or if any other feeling is ever blended with it, it is that of religion. Their education, so different from that of English girls, conspires with this natural temper of their hearts. Society is not open to well educated young women till after their marriage; the habitual retirement in which they live, concentrates all their thoughts and sentiments in this one passion. At first it rarely takes the form of an individual attachment; love springs up vague and undetermined in their simple and ardent hearts. In this state of mind their affections soon find an object upon which to fix themselves; with true feminine instinct, they almost instantly guess the man by whom they are most beloved, and single him out as the object of their preference. Still the intercourse of hearts is carried on only by the eyes; nor are opportunities even for that very frequent. The interchange of letters is neither easy nor safe, surrounded as they are by mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and governesses, who irritate their passions by the excessive anxiety with which they watch them. If by any accident a girl meets her lover, or if he visits at her father's house, the law prescribed to Italian young ladies, to listen, but rarely to speak in company, is one which she is not only bound by decorum to respect, but which she would fear to break, where every indifferent word might excite suspicion and endanger her secret.

Madame de Stäel's observation, that female beauty in England attracts admiration at once, while in Italy, with slow but more magical enchantment, it kindles love,\* is perfectly just, and goes far to explain one of the causes of the superiority of painting and sculpture in Italy.

In Englishwomen all the warmth of their hearts flows without fear or restraint to the surface, and appears in all their words and actions; whilst in Italians it is always suppressed, and labouring to burst its bonds—always lightening on their countenances, and then again checked and forced back. Englishwomen would frequently furnish more beautiful and more graceful models to an artist; but the serenity of their countenances borders upon an imperturbable coldness; whilst nature and education have combined to produce that expression in Italian women, which has furnished their painters and sculptors with a captivation and a soul elsewhere inimitable. Nevertheless, the future virtue and happiness of the Italian girl, (let it be remem-

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\* Corinna.



refusal then to sign the contract would render her guilty of an act of disobedience which would compromise her father's honour, and a perpetual seclusion in a convent would be the only effect of her persisting in requiring that the choice of a husband should be left to herself. Her consent is registered in the marriage contract, with legal forms, and every thing is conducted as in a treaty of partnership, which has no other elements or considerations but pecuniary interest and law. It is not difficult to guess, that such an union is embittered by hostility, by coldness, by perpetual suspicion.

But marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

At the time of the Spectator, writers on domestic morals were obliged to avoid quoting the authority of Shakspeare against marriages, at which the only presiding deities are arithmetic and law. Some remains of romantic sentimentality were still existing, which might have led to an abuse of the text of the great bard, to the disregard of all the dictates of sober reason. But that danger is all over, and especially among the daughters of wealthy houses. The genius of our age, which is completely mercantile, leads them to look upon marriage as a means of acquiring a capital, which, in proportion to its bulk, will secure them against the attacks of fortune, and the neglect or contempt of the world. The ancient allegorical representation of Love would be ludicrous now, even in the greatest modern poets, if they were to venture upon it; and is barely tolerated in the master-pieces of painting and sculpture. The most girlish fancy no longer pictures him as a wicked urchin, laughing in his heart while he affects to weep; he is not even—

A little, curly-headed, good-for-nothing,  
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;—

he has now the grave physiognomy and deportment of a wise man. Nor let it be imagined that he runs about naked, as he used to do. He is clad from head to foot in the dress of a lawyer. His quiver is turned into a blue bag, and his arrows into deeds and settlements—the most powerful weapons, both with men and women: such, indeed, was the idea which the Greeks implied in their personification. When the god wished to inspire an unsuccessful passion, he tipped his arrow with lead; but to excite a triumphant flame, he made use of gold.

As philosophers and prudent men, we must confess, that love is an inconstant and capricious passion, which vanishes with youth; whereas, that kind of calculation, mis-named avarice by romantic heads, thrives and increases with years, and is most vigorous in old age. These two passions, neutralizing each other, produce a third, very useful to the estate of matrimony. Whatever may be thought of this metaphysical disquisition of ours, it is unquestionable, that Cupid, even in his modern transformation, retains his former propensities, and plays many of his old tricks; which are not the less mischievous because they are less sportive. His laugh is no longer joyous, but malicious. His impudence is veiled under hypocrisy, and

his prattling lies converted into set speeches of systematic imposture; so that sometimes he might pass for a Jew—sometimes for a Jesuit—sometimes for a diplomatist.

Another still more striking alteration in Love, and thence in his matrimonial tendencies, is the want which all rich and fashionable couples now feel, of the amusements and pleasures of society.

There was a proverb, which had been handed down from generation to generation, all over the world, "that two lovers are sufficient to to themselves;" they admire nobody else, they speak to nobody else, care for nobody else. Now-a-days things are managed differently, and the tender bonds of marriage are strengthened by a mutual desire to assist each other in getting out of the retirement of domestic life, and in pushing, step by step, into higher circles of society. As society has many steps, each more important and more difficult to climb than the last, the joint undertaking requires a good deal of money, great perseverance, and a faithful alliance, offensive and defensive, between husband and wife. It necessarily follows, that a matrimonial union calculated to advance and establish a couple in high life, keeps up that good understanding between these parties, which very often would not be preserved, if it depended solely on conjugal affection in the seclusion of domestic life.

Now of all these thoughts and considerations which experience suggests in this country, there is not one which ever, by any chance, finds its way into the bosom of an Italian girl. She knows full well that the man she loves can never be hers, unless by some extraordinary accident, which she wishes, but never dares to hope for. Yet she loves on—and the more noble is her blood, the more ardently does she persist in her attachment. But every passion which is not nourished by some hope, either leads to madness or the grave, or yields to time and reason. She resigns herself, at length, to a marriage with a man chosen by her tyrants, and revenges herself by refusing him any share in her heart. Marriage, instead of surrounding her, as it does here, with increased *surveillance*, and more conventional restraints and decorums, invests her with complete liberty; so that, with greater facility and less innocence, she can converse with her first love, and see him where and when she pleases. Some few, out of a feeling of self-respect or of religion, rather than go to the altar with perjury on their lips, choose the melancholy lot of living and dying alone.

A young Englishwoman of condition who does not find a husband, sees society always open to her, and enjoys the privilege of being accompanied by a chaperon. This sort of protection, though not very agreeable to young ladies just introduced, becomes so to those of a certain age, as a distinction of youth, and an acknowledgment that they are still subjects for seduction or abduction, particularly if they live in expectation of a rich inheritance. And even if they grow old in single blessedness, they may open their houses to *conversazioni*, give parties, and balls, and dinners; and it rarely happens, that any body openly shows that sort of contempt which people are apt to feel for a woman who passes her life without husband or children. But in Italy a woman hardly attains her twenty-fifth year, before she



sees the utmost contempt in the faces, and hears it in the conversation, of all around her, and her most intimate friends hint that it is high time for her to bid adieu to the world. Nor in her seclusion is she allowed to retain the hope of being able to employ herself in those occupations which deaden or divert the ardour of the heart, remove the sense of isolation, and afford some food to the vanity.—We allude, of course, to literature and science. A learned lady in Italy becomes exactly the best game for the herd of vulgar men, who, in that as in every other country are unwearied in their endeavours to render women ridiculous. A single woman cannot, as here, take shelter either under her own literary fame, or under the celebrity of the learned and distinguished men who frequent her house.

Whether female education, pushed to the point which it has now reached in this country, is likely to conduce to domestic peace and virtue, is a question which we have often discussed, but never set at rest.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed  
 With persons of no sort of education,  
 Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,  
 Grow tired of scientific conversation.  
 I do not choose to say much upon this head;  
 I'm a plain man and in a single station.

Another great poet, who could not boast of being a bachelor, taught his wife that Eve's curiosity to take the fruit of the tree of knowledge, condemned all her posterity to toil through life in one hell bad enough, only to die and go to a worse. Another, being importuned by his wife to teach her Greek, begun by explaining the word *δαίμων*, *dæmon*, and told her that in the masculine gender it signifies a *genius*, but in the feminine a *devil*.

Whether these stories be true or false, just or unjust, it is certainly the fact, that the Italians run into the opposite extreme from what is prevalent here. They do not absolutely debar women from literary and scientific acquirements; but they enjoin them to do like the Spartan children, to satisfy their appetite by crafty and secret theft. Yet Italy has seen several professors in petticoats. Not long ago, Signora Tambroni filled the Greek chair in the university of Bologna. The talent of improvisation, which may be called indigenous in that country, gave celebrity to two or three poetesses; and, indeed, it appears that the sweetness of women's voices, the mobility of their imaginations, and the volubility of their tongues, would render extemporaneous poetry better fitted to them than to men. But women of such celebrity are rare in Italy, and are looked upon not so much with respect as with wonder, as monsters of talent; nor are they privileged against the inexorable pains and penalties of ridicule. Every woman, therefore, who employs herself in literary pursuits, places herself in the dilemma either of being compelled to conceal her acquirements, or to expose herself to the lash of epigrams; and, unfortunately, either case equally supposes the complete sacrifice of their vanity. In England, an occasional blow to the self-love of women of literary reputation is more tolerable than the insignificant obscurity of single life. But, in Italy, satires fall upon learned women like hail; even the people, who in that country

are very keen observers, attack them inexorably in every direction. There is not a city in Italy, in which any individual who should affect to prefer the national language to the municipal dialect, would not find himself precisely in the predicament of the poet who lately attempted to write poetry in Greek hexameters. As to the other alternative—that of amassing a fund of literature and science, with no other object than our own secret satisfaction, and unknown to any human being, it supposes a resolution, a vigorous loftiness of mind, which human nature has never attained to, even in the persons of the greatest philosophers. Nor do we believe we shall be accused of severity towards the sex, when we say, that however great may be the intrinsic ornaments of their minds, their value for them would suffer great diminution, if they did not excite the applause of admirers and the envy of rivals. At any rate, in any other country than Italy, even without the graces or the aspirations of literature, any unmarried woman of thirty, with a few novels, a pianoforte or harp, a portfolio of drawings, a garden, a horse or two, and a pet lap-dog, may (if she is not naturally ill-tempered or splenetic) live long and die in solitary felicity, like the fairy being of Spencer—

Making sweet solace to herself alone;  
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none  
She would devise, and thousand ways invent  
To feed her foolish humour and vain joliment.

Among her other privileges we ought not to have forgotten that of being the possessor of a mansion or a country house, or a *cottage residence* like those to which so many of these most independent spinsters return after the gay season of London, to live like little queens in their parishes. Even if they have not houses of their own, the hospitality of their countrymen is more peculiarly and graciously extended to them than to any other class of persons. They may travel for months from house to house, and rusticate among their various relatives or friends, in the perpetual enjoyment of society, and almost in forgetfulness of their isolated condition.

But an Italian in the same situation, however rich her family, or however numerous her connexions, cannot even imagine the possibility of possessing a house of her own so long as she is unmarried. Nor, on the other hand, can she avail herself of the hospitality of others. The life of Italians is not a country life—they live almost constantly in the great cities. They are solicitous about the architecture and the embellishment of their seats, but their going to them is a mere matter of state and ceremony, and only for a few weeks in the year. They take no delight in excursions, whether long or short, so that a journey to the next province is a more serious affair to them than a tour through France and Switzerland to an Englishman. Lastly, the same reasons of propriety which preclude an unmarried woman's free introduction into society, still more strongly prohibit her ever passing even two or three days under any other roof than the parental one. These domestic regulations combine with popular prejudices and time-hallowed customs; nor would any young unmarried woman dare to violate them, even though every circumstance were arranged for her by fortune, so as to ensure her complete independence.



Until she finds a husband, therefore, she must live like a burdensome ward in the house of her father or elder brother, or whoever may be the head of the family for the time being. She must always live, act, and speak under the direction of the mistress of the family, and under the *surveillance* of servants. Meanwhile, the probability of her becoming herself the mistress of a family diminishes every year, and the doors of her relations open to her more reluctantly. Very few can long endure this most exquisite torture of solitary imprisonment in the midst of the world, and among brothers and friends; they almost all return to a nunnery.

We say *return*; for they receive their first education within the walls of a convent, which they enter almost in infancy, and where often they learn all they are ever to know of the world—its name. After the French revolution, and especially during the reign of Napoleon, this practice fell, in great measure, into disuse. The number of religious houses of education, till then thickly scattered over every part of the peninsula, was considerably diminished; and at the very time of the expedition to Russia, all the establishments and congregations of monks and friars, without which religious houses for women would be more useful, or, to speak more properly, less pernicious, were abolished. Lastly, the Code Napoleon enacted that the property of a father should be divided into equal portions at his death among all his children, male and female. It is not difficult to see that, if these measures had been vigorously enforced, they would, in the course of one generation, have totally changed the system of education and of marriage among the noble and wealthy families of Italy. They would have improved manners in general; for, as we shall presently have occasion to remark, the first effect of this system was to demoralize, necessarily and completely, all the sons of these families; with the exception of the eldest, they were all predestined to a life of celibacy. But the governments which succeeded the dictatorship of Buonaparte in Italy, did not find their account in any of his laws, except those on finance. His civil and criminal codes were therefore summarily abolished, or partially retained in certain provinces, but with so many important modifications, that their efficacy was totally destroyed.

The number of convents for women is now becoming as great as ever, and that of religious houses for men greater, because they have recovered even the congregations which had been abolished by the emperors and popes who preceded the revolution. The number of young victims of fanaticism, hypocrisy, and avarice; of adulteries excused by necessity, and sanctioned by custom; of friars, priests, and laymen, condemned to celibacy, and all equally dissolute; must therefore go on to increase in the same ratio. What sense of domestic virtue, what energy of action, can be hoped for or desired by a nation, in which the influence of all the powerful families, and of religion, combine to produce and to perpetuate such base profligacy of mind and of morals? The consequences we have deduced will strike every man as true and inevitable who has an opportunity of observing with attention the *penetralia* of the house and heart of an Italian patrician. Not one word on this subject is to be found in any of the Tourists: it is probably one of those investigations in which

the curiosity inherent in the genus must have been invariably baffled. We might, perhaps, run the risk of assuming something, were we to assert positively how matters stand in this respect at the present moment; but if we describe them accurately, as they existed before the changes introduced by Napoleon, we cannot be far from the truth. It is perfectly safe to conclude, that the restoration of the old laws and governments must have been followed by the same effects on manners as they produced thirty years ago. We shall therefore describe them with as much brevity as is compatible with accuracy.

For many centuries, children have invariably been the subjects of Jewish speculation to the rich fathers in Italy. A reasonable pride of ancestry has always induced parents, in their testamentary dispositions, to assign to each daughter a marriage portion suited to her rank, and very burdensome, of course, to him whose estate was charged with it. As it could not be bequeathed in real property, which was all entailed on the eldest son, it must of course be paid in money. But the daughter did not acquire a right to the smallest possible fraction of her portion until after her marriage; a refusal, therefore, to accept the husband proposed to her, must leave her at the mercy of the eleemosynary bounties of her relations.

A young woman, to have any right to dispose of her own portion, or to choose a husband for herself, must be sole heiress, and in circumstances extremely unusual in countries where estates are entailed exclusively in the male line. The portion of all not thus peculiarly circumstanced is only a nominal bequest, administered by trustees not bound to render any account, and who generally dispose of it for the furtherance of their own interests. The principal aim of all heads of families is always to leave the bulk of the property to the eldest son, and to transmit it, increased, from father to son, for the aggrandisement of their house. From time immemorial, therefore, to avoid detaching from the estate many dowries for the daughters, they devised an infallible expedient for preventing the marriage of all but one: that one was invariably the youngest. The eldest sisters, educated from their tenderest years in the cloister, under the direction of their reverend governesses and holy father confessors, grew up schooled to abjure nature; whilst at the same time, the proneness of young girls to fall in love was alternately soothed and excited by the most alluring representations of the fairest of spouses, as they called the Redeemer, to whom they were exhorted to vow fidelity till he should invite them to celebrate their nuptials with him in Paradise. In plain language, they were to be persuaded to take the veil, only to repent when every word or sigh of repentance would be registered by their tyrants as an act of sacrilege or apostacy. From this mixture of religion and sensuality arose that enormous dissoluteness of imagination so disgustingly described in beatific visions and old legends, and which were afterwards more celebrated in the time of the illustrious Fenelon, who, with a purity of heart and good faith far removed from that knavish hypocrisy of friars, fell into this strange mysticism.

To avoid going into the details of this subject, and at the same time to defend ourselves against all charge of exaggeration, we must refer our reader to the life of Scipione Ricci, and the documents an-



nexed to it, lately published in Belgium, to the great scandal of the Jesuits, particularly in France.

This prelate, in our own times, devoted his life to correcting the abominations of the monasteries in his own diocese in Tuscany. But although he had the powerful protection and co-operation of Leopold II., his reforms went on very slowly, and were afterwards abruptly overthrown, in order that the congregations of monks and friars might return, under the cloak of religion, to the full indulgence of their four darling passions of sensuality, proselytism, dominion, and avarice. The holy mothers of convents, who had learnt by experience to make the best of a bad situation, and the friars, directors of their consciences, combine to assist the heads of rich families in imposing religious vows upon their daughters. They thus acquire a greater number of slaves, secure the protection and alliance of influential individuals, and increase the number of their religious communities. Every young nun who takes the veil pays into the treasury of the convent either a gross sum, or an annuity for her life; in either case, this kind of dowry is about ten times less than that assigned to them by will, or to the income it would have afforded them if put out to interest.

It sometimes happens, that one of these girls, doomed to celibacy from her cradle, finds a lover content to marry her without a fortune, or with very little. But this is only some widower or old bachelor, full of years and money, who buys a young girl under the title of a wife. He enjoys the illusion of passing many years of felicity with her, while she, naturally enough, is longing for the time when she may bless his memory for placing his whole fortune at her disposal. But if she revolts from the idea of being the subject of such a bargain, her persistence in a refusal is considered as an act of open rebellion and disregard for the sacredness of her father's promise, a fault which is sure to be punished by an intimation to return to her convent, without a hope of quitting it.

Many novels and sentimental dramas have treated this subject with great power, especially in France and Germany. But without any aid from the imagination, the forcible sacrifice of a creature, full of youth and beauty and warm affections, under the pretext of religion, is one of those situations in which nature speaks eloquently enough; and many of the events, registered in the chronicles of Italy, produce the strongest emotion, though written in the rugged style, and with the dry simplicity, of two centuries ago. From that period to the present, the Italian writers of the greatest genius have used every means, even that most potent one of ridicule, to shame their countrymen out of the custom of trading in their children. As a specimen, we will give an extract from a celebrated poem of the age of Leo X., the intermediate age between our own and the earliest at which we find the first records of their system in Italy.

Duro, per certo, e da non sopportare,  
Che fra gli altri animai della natura,  
La donna sola s'abbia a maritare  
A modo d' altri, e non alla ventura,  
O per dir meglio, a propria elezione,  
Come le fiere fan, che han più ragione.  
Han più ragione, ond' hanno anche più pace.

Ditemi, padri, che avete figliuole,  
 E v' ha Dio d' allogarle il modo dato  
 Onestamente, qual ragion poi vuole  
 Che le date ad un vecchio, onde al peccato  
 La tarda penitenza poi le mena?

Un altro, sotto specie di severo,  
 Ma con effetto d' avaro e furfante,  
 Metteranne una frotta in Monastero,  
 E vorrà, che per forza elle sien sante :  
 Ell' aran, fate conto, altro pensiero,  
 (Come han le donne quasi tutte quante)  
 E si provvederan di preti, e frati,  
 Ed ecco in susta i Vescovi, e gli Abati \*.

The last line, however satirical, contains no exaggeration ; it suggests to us the root of the whole execrable system, with all its poisonous ramifications—this root is the celibacy of the clergy. The evil now admits neither of remedy nor of palliatives. Rome reigns triumphant over this distinction of the social system, in every part of Europe subject to its ecclesiastical discipline ; a discipline in the hands of a hierarchy condemned to celibacy, with legions of monks and friars in their train. It ought not to excite our surprise, that the governments of Italy co-operate more cordially with them than those of other countries. These governments consist either of powerful foreign sovereigns, or of petty Italian princes, compelled by treaties and by armies to govern their subjects at the good pleasure of foreigners, interested in the demoralization of every influential family, and in that consequent enervation which destroys every spring of public virtue, and paralyzes every effort to restore the national independence.

Let us now consider the situation of a noble Italian girl, married according to the usages of the country. In the first place, the two heads of families (the fathers of the intended husband and wife, by means of mediators, who are generally old women,) contract the marriage without giving the slightest hint of their intentions to either party. We have already said, that the couple, with few exceptions, consists of the eldest son and the youngest daughter of two rich houses. Equality of age, rank, education, and fortune seem to promise a happy union ; but the fact is, that the young people are not permitted to attempt to contribute to each other's happiness. Even if they should have been fortunately preserved from the dangers which attend an engagement for life, without any previous knowledge of each other's characters, there is the insurmountable difficulty that, for years after their marriage, *they have no home of their own*. The bridegroom must take his bride to his father's house ; and it sometimes happens that, while he can keep an establishment for a mistress, he takes a young girl from a convent, swears fidelity to her at the altar, and then returns at the accustomed hours to visit his mistress, leaving his wife under the guardianship of her father and mother-in-law. Others, who would act with more honour, or at least with more decency, towards their wives, *cannot*. Every son in Italy is a minor as long as his

\* Orlando Innamorato, lib. 2, cant. 27.



father lives, and cannot emancipate himself from this bondage without risking the loss of a great part of his inheritance.

Hence it follows, that the greater the affluence a noble bride finds in the house in which she is established, the less right has she to call any part of it her own, or to dispose of it as she pleases. She can never employ herself in household economy, nor provide for the domestic comforts of her husband. She is not mistress of her servants, and she sits at table like an invited guest. All the children of the same father, male and female, all the unmarried uncles and aunts, every member of the family, generally inhabit the same mansion, and dine at the same table. The constitution of this community is an absolute monarchy, of which the father and mother are the heads; and the various departments of administration are filled by confidential servants, who are the ministers, the privy councillors, and the secret inspectors of police. The jealousy of power increasing with years in old men, and the repugnance which every young woman, conscious of the dignity of a wife, feels to this state of subjection, embitter the intercourse and conversation among all the inhabitants of the house, from the very outset. So that the bride has scarcely entered it when she feels the necessity of seeking consolation out of doors.

Her young husband has neither the power nor the experience necessary to adjust these domestic differences; he gets weary of them; he is disgusted as well as his wife, and finds no other way of avoiding them than in dissipation and vice. The political situation of his country, rendered desperate by the inaptitude of the aristocracy for public affairs, dooms him to a life of complete indolence and insignificance. Hence the bad habits, the follies, the incurable mental diseases which seize upon him, and infect his youthful—his almost childish—wife. When the intellectual and moral pleasures have no attractions, the human mind necessarily abandons itself to the dreams and excitements of vanity, and to every species of sensuality. In this state every artful coquette, every courtesan or opera dancer, has more attractions for a man than an innocent, modest girl. As he has taken upon himself the character of a husband only in obedience to his parents, and to the interests of his family, he thinks he has a right to indulge his inclinations; he soon becomes a libertine by profession, without principles or heart. Who then can accuse the wife of such a being, if, sooner or later, she imitates him? Where is the country in which the women would sacrifice every feeling and passion of human nature, for the sake of a husband who does every thing in his power to show his disregard of their mutual obligations?

*Public opinion* is the most powerful instrument in every country for influencing the actions of the great; *law* is almost inoperative against their class of vices; *religion*, which ought to correct them, is made a means of corruption. The evidence of servants would have little weight in a court of law in Italy; often it would not be admitted against masters and mistresses; but without such testimony, offences of this kind could hardly ever be proved; and even if they were proved, the husband would not receive the consolation of a sum of money. Proceedings of this kind are, indeed, instituted in this country only with a view to obtain a divorce. But in Italy, such a proceeding, if

successful, would throw an intolerable load of expense on the institutor: marriage being a sacrament, divorce depends exclusively on the oracles of the pontifical court of Rome, which can only be consulted with the aid of exorbitant gifts. Remission of sins, on the contrary, is obtained with the utmost ease from any priest or friar whatsoever, because husband and wife do not confess their mutual infidelities to each other, but to their father confessor, who, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly, weighs their accounts in the balance of the recording angel; equalizes them by means of absolution; and enables both parties to draw largely on their respective consciences at three, six, or twelve months' date. However dissipated the manners of a Catholic woman may seem, however she may laugh at the censures of the world, all her thoughts and feelings do, in fact, rise and fall like the mercury in a thermometer, according to every impression she receives from her confessor, who has only to adhere to one simple rule—to keep her passions in a perpetual state of oscillation, now agitated by the terrors of hell, now lulled with the hope of pardon and of heaven. In this way he infallibly obtains the dominion over the mind of every woman; a dominion which increases with the terror he inspires as the possessor of her secrets; at the same time that she believes him the infallible awarder of the mercy of God. The daily application of the above-mentioned rule soon teaches spiritual directors the mode of applying it according to the character, circumstances, and inclinations of each individual, and to employ it in the precise degree in which it is requisite. The graduated scale of the casuistical Jesuits was most dexterously contrived for this purpose. It sets out by being extremely indulgent to the dreams of platonic love, which it nourishes in such a manner as imperceptibly to lead to positive sensuality. But the theological distinction best calculated to promote and to varnish over the violations of the domestic virtues, is in the two words *sin* and *scandal*. By virtue of the scriptural and of the canonical texts, that the former is injurious only to the individual, and the latter to the whole of society, the director, while he labours to render sin inevitable and habitual, apologizes for it as the lesser of two evils. He therefore acts the part of mediator between the husband and wife, until they agree to dissemble their mutual offences, and to live in peace and quietness, that the report of domestic complaints may not get abroad to feed the animosity and malignity of the public, and the example of the rich and the noble may not justify the multitude in the commission of the same crimes.

While a young wife is thus goaded and disciplined to infidelity, she is surrounded by admirers more numerous and more captivating than the suitors of Penelope. As only the eldest son of every noble house marries, all his brothers are provided for by means of a very slender allowance, added to the incontestible right of inhabiting the same house with their father and elder brother, and sharing the comforts and luxuries of their life. This claim upon the house and table they forfeit for ever by marrying. The principles which guide this race of bachelors, seem not very dissimilar from those which govern the worthy fellows of rich colleges in English universities. Their situation gradually renders both classes egotistical, consequential, and epicurean; at once restless and lazy, subject to all the caprices of the passions,



and possessed of few means of gratifying them. In gallantry, however, the fellows must hide their diminished heads—they are mere bashful boys. The bachelors of Italy are not obliged even to affect to study. They rarely have any hope of advancement; and if they have, the example of the handsome Braschi, (Pius VI.) or of the gay and gallant Della Genga, (Leo XII.) prove that a youth passed in the indulgence of the tender passions, is no impediment to the mitre, the hat, or the tiara. These, however, are rare cases. A better and more practical reason is to be found in the non-existence of that great ally of reason and virtue—damages. The church, with all its numerous and opulent hierarchy, can hardly give employment to a hundredth part of them. Those who are destined to the religious profession, generally flock from all parts of the peninsula to Rome, where, without taking holy orders, they put on a clerical silk gown, obtained by family weight or interest, and take the title of prelates or monsignori. A few of them, by dint of talent, study, and, above all, of intrigue, attain to lucrative employments, and to the dignities of church and state; sometimes to that highest of dignities, which empowers its possessor to dictate infallible oracles from the chair of Saint Peter, and to fulminate anathemas against the kings of the earth. It was in Rome that the sight of the Italian ladies, surrounded by men of this class, suggested Eustace's rich and forcible description—"Beauty in the sex, is blended in Italy with intelligence, with benignity, animation of feature, dignity of gesture, a language all music, quickness of remark, a fine tinge of religion,—every female attraction is theirs, except, perhaps, the best. But, alas! can modesty be expected in a state where celibacy sits enthroned, and fills every post of authority and instruction? Must not the interest, the animal wants of the governors, discourage fidelity in the sex? Must not a government of bachelors of necessity form a nation of libertines?"\*

If Caesar said that he would never have violated his oath, except for the sake of acquiring the supreme power, we can scarcely deny the same excuse to the ladies of modern Rome. Though ostensibly administered by dignified priests, many departments of the government are, in fact, entirely in the hands of their mistresses. And farther, where men, from the moment they marry, must renounce every hope of rising to dignity or fortune by their own merits, they learn to accept, with less repugnance, the favours procured for them by the merits of their wives. This remark, however, is applicable only to the states of his Holiness. In the rest of the peninsula, women are not subject to the temptations either of ambition or avarice. The legion of their young lovers have only the miserable privilege of being called noblemen, marchesini, contini, or cavalieri. Their political influence is less than nothing. Their fortune consists principally in the right of being perpetual guests under the paternal roof. Their occupations, so far as the interests of society are concerned, are completely negative. The army and navy, in those states of Italy which are able to maintain any, are not sufficient to employ so many young men. The law, still less; both because it is not, as in England, an honourable profession, and because the mode of procedure is not

such as to stimulate either talent or ambition. Every kind of commercial employment would, they think, contaminate the purity of their blood, and arouse the shades of their ancestors to curse them from their tombs. They grow up, therefore, and pass their lives, unfit for any occupation but that of visiting as many ladies as they can in their drawing-rooms in a morning, and visiting them again in their opera-boxes in an evening; while these ladies, on the other hand, are no sooner married, than they endeavour to assemble a troop of admirers around them; and the drawing-room or the opera-box best filled with assiduous visitors, is the object of universal envy.

From the facts now stated, our readers may infer, that every lady of rank is doomed, by the circumstances of her condition, to live in a course of intrigue, till every principle of virtue which nature had implanted in her heart gradually wears away, and passion becomes an excitement necessary to her existence, and an habitual vice which terminates only with her life. When she attains a certain age, she begins to think seriously of providing herself with a lover, called a *cavaliere servente*. She generally chooses him from among the numerous band of bachelors, now grey-headed, but who, in former days, paid their court to her. He was probably not the most fortunate, but the most persevering, and the most tractable, in submitting, without complaint, to the presence of any casual favourite. A true *cavaliere servente* is a constant guest at his mistress's house; he acts as her steward, and superintends her household; he always stands behind her while she sits at the piano-forte, and punctually turns over the leaves of her music-book; he sits by her, and assists her in her embroidery, or any other work; he never goes out without her; or if ever he does walk out alone, it is to take out her lap-dog to exercise. Lastly, as soon as the lady's eldest son marries, and brings home his wife, her mother-in-law lends her stayed *cavaliere servente*, provisionally, to the youthful bride, to accompany her into society, to initiate her into the ways of the world, and to report officially upon her conduct. It often happens, however, that the lovely young pupil succeeds in converting her mother-in-law's informer into her own trusty secretary, and the best and most useful friend of the lovers who begin to flock round her.

Thus, in a country in which nature has, perhaps, endowed her daughters, more liberally than in any other, with the treasures of the mind and heart calculated to render them the mothers of free citizens and the nurses of patriots, bad government, and consequent bad usages, have rendered them so degenerate, that their domestic life corrupts every germ of virtue in their children. We wish we may be false prophets; but until such an abominable system of marriage is wholly extirpated, it appears to us that the aristocracy, and the great land-owners of the country, will always be contemptible to themselves and others; inert and unfit for any attempt to liberate their country; that their lives will be spent in intriguing, their minds stupified by idleness, and their souls corrupted by sensuality. Who can expect that men who are indifferent to their own honour will undergo toil or danger for the honour of their country?

We cannot conclude without adding, that although the class we have been describing has the greatest influence in the political state



of Italy, the observations we have made upon it would be quite inappropriate to any other, and therefore afford no criterion by which to judge the general character of the sex. Those to whom wealth affords stimulus and impunity for the indulgence of every ungoverned fancy; and those, in the opposite extreme, whom necessity forces into vice; ought, in every country, to be put out of the question, in discussing the character of its women. Virtue is always found in that class in which mediocrity of fortune is of necessity accompanied by moderation in the desires, and, consequently, by domestic decency. This class, although numerous in Italy, is, of course, least exposed to the eyes of foreigners. Eustace, fearing that the dissolution of morals would be imputed to the Catholic religion, sees virtue in every house in Italy.\* Another author complains that Madame de Stael, in her *Corinna*, has given a picture of Italian women not only exaggerated, but false, and observes, that—

Those who do not travel with pretensions to move in high life, could alone bear testimony how strangely the fair sex in that part of the world has been calumniated. It would be absurd to deny that there were, or that there are at present, many frail women in Italy; but the proportion is much smaller than the joint influence of climate, religion, and government, might have warranted one to expect. The generality of females are, perhaps, more respectable in Italy than elsewhere. I pity those whom particular circumstances have led to think otherwise: and I am extremely glad to have opportunities of forming a more favourable, and, I am sure, a more equitable judgment.†

As this traveller was a Swiss and a Protestant, he may be regarded as a credible witness, on the question of the general character of the women of Italy.

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#### IRISH POLITICS.

*Dublin, Sept. 16, 1826.*

As the meeting of Parliament approaches, the political barometer begins to ascend with a considerable momentum in Ireland: the people naturally look forward with anxiety to the decision of the ultimate tribunal, which will take cognizance of the late proceedings in which they have taken so deep an interest. The quidnuncs accordingly exhibit the customary signs of their inquisitive malady, and ask each other, with the utmost simplicity, "Will not the Catholics be emancipated during the next session?" as if any person except William Cobbett could answer the question. All, however, as usual, agree in considering the present posture of affairs as one of unprecedented importance; and, assuredly, after witnessing the scenes of the summer campaign, Irishmen may well be permitted to indulge their propensities for loquacity and exaggeration on the state and prospect of their great cause. The concurrence of many novel and singular circumstances has, indeed, rendered it a period very favourable to a habit of speculation; and it could scarcely be expected that the noisy "Sons of Erin," who have always been disposed to let the world hear every nail which they drove in the ark of their political salvation, should be found tonguetied on such an occasion. They are consequently revelling in the luxury of popular excitement, and enjoying the sympathetic sighs with

\* *Classical Tour.*

† *Galiffe's Travels in Italy, vol. ii. p. 82-83.*

which mankind respond to their complaints. Meetings—county, parochial, and provincial, follow each other with dramatic regularity; petitions, Protestant and Catholic, fly abroad on the wings of newspapers; speeches of all dimensions, and resolutions of endless purposes, convulse the civilized world with the spasms of patriotic commiseration for the white slaves of Ireland. The voice of liberty, as Mr. O'Connell peculiarly expresses it, is heard on the winds of heaven; the festivity of North American dinners is saddened by the indignant recital of Irish wrongs; and at the other end of the continent, in Mexico, diplomatists throw off the reserve of their official character, and all but come to blows over their bottle and the discussion of the Catholic grievances.

The ministerial journal of France has become, of late, as much the organ of the Popish Parliament of the Corn Exchange, as of the Cabinet of St. Cloud; and the United States Gazettes all but announce the sailing of an armament to establish a Republic in the Emerald Isle. The operas and balls of London, it seems, are merged in the contemplation of the ruined huts of the forty-shilling freeholders; and the Baroness de Montesquieu, touched by the pathetic appeals of Mr. Shiel, instead of enriching the treasury of a theatre, flings her hundred pounds munificently into the relief fund for these humble martyrs of freedom. The philosopher, awakened from his reveries, grasps his pen and his purse, to contribute the sanction of both to the claims of disfranchised Irishmen; while the school-boy, eschewing his admiration of Brutus and Plumcake, encloses his pocket-money in a declamation on the "William Tells" of Waterford, to the new Catholic Rent. Wherever the name of Ireland is mentioned, the best feelings of the heart are roused; to hear of her wrongs is to be indignant; to think of her distress is to be generous; to reflect on her struggles is to wish her success.

But to forego levity on so serious a subject, what is this patronage which men, of all climes, creeds, and circumstances, bestow on the cause of Ireland? and by what means has it been thus extorted? It is simply the homage of mankind to truth; an emanation of that hatred of injustice infused by God into the human heart, and brought into action by the agency of many peculiar secondary causes, which deserve some consideration. A series of persecutions had reduced the people, who now so extensively share the good-will of the world, to the verge of barbarism; and in the opinion of some, even of their friends, they were beyond the reach of regeneration. The brand of slavery, however, burned but skin deep; and their desperate exertions, from time to time, to throw off the slough, showed a constitution still sound underneath. They never fully acquiesced in their degradation, resistance being one of the most frequent features to be found in their history. They suffered, rather than assented to, the ignominious laws by which they were not governed, but oppressed.

The exercise of moral force being prohibited by statutes, those energies which might have been exhausted in harmless discussion, were almost necessarily exerted in physical opposition. Thus driven to the perpetration of acts little calculated to conciliate esteem, while their failure but generated contempt, all that remained unhurt to the country, by such proceedings, was the immutable justice of its cause.

Upon this national wreck of intellect, the Catholic leaders, as they



have been called, had to operate. The material out of which they undertook to construct an engine to forward their designs, it must be confessed, was not of the most manageable description, and its nature may well palliate those numerous errors with which they have been charged. It came, in short, into their hands reeking with the blood of ninety-eight, and stigmatized with the odium of eighteen hundred and two. They had the sagacity, in the outset, to perceive the inefficacy of insurrection, and fortunately turned their attention to promote the attainment of their objects by the arts of peaceful remonstrance. One of their first essays in this new line of tactics was the establishment of the Catholic board, which the ultra-loyalty of Mr. Saurin and his compatriots helped to bring to an untimely grave.

Though this body reckoned many men of great talents amongst its members, it was clogged by the imperfections of an infant institution. Unaccustomed to freedom of discussion in public, the speakers plunged themselves into endless prosecutions, for they had not as yet learned that art, which has since been brought to so much perfection, of evading the meshes of the law. Though put down, its example was not lost, and ingenuity was immediately at work to invent another machine by which the spirit of the country might be wrought. As the result of this long deliberation, the old Catholic Association started at once into confirmed existence, and the extent of its influence may be calculated by the severe enactments to which it gave birth. Many who piqued themselves on their patriotism, doubted of the propriety of such a body in a free state, and, as an *imperium in imperio*, of course sanctioned its suppression. Had the conscientious guardians of the constitution only placed themselves in the condition of the Catholics, they might probably have arrived at a very different conclusion. But it is worse than folly to talk of reason or conscience having any thing to do with its suppression; its utility to the cause which it was organized to advance, made its death inevitable; and in putting it down, the legislature added another specimen of bad policy to an act of manifest injustice.

To deprive men of the means of promoting a measure, which a majority of the House of Commons, half of the House of Lords, a portion of the Cabinet, and the sense of the rest of mankind, consider not only just but expedient, is to tempt them to the commission of more criminal deeds; but, fortunately, their disposition led them to declamation rather than to civil war; and the mistakes of the government were defeated, when the "New," phoenix-like, arose out of the ashes of the "Old Association." This new body is virtually the same as its great prototype; and is composed of the old materials, constructed to suit the conditions required by an Act of Parliament. Its meetings are just as frequent and as well attended; its objects are precisely the same; its collection of money as extensive; and if Lord Liverpool has any desire of witnessing a perfect illustration of the futility of law opposed to justice, he has only to step across the Channel, and take a seat some Saturday or other on the benches of the Corn Exchange. To the united influence of these bodies, is attributable one of the most remarkable events in the history of Ireland, the conduct of the forty-shilling freeholders during the late elections; and if no other good had been accomplished by these Associations,

this would be quite sufficient to silence every objection that has been made to their existence.

No one unacquainted with the statistics of the country, can appreciate the value and difficulty of such a moral revolution. By a forty-shilling freeholder was generally understood a creature with scarcely any other attribute of humanity than its outward shape—a slave chained by the tenure of two pounds a year to the galley which floated his master into political importance. The very name excited in the hearer's mind the idea of a being in the lowest state of vassalage, inhabiting a hut as green as the fields with which it was surrounded, with a squalid family dependent for a miserable subsistence on the septennial prostitution of his conscience at the hustings. Such had been supposed the vile instrument by which the representation of Ireland had been conducted for years; and no doubt appearances were in favour of the opinion. Amongst the most violent of his traducers was Mr. O'Connell, the "man of the people!" who went so far as to make the disfranchisement of this class of men, a sort of recompense to the government for the loss which might be sustained, by restoring the statute rights of the people of Ireland. The writer by no means alludes to the circumstance, for the purpose of reviving a controversy which time has consigned to oblivion; but he must observe in justice to these slandered men, that Mr. O'Connell's Parliamentary evidence on the subject, must remain an inexplicable paradox, as long as he retains a name for virtue and talent; for it is quite incompatible with the general notions of his astuteness, to suppose that he could think the government would make any mistake in driving a bargain of a *quid pro quo*; or that in a question involving the violation of a principle, the dictates of the heart would not guard against the errors of the head. The time however arrived, when the prejudices entertained against them were to be removed; and under the disheartening recollections of past times, the elections commenced. The Catholic scarcely dared to hope for victory in so unequal a struggle, while the Orangeman smiled even at the attempt, as he cast his eye over the disposable forces marked out on the map of the family estate. But let no man in future dispute the virtuous capabilities of the human heart, or doubt the omnipotence of oratory. Its effects in Ireland rival the wonders attributed to the powers of music in the fables of antiquity, and raise the inspirations of Mr. Shiel almost to a level with the seductive lyre of Orpheus. The stream of patriotism issuing from the capital, circulated through the remotest parts of the island, and in its passage was caught up by the priesthood, who mingled it with the sacred drops of religion. The draught was irresistible—it inspired and intoxicated the peasant; and in the conflict of virtue and self-interest, he might have said to himself: "The bitter cup of my misery is full—malignity itself cannot add another drop to its plenitude—a change may better, but cannot deteriorate, my circumstances—my landlord, though he would, dare not, through shame, persecute me for revolt—my country, for the first time, earnestly appeals to my independence, and conscience confirms the justice of the demand. I have been the scorn of both my friends and enemies—the power of refutation is within my grasp, and I will exercise it."



Thus reasoned the peasant, and in a paroxysm of courage burst the fetter of his fief, exalted himself into a freeman, and advanced another degree nearer to the sun. The liberation of seven counties from hereditary representation, attests the magnanimity of such an exertion. The value of the triumph was not known until it had been accomplished. From considering themselves as non-entities in the state, the freeholders, now that they have learned their own strength, wonder at their importance. Converse with them on the subject of their conduct, and they speak of it with an enthusiastic pride. They seem like men let loose from a dungeon into the light of heaven, or freed from the horrors of a night-mare. Their minds are enlivened by a new impulse; a ray of hope has shot across the darkness of their soul; and in this shadow which freedom has cast before it, they almost enjoy the substance.

It were well, however, if their heroism had not raised them to the dignity of martyrdom, by subjecting them to the remorseless persecutions of their landlords. The plea set up to defend this odious practice is founded on the sentimental cant of "a natural tie existing between landlord and tenant," a something which has been called, "An understanding that the one contracts to give his vote to the other for two pounds a year." Admitting that such a tie exists, and that such an argument has been entered into, which of the parties is the more criminal—the premeditated guilt of a proprietor in forestalling the freedom of election, or the submission of the occupant to a compact extorted by necessity? Land the latter must have, or he perishes; is his poverty to subject him to move in a circle of eternal slavery? This is but the pretext; the real object of the persecution is to secure future compliance by present castigation; rather a fatuous sort of speculation, by the bye, as to punish now instead of intimidating into obedience is but to insure a more deadly hostility on the next occasion. Indeed, a penal provision of this kind seems to be quite a supererogatory display of cruelty, as no candidate of illiberal principles, after what has recently occurred, need ever attempt to represent a county in Ireland.

It is not one of the least features in this crusade against the freedom of election, that those who have persecuted most should be also most remarkable for their sanctity; men who traverse the country with a Bible in one hand and an ejection in the other; rather an equivocal species of comment, no doubt, on the sacred volume. Their conduct exhibits a curious contrast to that of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland. "Liberty of conscience, and emancipation from priestcraft," exclaims Lord Roden; "Pay up the May-rent, or to the road," cries his law agent, by way of parenthesis to his Lordship's denunciations of Popery. Thus, while the Noble Lord is inflicting all the horrors of distraint on his tenantry, the poor pittance of the priest is generally given up to relieve the distresses of the peasant.

Much has been said and written on the propriety of the lay and clerical influence, by which this bloodless revolution has been achieved, and even a portion of the liberal press of England indulges occasionally in invective against priests and agitators, and represents their proceedings as offensive to the English people. These Journalists, however, should recollect, that the conciliation of their countrymen,

great as that object must be, is not the only one which the agitators have to secure. They have to rouse the spirit of their own countrymen to action, which cannot be otherwise effected than by the exposition of those grievances under which they labour, in bold and energetic language. If England chooses to bury past recollections in oblivion; if she wishes that her repose be not disturbed by the clamour of demagogues, she can readily purchase an honourable exemption from the din of Irish eloquence at the cheap price of one act of justice.

For men placed in the situation of the Catholic bidders, as they have been ridiculously called, great allowances are to be made; and those at least embarked with them in the same great cause of giving the blessings of equal government to man, might, with a better grace, leave their faults to be discovered by the common enemies of both. That they have acted and spoken indiscreetly cannot be denied; but is perfection to be expected from them alone, or are their errors the only items which should be reckoned up in the account of their public acts? The arguments which apply to the part taken by laymen in this national struggle, apply with equal force to the case of the priesthood. They saw their flocks excluded from political power for adhering to a religion which they taught them to believe true; they saw them compelled to violate their consciences at the hustings, as often as such a sacrifice to immorality and slavery was required of them by their taskmasters; they saw them walking in the paths of political turpitude, sitting in the shades of civil death; and was the sacredness of the clerical character to prevent these priests from directing their misguided flocks into the road of political salvation? The necessity which extorted their reluctant interference in such proceedings will more than justify them in the heart of every honest man.

But to what purpose, it may be asked, has this enthusiasm been excited in the minds of the people. Will the collection of a "Rent," the petitions from every parish in Ireland, the speeches of demagogues, or the return of sixty or seventy liberal members to Parliament, expedite the concession of Catholic Emancipation? True, these manifestations of discontent may have no immediate effect on the question at issue; but is it nothing that this excitement has taught millions of men that they are the only arbiters of their own destinies; that these petitions proclaim to the world their painful sense of the degradation in which they are held; that these speeches refute the calumnies which have been heaped on the country for centuries; that this "Rent" screens poverty from the oppressor; and that these members of Parliament, whom they have returned, will go into the House of Commons armed with the wishes, and supported by the voice, of an injured nation? If this be not the way which Catholics are to pursue in the attainment of their object, those who agree with them on the justice of their claims should either point out a shorter road to freedom, or cease to embarrass their progress by petty objections, and agree with the poet, "*Est quoddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultrà.*"

J. C. F.



## BUTLERIANA.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

## No. IV.

## CHARACTERS.

## A BUFFOON

Is a tavern-terræfilius, a pudding inappropriate without cure of puppets. He pretends to the long-robe, a fool's coat, and enjoys the privileges of it, to say what he pleases. He stains his impudence with scurrility, and a very little wit, that makes it sparkle briskly, and pass well enough with those that want judgment. He is a land-pug, that has common places of ribaldry for all persons and occasions, and has something to say to every one he meets to please the face he carries in his skull. His calling is to play upon somebody in the company, where he is like a fiddler; but his greatest skill consists in the right choice of his instrument, for if he chance to mistake, he has his fiddle knock'd about his pate, and is kick'd down stairs. He vaults upon a man like a wooden horse to shew tricks and the activity of his insolence and ill-nature. His business is to gain ill-will, and his pleasure to displease any man that he dares. He is a mortal enemy to all those, that have less, or more impudence than himself; as if his own forehead were the only sealed measure that had the mark burnt in it. His calling is to be rude and barbarous, and he is free of all companies where he comes. He is bound to his ill behaviour, and if he should be civil it is more than he can answer. He spares nothing that comes in his way; but whether it be true or false, right or wrong, sacred or profane, he is very impartial. Sometimes he meets with those, that break his privilege and his head, and then he is put out of his play, but never out of countenance, for his impudence is impenetrable. He is commonly a coward, but his want of shame supplies his want of courage, and makes him run himself into perpetual dangers, without considering how he shall get off. He will sometimes hit upon things to the purpose; for as all great wits are said to have something of madness, so that all great madnesses have something of wit. His tongue runs before his courage, as well as his wit, and betrays him into quarrels before he is aware, which he is glad to undergo with much passive valour, or compound with miserable and wretched submissions. He will often take occasion to abuse himself for want of a better. He breaks jests as men do glasses, by mischance, and before he is aware, and many times pays for them against his will. He is like *Harry the 8th*, spares no man in his railing, nor woman in his ribaldry, for which he frequently incurs the curse of the devil, and has his head broken.

## A CRUEL MAN

Has nothing of a man but the outside, as *Perillus's* bull had of a beast; the insides of both are fill'd with horror, torture, and destruction. He is a creature of all species; for man and beast are all one to him, and he has as much compassion for the one as the other. He approves of no law but the *forest law*, and would make

Oct. 1826.

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all men *feræ naturæ*, because he is one himself. He is a renegade to humanity, and being a proselyte . . . is very cruel to those of his former persuasion. He has no sympathy with mankind, but that their afflictions are his delight, and he endures his own pleasures with less patience than they do their pains. He loves a widow of his own making better than a virgin, to whom he professes love as he does friendship to men, only to destroy them. He is more delighted with ruins, like an antiquary, than a standing fabric, and, like a zealous catholic, worships the reliques more than the saint. He is a kind of a leech, that relishes no part of a man but his blood. He is a rebel against the law of nature; for he always does what he would not be done unto, which is the privilege both of a saint and the devil, as iron in the extremities of cold or heat does equally burn those that touch it. Nothing enables him more in his cruelty than religion; for the fire of his zeal and dull coldness of his ignorance renders his temper, like a piece of iron, proof against humanity, and that's the true reason why he's said to be hardhearted. The worse condition he can put any man into, the better he thinks of his own; flatters himself with other men's miseries, and will endure no parasites but hangmen and torturers. He is very humble in one thing, and desires men should take place of him and go out of the world before him, and he cares not how far he comes behind.

#### A CUTPURSE

Puts his life in his hand, and both into another man's pocket, out of which he picks his living, or his death. He quarters all his members upon his neck, and when he is surpriz'd that pays for all. The hangman is his landlord, of whom he holds in chief, and, when he fails, is served with a *distringas*, by virtue whereof he seizes upon all his moveables. He ventures choaking for his meat before he eats, and the outside of his throat stands engaged for all that goes down the inside. He runs the very same fate with a seaman, that is said to be remov'd but three fingers from drowing, and just so many is he from hanging; for upon those his life and death perpetually depend. Every man he deals with carries his destiny in his pocket, out of which, like a lottery, he draws his chance, either to live, or dangle. His chiefest qualifications are the same with those of a surgeon, to have the hand of a lady, and the heart of a lion; for if either fails, his life lies at stake, and he swings out of one world into another, as seamen use to do from ship to ship. The sign is with him always in *Taurus* neck and throat; and Mercury is his ascendant with Saturn, which, argues that he will in time be burnt in the hand, or mount a cart, which, if the Sun interpose, is inevitable, for he thrives best in the dark. He differs from a highwayman as a thief does from a cheat; for the one does the same thing privately, which the other does openly in the face of the king's authority and his highway, and both in the end meet in the same hemp. He gives himself a commission of treasure-trove, to sound for hidden money in the bottoms of pockets, and when he lights upon his prey he handles it very gently, that it may go quietly along without making any noise; otherwise as spirits are said to keep hidden treasure, and hurt those that attempt to take it way, that dreadful hobgoblin the hangman takes possession of him.



## A FENCER

Is a fighting master, that expounds upon a foyl, and instructs his pupils in the rudiments of blows, thrusts, and broken heads, and reads upon the subtlest point of a rapier. He teaches the theory of killing, wounding, and running through, and with the privilege of a doctor professes murder and sudden death. His calling is previous to a surgeon's, and he tutors his pupils to make wounds, that the other may cure them, and sometimes to the hangman's, when they venture to break the laws of the land (instead of breaking heads) which he breaks your necks for. He wears a parapet upon his breast, to which he directs the points of their weapons, till by often repeating their lessons upon it, they can hit him where he pleases, and never miss a button, at least that on the end of the foyl. He instructs them, as the professors of liberal arts do in schools, to practise that which is only useful upon the place, and no where else, as to stamp when they make a thrust, which makes a noise sufficient to terrify the foe upon boards, but is of no service at all in the field. He presses his documents upon his pupils with all vehemence, and they improve wind and limb. He infuses his precepts into them till they are quite out of breath, and their lungs profit more than their brains: but as no art can improve a man beyond his natural capacity, so no practise can raise his skill above his courage. He lays about him like another Orbilius in his school, where his disciples con nothing but blows, and cuts, and bruises. He instructs them how to carve men, as they do wooden fowl, with a good grace, to slay in mood and figure, without any illogical inferences, and to run a man through correctly and accurately, which he calls masterly strokes. He teaches the discipline of duels, to beat up quarters back and sides, charge a body through and through, and dispute a pass with the greatest advantage. He is a duel doctor, and professes to help nature by art, and his prescriptions, like those of other doctors, destroy as many as they preserve.

## A FORGER

Is a master of the pen, that professes to write any man's usual hand, and draws and engrosses all sorts of business with such admirable care and secresie, that he does it without the knowledge of those, that he undertakes for. He has an art to bloat parchment, and make a spick and span new deed look old before its time. His chief dealing consists in importing men's last wills and testaments out of other worlds, and raising apparitions of hand and seal out of the grave, that shall walk and appear in the likeness of the deceased so perfectly, that their nearest friends shall hardly be able to distinguish. He has as many tricks to cheat the devil and his own conscience, as he has to abuse the world, as by writing with a pen in a dead man's hand, or putting a scroll of written paper in a dead man's mouth, and swearing those were the last words that came out of it, as if plain downright perjury were not more pardonable than that, which is meditated and prepar'd with tricks and finesses. He will bind a man's hand behind his back in a bond before he is aware, and make him pay before he is loose again. He endeavours to oblige as many as he can by giving their names as much credit as he is able, though without their knowledge. He does all his feats with other men's hands, like the monkey that scratch'd with the cat's paw. As soon as he is detected all his

devices fall upon his own head, which is presently laid by the ears in the pillory, where his lugs are set on the tenters, and suffer wrongfully for the fault of his fingers, unless holding his pen be sufficient to render them guilty as receivers. If he be towards the law, he only does the summersault over the bar, and is forbidden all other practice during life, that he may apply himself wholly to his own way, in which his abilities are capable to do his country better service than in any other. He is the devil's amanuensis, that writes what he dictates, and draws up his deeds of darkness.

## AN HECTOR

Is master of the noble science of offence and defence, a mungrel knight-errant, that is always upon adventures. His calling is to call those to account, that he thinks have more money, and less to shew for their valour than himself. These are his tributaries, and when he is out of repair, he demands reparation of them. His skill consists in the prudent conduct of his quarrels, that he may not be drawn to fight the enemy but upon advantages. He is all for light skirmishes and pickeering, but cares not to engage his whole body, but where he is sure to come off. He is an exact judge of honour, and can hit the very mathematic line between valour and cowardice. He gets more by treaties than fights, as the French are said to have done by the English. When he finds himself overpower'd he draws up his forces as wide in the front as he can, though but three deep, and so faces the enemy, while he draws off in safety, though sometimes with the loss of his baggage, that is his honour. He is as often employed as a herald, to proclaim war, defy the enemy, and offer battle, in which desperate service he behaves himself with punctual formality, and is secured in his person by the law of nations. He is py-powder of all quarrels, affronts, and misprisions of affronts, rencounters, rants, assaults, and batteries, and invasions by kick, cudgel, or the lye, that fall out among the sons of Priam, the brethren of the hilt and scabbard, that have taken the croysade upon them to fight against the infidel, that will not trust; and he determines whether they are actionable, and will bear a duel, or not. He never surrenders without flying colours, and bullet in mouth. He professes valour but to put it off, and keeps none for his own use, as doctors never take physic, nor lawyers go to law. When he is engag'd in a quarrel, he talks and looks as big as he can, as dogs, when they fall out, set up the bristles of their backs, to seem taller than they are. It is safer for a man to venture his life than his conversation upon him.

## AN HIGHWAYMAN

Is a wild Arab, that lives by robbing of small caravans, and has no way of living but the king's *highway*. Aristotle held him to be but a kind of huntsman; but our sages of the law account him rather a beast of prey, and will not allow his game to be legal by the forest law. His chief care is to be well mounted, and, when he is taken, the law takes care he should be so still, while he lives. His business is to break the laws of the land, for which the hangman breaks his neck, and there's an end of the controversie. He fears nothing, under the gallows, more than his own face, and therefore when he does his work conveys it ought of sight, that it may not rise up in judgment, and give evidence against him at the sessions. His trade is to take purses



and evil courses, and when he is taken himself, the laws take as evil a course with him. He takes place of all other thieves as the most heroical, and one that comes nearest to the old knights errant, though he is really one of the basest, that never ventures but upon surprizal, and where he is sure of the advantage. He lives like a Tartar always in motion, and the inns upon the road are his hoordes, where he reposes for a while, and spends his time and money, when he is out of action. These are his close confederates and allies, though the common interest of both will not permit it to be known. He is more destructive to a grasier than the murrain, and as terrible as the Huon-cry to himself. When he dispatches his business between sun and sun he invades a whole county, and like the long Parliament robs by representative. He receives orders from his superior officer the seller, that sets him on work and others to pay him for it. He calls concealing what he takes from his comrades *sinking*, which they account a great want of integrity, and when he is discovered he loses the reputation of an honest and just man with them for ever after. After he has rov'd up and down too long he is at last set himself, and convey'd to the jail, the only place of his residence, where he is provided of a hole to put his head in, and gather'd to his fathers in a faggot cart.

## AN HOST

Is the greatest stranger in his own house of all that come to it, for like an *Italian* cardinal, he resigns up the whole command of himself and his family to all that visit him. He keeps open house for all comers to entertain himself. His sign and he have one and the same employment, to invite and draw in guests, and what the one does by dumb shew without doors the other interprets within. He bids a man welcome to his own table, and invites him with hearty kindness and all freedom to treat himself. There is no ability so requisite in him as that of drinking, in which the whole manage of his affairs consists, and the larger his talent is that way the more he thrives in his trade: for his materials cost him nothing, and he is paid for his pains, beside the many opportunities he lights on to cheat and misreckon, and turn and wind the business of his cellar with a quicker trade. His hostler is both host and chamberlayn to the horses; and his province is to cheat and misreckon them in their meat, as the other does their masters in their drink. He is like the old philosopher or statesman choose ye whether, that was never less at home than when he was at home, that is when he had fewest guests, for being nothing of himself, the more he is of that, the less he is of any thing else. He is like the Catholic church, to which all men are welcome for their money, and nobody without it. He is the only true instance of that old saying—*nusquam est qui ubique est*, for by being the same to all people that come from all places, he is nobody himself, and of no place. He is a highwayman, for he lives upon it, but in a regular way, yet holds intelligence with all interlopers; and if there were no more that rob'd upon the king's highway it were well for the nation. He pays nothing for his lodging, that brings a horse into his stall, as rooks pay nothing that bring chouses to ordinaries, for the poor dumb creature pays for all.

## A LAMPOONER

Is a moss-trooping poetaster, for they seldom go alone, whose occupation is to rob any that lights in his way of his reputation, if he has any to lose. Common fame and detraction are his setters, and as those describe persons to him he falls upon them; but, as he is for the most part misinformed, he often comes off with the worst, and, if he did not know how to conceal himself would suffer severely for doing nothing. He is a western-pug-poet, that has something to say to every one he meets, and there go as many of them to a libel, as there do slaves to an oar. He has just so much learning as to tell the first letter of a man's name, but can go no further, and therefore makes a virtue of necessity, and by selling all makes it pass for wit. His muse is a kind of owl, that preys in the dark, and dares not shew her face by day, a bulker that plies by owl-light, and he dares not own her for fear of beating hemp, or being beaten and kick'd down stairs. He is a jack pudding satyr, that has something to say to all that come near him, and has no more respect of persons than a Quaker. His muse is of the same kind of breed with his that rimes in taverns, but not altogether so fluent, nor by much so generous and authentic as a ballad-maker's; for his works will never become so classic as to be receiv'd into a sieve, nor published into the street to a courtly new tune. He loves his little tiny wit much better than his friend or himself; for he will venture a whipping in earnest rather than spare another man in jest. He is like a witch that makes pictures according to his own fancy, and calls them by the names of those, whom he would willingly do a mischief to if he could, without their knowing from whence it comes. He hears himself often called rascal and villain to his face, but believes himself unconcerned, because having abus'd men behind their backs he thinks he is only liable in justice to a punishment of the same nature.

## A DETRACTOR

Is a briar, that lays hold on every thing, that comes within its reach, and will, if it can, tear off something that it is never the better for, or tear it self in pieces. He has no way to make himself any thing but that of a leveller, by bringing down other men to an equality with himself, which he does his unchristian endeavour upon all occasions to perform; and, like a needy thief, cares not how great a loss of credit he puts another man to, so he can make but ever so little of it to himself. He makes his own construction, that is the worst he can, of every man's actions; and when any thing appears doubtful, the worst sense always with him takes place of the better. He deals pretty fairly in one thing, and that is he never attempts to rob any man of his reputation, that has not much to lose, and can best spare it: as for those who have none they are of his own rank, and he lets them pass freely. When he has depriv'd a man of his good name, he knows not what to do with it, like one that steals writings which he can claim nothing by. He is a kind of common crier; for his business is to cry down a man's reputation, till he believes it is lost; and yet if he can but produce marks to the cryer that it is his, he shall have it again with all submission, otherwise he has the law on his side and takes it for his own. His general design is to make as much



of himself as he can, and as little as he can of another man, and by comparing both together to render himself something: but as all comparisons and emulations are ever made by inferiors on the wrong side, after all his industry of himself and others he is but where he was before, unless he be worse, that is more contemptible. For as nothing enables the poor to endure their wants with greater patience than finding fault and railing at the rich; so nothing supports him more in his ignorance and obscurity than detracting from those, that either deserve more, or are believed to do so than himself.

#### A CONJURER.

There is nothing that the general ignorance of mankind takes to, but there is some cheat or other always applies to it, especially when there is any thing to be gain'd, and where that amounts to little they will rather play at small game than sit out. Hence some cunning impostors observing that the generality of mankind, like beasts, do soon arrive to their height, and never outgrow the customs of their childhood, (which being for the most part brought up among all women, and imbued with stories of spirits and the Devil, that stick by them ever after) have found out this horrid way of cheat, to abuse their weakness and credulity. The histories of *Friar Bacon*, *Doctor Faustus*, and others of that nature are canonical enough to make them believe, that there is such a thing as the *black-art*, (mistaking *negromancy* for *necromancy*) and those that profess it cunning men. These are all that is left of the Devil's oracles, that give answers to those that come to consult him, not as their forefathers did by being inspir'd and possess'd, but as if they possess'd the Devil himself, and had him perfectly at command: for if they were not intrench'd in their circles, he would serve them as they did Chaucer's Sumner for daring to cite him to appear. He is the desperatest of all impostors next a hypocrite; for the one makes God and the other the Devil a party in all his practices. He calls himself a magician, and derives himself from the Persian magi, when the story of him who was chosen emperor by the neighing of his horse, and him that continued himself so by concealing the loss of his ears (which is all we know of them) proves clearly, that they were but cheats and impostors. He keeps the rabble in very great awe, who are persuaded he can do very strange things, which they are wonderfully delighted to hear of, and had rather believe, than try or disprove.

#### A TENNIS-PLAYER

Is a very civil gentleman, that never keeps a racket, but a racket keeps him. He is always striking himself good or bad luck, and gains, or spends what he has with the sweat of his brows, and makes, or undoes himself with the labour of his hands. He is a great critick, of profound judgment in a ball, and can tell by seeing it fly where to have it at the rebound, as the Frenchman did where the late comet would be three months after. He gains more by losing than by winning; for when he makes a confederate match, which is commonly for some very great sum of money, he allows a fortnight or three weeks time, to spread the news abroad, that the gulls may have notice to provide their money, and be ready against the day. When that comes, he has an officer with an unknown face, that appears with his pockets full of gold, that lays against him, and takes all bets that are

laid on his hand. When that is done the set is up; for he has nothing to do but to dissemble losing, and share the bets with his confederate, between whom and him the match goes for nothing. He strips himself of his cloaths first, and then of his money, and, when he has done his business is rub'd like a Presbyterian Holder-forth, until he is a clean gentleman. This is supposing him a gamester for his pleasure, that neither uses, nor knows tricks, but is to lose by his place. When he misses his stroke he swears, and curses the ball, as if it understood him, and would have a care to do so no more; and in that, indeed, he makes it plain, that the thing has as much reason as himself. The marker is register of the court, and more righteous than the register of a court of justice; for he crys what he sets down, and cannot commit iniquity, but with a forked chalk.

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#### HEAD'S JOURNIES ACROSS THE PAMPAS.\*

CAPTAIN HEAD is as extraordinary an equestrian as Captain Cochrane is a pedestrian. The expense of keeping the nether man in decent order, of which there are such grievous complaints in Captain Cochrane's travels, would have been absolutely ruinous to the galloping Captain Head, had he not at last resorted to that natural clothing of the limbs, which, by a wise provision in case of any abrasure, possesses the faculty of self-redintegration. "I cannot express," says he, "the delightful feeling of freedom and independence which one enjoys in galloping without clothes on a horse, without a saddle." Captain Head, after being landed at Buenos Ayres, took to galloping across the continent of America; he would start from the Atlantic and gallop to the Pacific, and then setting out from the Pacific, he would re-arrive in a gallop at the Atlantic. "Change" horses "and back again," was the perpetual figure of his country or continental dance. Six thousand miles did the captain gallop, rapid and rough, as he says, and so far from the fatigue injuring him, he declares that he rode "till he felt that no exertion could kill him." Though the pace of the Pampas is an impetuous gallop, Captain Head did not ride so fast as to prevent him from taking notes on the back of his horse—"rough notes" of course, but still very easy to read. His style is not particularly smooth—we fancy we can perceive the motion of the horse; but, nevertheless, the matter is not much injured by the totulation of the writer. It is true that the sketches are hasty, but they are striking—the eye knew the points for selection, and has almost invariably fixed upon the objects worth looking at for themselves, and which are characteristic of the scene to be described. These Rough Notes are a most agreeable specimen of the lighter kind of travels. In a small volume we cannot have, neither do we want, much scientific or statistical detail—nor much political or historical discussion: we are glad to find lively descriptions of manners, scenery, costume, and in short the general appearances of man and of nature. All this we have and more, and that too done in a hearty

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\* Rough Notes, taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas, and among the Andes. By Captain F. B. Head. London, Murray. 1826. 12mo.



and generous spirit which we love, and which all mankind loves. Captain Head was an officer of engineers, when he became enlisted by the directors of one of the Bubble Schemes, as superintendant and manager of a mining adventure. This scheme seems to have been, what is called in the *lingua franca*, a regular *risco*. Miners and mining implements, commissioners, surveyors, and assayers, were all dispatched to America in the most beautiful order; nothing appears to have been omitted but the *mines*: they were to follow as a matter of course. Was not capital forthcoming, and where capital is, can any thing be wanting? Honest Head seems to have been very much begone on finding that no mines were to be found, where the directors at home had told him they were only waiting—impatiently waiting, to be worked. However, mines it was necessary to have; and though not, perhaps, the mines mentioned in the prospectus in such glowing colours, yet other mines that would do just as well, as the glowing colours were always ready to gild any mine—gold or silver. Accordingly the Chief Commissioner Head set off on a galloping tour in search of some convenient hole, down to which he might set his Cornish train: as, in the mean time, the Cornish men were likely to be doing little else but getting drunk, and as their wages were going on all the time, it was necessary to make haste and discover a mine as soon as possible. It is in this “Tour in Search of a Mine,” that these Rough Notes were made, and these were the reasons that induced the note-taker to get on as fast as he could.

The Pampas are extensive plains, which spread from the Rio de la Plata to the Andes—they are productive chiefly of long grass and thistles; roads are scarcely tracked through them; in some parts they are marsh, in some bog, in some loose sand. Inhabitants are thinly scattered over this vast and almost interminable extent of level territory; such property as they have, is in droves of wild horses and other cattle; poverty is much more common than property; but with a horse, and a lasso, and a pair of spurs, the galloping Gaucho, which is the name of the dweller in the Pampas, never knows, or at least never regards, privation. His food is strips of jerked beef, his drink is water; his pleasure is galloping, and his pursuit either catching horses and bullocks in his *lasso*, or throwing the *bolas* at the guanaco, or the ostrich. During the hours of exertion he is on horse, no fatigue can touch him; during the hours of repose he lies him down in the open air, and sleeps all night with no covering but his *poncho* (or cloak), and with no bedding but his saddle, or the skeleton of a horse's head for a pillow. His life is hard, but so is he; privations are his daily fare. His luxury is freedom. He lives the life of perfect liberty—restriction of any kind, excepting the natural ones of fatigue and labour, seems unknown in the Pampas. The Gaucho is as happy, and pretty nearly as uncivilized, as when “wild in woods the noble savage run.” The Pampas, as has been said, spread from the Atlantic, and are stopped in their course to the Pacific, by the Cordillera of the Andes, which runs down the continent of South America, pretty much after the manner of the chine in pigs, and the spine in man; excepting, indeed, that it is a good deal on one side, being much nearer to the Pacific than the Atlantic. Neither does the country on the other side of the Andes, in the least correspond with the Pampas,

as ribs correspond to ribs. On the Pacific side extend perpetually to the ocean, innumerable ramifications of the mountains, which consequently dissect the country of Chile into alternations of lofty hill and deep valley. Both sides of the Andes—both the Pampas and Chile, are the scenes of Captain Head's observations. He commences at Buenos Ayres; we shall follow him, and make a selection of some of his most amusing or characteristic passages.

There is a very interesting and well written description of the Pampas, of which we have been speaking, in the commencement of the book.

The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Aires, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture, is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible, that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

Although a few individuals are either scattered along the path which traverses these vast plains, or are living together in small groups, yet the general state of the country is the same as it has been since the first year of its creation. The whole country bears the noble stamp of an Omnipotent Creator, and it is impossible for any one to ride through it, without feelings which it is very pleasing to entertain; for although in all countries "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work," yet the surface of populous countries affords generally the insipid produce of man's labour; it is an easy error to consider that he who has tilled the ground and has sown the seed, is the author of his crop; and, therefore, those who are accustomed to see the confused produce, which in populous and cultivated countries is the effect of leaving ground to itself, are at first surprised in the Pampas, to observe the regularity and beauty of the vegetable world when left to the wise arrangements of Nature.

The vast region of grass in the Pampas for four hundred and fifty miles is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one may gallop between them in every direction. The young trees are rising up, others are flourishing in full vigour, and it is for some time that one looks in vain for those which in the great system of succession must necessarily somewhere or other be sinking towards decay. They are at last discovered, but their fate is not allowed to disfigure the general cheerfulness of the scene, and they are seen enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. The extremities of their branches break off as they die, and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, and at



last is gradually concealed from view by the young shoot, which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rises rapidly above it, and conceals its decay. A few places are met with which have been burnt by accident, and the black desolate spot, covered with the charred trunks of trees, resembles a scene in the human world of pestilence or war. But the fire is scarcely extinct, when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other, and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground, while the sapless trunks are evidently mouldering into dust.

The rivers all preserve their course, and the whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive out their cattle to graze, and, without any previous preparation, to plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.

We have already given a slight idea of the life and character of a Gaucho. Captain Head is well acquainted with it, and his delineation of it is peculiarly successful.

Born in the rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his life he crawls about without clothes, and I have more than once seen a mother give a child of this age a sharp knife, a foot long, to play with. As soon as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupations of his future life: with a lasso made of twine he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs, as they walk in and out of the hut. By the time he is four years old he is on horseback, and immediately becomes useful by assisting to drive the cattle into the corral. The manner in which these children ride is quite extraordinary: if a horse tries to escape from the flock which are driven towards the corral, I have frequently seen a child pursue him, overtake him, and then bring him back, flogging him the whole way; in vain the creature tries to dodge and escape from him, for the child turns with him, and always keeps close to him; and it is a curious fact, which I have often observed, that a mounted horse is always able to overtake a loose one.

His amusements and his occupations soon become more manly—careless of the *biscacheros* (the holes of an animal called the *biscacho*) which undermine the plains, and which are very dangerous, he gallops after the ostrich, the *gama*, the lion, and the tiger; he catches them with his balls: and with his lasso he daily assists in catching the wild cattle, and in dragging them to the hut either for slaughter, or to be marked. He breaks in the young horses in the manner which I have described, and in these occupations is often away from his hut many days, changing his horse as soon as the animal is tired, and sleeping on the ground. As his constant food is beef and water, his constitution is so strong that he is able to endure great fatigue; and the distances he will ride, and the number of hours that he will remain on horseback, would hardly be credited. The unrestrained freedom of such a life he fully appreciates; and, unacquainted with subjection of any sort, his mind is often filled with sentiments of liberty which are as noble as they are harmless, although they of course partake of the wild habits of his life. Vain is the endeavour to explain to him the luxuries and blessings of a more civilized life; his ideas are, that the noblest effort of man is to raise himself off the ground, and ride instead of walk—that no rich garments or variety of food can atone for the want of a horse—and that the print of the human foot on the ground is in his mind the symbol of uncivilization.

The Gaucho has by many people been accused of indolence; those who visit his hut find him at the door with his arms folded, and his poncho thrown over his left shoulder like a Spanish cloak; his hut is in holes, and would evidently be made more comfortable by a few hours' labour: in a beautiful climate, he is without fruit or vegetables; surrounded by cattle, he is often without milk; he lives without bread, and he has no food but beef and water, and therefore those who contrast his life with that of the English peasant accuse him of indolence; but the comparison is inapplicable, and the accusation unjust; and any one who will live with the Gaucho, and will follow him through his exertions, will find that he is any thing but indolent, and his surprise will be that he is able to continue a life of so much fatigue. It is true that the Gaucho has no luxuries, but the great feature of his character is, that he is a person without wants: accustomed constantly to live in the open air, and to sleep on the ground, he does not consider that a few holes in his hut deprive it of its comfort. It is not that he does not like the taste of milk, but he prefers being without it to the every-day occupation of going in search of it. He might, it is true, make cheese, and

sell it for money, but if he has got a good saddle and good spurs, he does not consider that money has much value: in fact, he is contented with his lot; and when one reflects that, in the increasing series of human luxuries, there is no point that produces contentment, one cannot but feel that there is perhaps as much philosophy as folly in the Gaucho's determination to exist without wants; and the life he leads is certainly more noble than if he was slaving from morning till night to get other food for his body, or other garments to cover it. It is true he is of little service to the great cause of civilization, which it is the duty of every rational being to promote; but an humble individual, living by himself in a boundless plain, cannot introduce into the vast uninhabited regions which surround him either arts or sciences: he may, therefore, without blame be permitted to leave them as he found them, and as they must remain, until population, which will create wants, devises the means of supplying them.

The character of the Gaucho is often very estimable; he is always hospitable—at his hut the traveller will always find a friendly welcome, and he will often be received with a natural dignity of manner which is very remarkable, and which he scarcely expects to meet with in such a miserable-looking hovel. On entering the hut, the Gaucho has constantly risen to offer me his seat, which I have declined, and many compliments and bows have passed, until I have accepted his offer, which is the skeleton of a horse's head. It is curious to see them invariably take off their hats to each other as they enter into a room which has no window, a bullock's hide for a door, and but little roof.

The journey across the Pampas is more than nine hundred miles. The huts, which are termed posts, are at an average about twenty miles, and whether the traveller is proceeding in a carriage or on horseback, the owners of these huts supply him with horses. The carriages which alone can stand the roughness of the tracks, are of a peculiar kind, without springs either of wood or iron, but suspended on hide ropes. Previous to starting, nearly the whole of the woodwork of the carriage, together with the wheels, the spokes, and even the felloes on the circumference of the wheels, are bound with strips of soaked hide. When the hide dries, it becomes perfectly hard, and by its contraction holds every thing perfectly tight. Raw hides seem indeed to be the most useful commodity known in the Pampas; of it they plait their lassos, make their harness, and bind their carriages. A raw hide serves for door and window-shutter, and sometimes for bed-linen, and always for a cradle. This is an account of the manner of travelling across this extraordinary country.

The manner in which the peons drive is quite extraordinary. The country being in a complete state of nature, is intersected with streams, rivulets, and even rivers, with pontanas (marshes), &c., through which it is absolutely necessary to drive. In one instance the carriage, strange as it may seem, goes through a lake, which of course is not deep. The banks of the rivulets are often very precipitous, and I constantly remarked that we drove over and through places which in Europe any military officer would, I believe, without hesitation report as impassable.

The mode in which the horses are harnessed is admirably adapted to this sort of rough driving. They draw by the saddle instead of the collar, and having only one trace instead of two, they are able, on rough ground, to take advantage of every firm spot; where the ground will only once bear, every peon takes his own path, and the horses' limbs are all free and unconstrained.

In order to harness or unharness, the peons have only to hook and unhook the lasso which is fixed to their saddle; and this is so simple and easy, that we constantly observed when the carriage stopped, that before any one of us could jump out of it, the peons had unhooked, and were out of our sight to catch fresh horses in the corral.

In a gallop, if any thing was dropped by one of the peons, he would unhook, gallop back, and overtake the carriage without its stopping for him. I often thought how admirably in practice this mode of driving would suit the particular duties of that noble branch of our army, the horse artillery.

The rate at which the horses travel (if there are enough of them) is quite surprising. Our cart, although laden with twenty-five hundred weight of tools, kept up with the



carriage at a hand-gallop. Very often, as the two vehicles were going at this pace, some of the peons, who were always in high spirits, would scream out, "Ah mi patron!" and then all shriek and gallop with the carriage after me; and very frequently I was unable to ride away from them.

But strange as the account of this sort of driving may sound, the secret would be discovered by any one who could see the horses arrive. In England, horses are never seen in such a state; the spurs, heels, and legs of the peons are literally bathed with blood, and from the sides of the horses the blood is constantly flowing rather than dropping.

After this description, in justice to myself, I must say, that it is impossible to prevent it. The horses cannot trot, and it is impossible to draw the line between cantering and galloping, or, in merely passing through the country, to alter the system of riding, which all over the Pampas is cruel.

The peons are capital horsemen, and several times we saw them at a gallop throw the rein on the horse's neck, take from one pocket a bag of loose tobacco, and with a piece of paper, or a leaf of the Indian corn, make a segar, and then take out a flint and steel and light it.

The post-huts are from twelve to thirty-six miles, and in one instance fifty-four miles, from each other; and as it would be impossible to drag a carriage these distances at a gallop, relays of horses are sent on with the carriage, and are sometimes changed five times in a stage.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a wilder sight than our carriage and covered cart, as I often saw them,† galloping over the trackless plain, and preceded or followed by a troop of from thirty to seventy wild horses, all loose and galloping, driven by a Gaucho and his son, and sometimes by a couple of children. The picture seems to correspond with the danger which positively exists in passing through uninhabited regions, which are so often invaded by the merciless Indians.

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In riding across the Pampas, it is generally the custom to take an attendant, and people often wait to accompany some carriage; or else, if they are in condition, ride with the courier, who gets to Mendoza in twelve or thirteen days. In case travellers wish to carry a bed and two small portmanteaus, they are placed upon one horse, which is either driven on before, or, by a halter, tied to the postilion's saddle.

The most independent way of travelling is without baggage, and without an attendant. In this case, the traveller starts from Buenos Ayres or Mendoza with a postilion, who is changed at every post. He has to saddle his own horses, and to sleep at night upon the ground on his saddle; and as he is unable to carry any provision, he must throw himself completely on the feeble resources of the country, and live on little else than beef and water.

It is of course a hard life; but it is so delightfully independent, and if one is in good riding condition, so rapid a mode of travelling, that I twice chose it, and would always prefer it; but I recommend no one to attempt it, unless he is in good health and condition.

When I first crossed the Pampas, I went with a carriage, and although I had been accustomed to riding all my life, I could not at all ride with the peons, and after galloping five or six hours was obliged to get into the carriage; but after I had been riding for three or four months, and had lived upon beef and water, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me. Although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak, yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle, on the ground, always so completely restored me, that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten and twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water.

At first, the constant galloping confuses the head, and I have often been so giddy when I dismounted, that I could scarcely stand; but the system, by degrees, gets

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† I was one day observing them, instead of looking before me, when my horse fell in a biscachero, and rolled over upon my arm. It was so crushed that it made me very faint; but before I could get into my saddle, the carriages were almost out of sight, and while the sky was still looking green from the pain I was enduring, I was obliged to ride after them, and I believe I had seven miles to gallop as hard as my horse could go, before I could overtake the carriage to give up my horse.

accustomed to it, and it then becomes the most delightful life which one can possibly enjoy.

It is necessary to travel armed, as there are many robbers or *salteadores* constantly on the look out for a prize. Some apprehensions are likewise to be entertained of the Indians, who lead a wandering and truly savage life. A meeting with them is fatal—they usually travel in considerable bodies, and the death and torture of stray travellers are some of the amusements by which they divert the ennui of a journey. But the greatest danger after all is from the holes of the *biscachos*, into which the horses frequently step, and consequently tumble. As they are always going at a gallop, such falls cannot be agreeable to the rider. Captain Head calculates that on an average his horse fell with him once every three hundred miles.

The *biscacho* is found all over the plains of the Pampas. Like rabbits, they live in holes which are in groups in every direction, and which make galloping over these plains very dangerous. The manner, however, in which the horses recover themselves, when the ground over these subterranean galleries gives way, is quite extraordinary. In galloping after the ostriches, my horse has constantly broken in, sometimes with a hind leg, and sometimes with a fore one; he has even come down on his nose, and yet recovered: however, the *Gauchos* occasionally meet with very serious accidents. I have often wondered how the wild horses could gallop about as they do in the dark, but I really believe they avoid the holes by smelling them; for in riding across the country, when it has been so dark that I positively could not see my horse's ears, I have constantly felt him, in his gallop, start a foot or two to the right or left, as if he had trod upon a serpent, which, I conceive, was to avoid one of these holes. Yet the horses do very often fall, and certainly, in the few months I was in the Pampas, I got more falls than I ever before had, though in the habit of riding all my life. The *Gauchos* are occasionally killed by these *biscacheros*, and often break a limb.

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These animals are never to be seen in the day, but as soon as the lower limb of the sun reaches the horizon, they are seen issuing from their holes in all directions, which are scattered in groups like little villages all over the Pampas. The *biscachos*, when full grown, are nearly as large as badgers; but their head resembles a rabbit, excepting that they have very large bushy whiskers.

In the evening they sit outside their holes, and they all appear to be moralising. They are the most serious-looking animals I ever saw, and even the young ones are grey-headed, have mustachios, and look thoughtful and grave.

In the day-time their holes are always guarded by two little owls, who are never an instant away from their post. As one gallops by these owls, they always stand looking at the stranger, and then at each other, moving their old-fashioned heads in a manner which is quite ridiculous, until one rushes by them, when fear gets the better of their dignified looks, and they both run into the *biscacho's* hole.

Captain Head's sketches are peculiarly lively and picturesque—the Pampas and the *Gauchos* positively exist before us in his spirited pages. Is not this picture of the pursuit of the ostrich a proof?

As soon as my horse was saddled, I purchased the bridle of the *Gaucha* who had stolen mine, and then galloped on. The country, which from Mendoza is covered with wood, now changes to the long brown and yellow grass, which, excepting a few straggling trees, is the sole produce of the remainder of the province of San Luis, and of the two adjoining provinces of Cordova and Santa Fé. In the whole of this immense region there is not a weed to be seen. The coarse grass is its sole produce; and in the summer, when it is high, it is beautiful to see the effect which the wind has in passing over this wild expanse of waving grass: the shades between the brown and yellow are beautiful—the scene is placid beyond description—no habitation nor human being is to be seen, unless occasionally the wild and picturesque outline of the *Gaucha* on the horizon—his scarlet poncho streaming horizontally behind him, his balls flying round his head, and as he bends forward towards his prey, his horse straining every nerve: before him is the ostrich he is pursuing, the distance between them gradually diminishing—his neck stretched out, and striding over the ground in the most mag-



nificent style—but the latter is soon lost in the distance, and the Gaucho's horse is often below the horizon, while his head shews that the chase is not yet decided. This pursuit is really attended with considerable danger, for the ground is always undermined by the biscachos, and the Gaucho often falls at full speed; if he breaks a limb his horse probably gallops away, and there he is left in the long grass, until one of his comrades or children come to his assistance; but if they are unsuccessful in their search, he has nothing left but to look up to heaven, and while he lives drive from his bed the wild eagles, who are always ready to attack any fallen animal. The country has no striking features, but it possesses, like all the works of nature, ten thousand beauties. It has also the grandeur and magnificence of space; and I found that the oftener I crossed it, the more charms I discovered in it.

We cannot refrain from picking out more traits of the life and manners of the Gaucho. This is another specimen of that character:

I found the horses at the post in the corral, and the post-master, whose house I had several times slept at, gave me a horse with a galope largo, (a long gallop,) and a very handsome Gaucho as a guide. I had a long conversation with this man as I galloped along, and I found him a very noble-minded fellow. He was very desirous to hear about the troops which the government of Mendoza had sent to reinstate the governor of San Juan, who had just been deposed by a revolution. The Gaucho was very indignant at this interference; and as we rode along, he explained to me, with a great deal of fine action, what was evident enough,—that the province of San Juan was as free to elect its governor as the province of Mendoza, and that Mendoza had no right to force upon San Juan a governor that the people did not approve of. He then talked of the state of San Luis; but to some questions that I put to him, the man replied, that he had never been at San Luis! “Good heavens!” said I, with an astonishment which I could not conceal,—“have you never been to see San Luis?” “Never,” he replied. I asked him where he was born; he told me in the hut close to the post; that he had never gone beyond the plains through which we were riding, and that he had never seen a town or a village. I asked him how old he was: “Quien sabe,” said he. It was no use asking him any more questions; so, occasionally looking at his particularly handsome figure and countenance, and calling to mind the manly opinions he had expressed to me on many subjects, I was thinking what people in England would say of a man who could neither read nor write, nor had ever seen three huts together, &c. &c., when the Gaucho pointed to the sky, and said “See! there is a lion!” I started from my reverie, and strained my eyes, but to no purpose, until he shewed me at last, very high in the air, a number of large vultures, which were hovering without moving; and he told me they were there because there was a lion devouring some carcass, and that he had driven them away from it. We shortly afterwards came to a place where there was a little blood on the road, and for a moment we stopped our horses to look at it; I observed, that perhaps some person had been murdered there; the Gaucho said, “No,” and pointing to some foot-marks which were near the blood, he told me that some man had fallen, that he had broken his bridle, and that, while he was standing to mend it, the blood had evidently come from the horse's mouth. I observed, that it was perhaps the man who was hurt, upon which the Gaucho said “No,” and pointing to some marks a few yards before him on the path, he said, “for see, the horse set off at a gallop.”

The skill of Zadig in interpreting the marks of animals left in their track, is contemptible, when compared with that of the Gauchos.

I often amused myself by learning from the Gauchos to decypher the foot-marks of the horses, and the study was very interesting. It is quite possible to determine from these marks, whether the horses were loose, mounted, or laden with baggage; whether they were ridden by old men or by young ones, by children or by foreigners unacquainted with the bisacheros, &c. &c.

The horse and the bullock are the two animals of the Pampas which are met with in every direction, dead and alive; sometimes a skeleton entire; sometimes a head, as a stool or a chair, or in the middle of the road, with a huge pair of branching horns; sometimes a corpse, with twenty or thirty mighty condors mounted here and there, pulling and hawling, and gorging the dead flesh; sometimes in droves of hundreds, and always galloping to and fro, in hunting on the road, or for their own amusement. The horse is the Gaucho's means

of moving, and the bullock his means of living. On foot the Gaucho is a savage; on horseback a gentleman. Captain Head gives a good account of their very summary mode of breaking horses.

As the carriage was many hours behind me, I resolved to see this, and getting a fresh horse, I rode immediately to the corral, and soon made friends with the Gauchos, who are always polite, and on horseback possess many estimable qualities, which at the door of their hut they appear to be devoid of. The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones, about three and four years old. The capataz, mounted on a strong steady horse, rode into the corral, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was forced out of the corral, his first idea was to gallop away; however, the jerk of the lasso checked him in a most effectual manner. The peons now ran after him on foot, and threw the lasso over his four legs, just above the fetlocks, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly, that I really thought the fall he got had killed him. In an instant a Gaucho was seated upon his head, and with his long knife in a few seconds he cut off the whole of the horse's mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This, they told me, is a mark that the horse has been once mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve as a bit, and a strong hide-halter on his head. The Gaucho who was to mount, arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp, and while two men held the animal by his ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight; he then caught hold of the horse's ear, and, in an instant, vaulted into the saddle; upon which the man who was holding the horse by the halter, threw the end of it to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump, in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of an English horse: however, the Gaucho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing every thing in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve Gauchos were mounted in a space which, I think, hardly exceeded an hour.

It was wonderful to see the different manner in which the different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the Gauchos were girthing the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff, and in unnatural directions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of these for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

It was now curious to look round and see the Gauchos on the horizon in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there that they are unwilling to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses: they were jumping and dancing in different ways, while the right arms of the Gauchos were seen flogging them. At last they brought the horses back, apparently completely subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the young horses immediately trotted towards the corral to join their companions, neighing one to the other. Another set were now brought out, and as the horses were kept out a very short time, I saw about forty of them mounted. As they returned to the corral it was interesting to see the great contrast which the loss of the mane, and the end of the tail, made between the horses which had commenced their career of servitude, and those which were still free.

The horses of the Pampas are like the common description of Spanish horse, but rather stronger. They are of all colours, and a great number are pie-bald. When caught, they will always kick at any person who goes behind them; and it is often with great difficulty that they can be bridled and saddled: however, they are not vicious, and when properly broken in, will allow the children to mount by climbing up their tails. In mounting, it is necessary to be very quick, and previous to dismounting, it is proper to throw the bridle over one side of the head, as the horses almost always run backwards if one attempts to hold them by the bridle when it is over the head, as in England.

Although I rode many thousand miles in South America, I was quite unable to learn how to select either a good horse or an easy-going one, for by their appearance I found it impossible to form a judgment; indeed, I generally selected for myself the worst-looking horses, as I sometimes fancied that they went the best.



When first mounted, they often begin to kick and plunge, but by giving them a loose rein, and by spurring them, they will generally start, and when once at their pace, they go quiet. However, the kicking at starting is a most painful operation to undergo, for from hard riding the back and shoulders get so dreadfully stiff, that such sudden and violent motion seems to dislocate the limbs.

The captain's carriage breaks down; he, however, is considerably in advance on horse-back; and when he hears the news of his misfortune, he abandons it in the desert, and gaily gallops on. No thing can subdue his irrepressible gaiety and light-heartedness.

The carriage did not arrive, so I laid my saddle in front of the post, and slept there. It was late in the morning before one of the peons came to tell me that the two-wheeled carriage had broken down in spite of all its repairs; that it was in the middle of the plain, and that the party had been obliged to ride, and put the baggage on post-horses, and that they would be with me immediately. As soon as they arrived, they told me their story, and asked what was to be done with the carriage.\* It was not worth more than one hundred dollars; and it would have cost more than that sum to have guarded it, and to have sent a wheel to it six hundred miles from Buenos Aires; so I condemned it to remain where it was, to be plundered of its lining by the Gauchos, and to be gazed at by the eagle and the gama,—in short, I left it to its fate.

I had been much detained by the carriages, and I was so anxious to get to Buenos Aires without a moment's delay, that I resolved instantly to ride on by myself. Three of my party expressed a wish to accompany me, instead of riding with the carriage; so after taking from the canvass bag sufficient money for the distance, (about six hundred miles,) I left the rest for the coach, and once more careless of wheels and axles, I galloped off with a feeling of independence which was quite delightful.

The captain soon knocks up his companions; and then, after riding one hundred and twenty miles in the day, spends the evening in a characteristic manner.

We travelled sixty miles that day, not losing one moment, but riding at once to the corral, and unsaddling and saddling our own horses. The next morning one of the party was unable to proceed, so he remained at the post, and we were off before daylight. After galloping forty-five miles, another said he was so jolted that he could not go on, and he also remained at the post to be picked up by the carriage: we then continued for sixteen miles, when the other knocked up, and he really was scarcely able to crawl into the post-hut, where he remained. As I was very anxious to get to Buenos Aires, and was determined to get there as quick as my strength would allow, I rode sixty miles more that day, during which my horse fell twice with me, and I arrived at the post an hour after sunset, quite exhausted. I found nothing to eat, because the people who live at this post were bathing, so I went to another part of the river, and had a most refreshing bathe. I then spread out my saddle on the ground, for the post-room was full of fleas and binchucas. The people had now returned from the river, and supper was preparing, when a young Scotch gentleman I had overtaken on the road, and who had ridden some stages with me, asked me to come and sing with the young ladies of the post, who he told me were very beautiful. I knew them very well, as I had passed several times, but I was much too tired to sing or dance: however, being fond of music, I moved my saddle and poncho very near the party, and as soon as I had eaten my meat I again lay down, and as the delightful fresh air blew over my face, I dropped off to sleep just as the niñas were singing very prettily one of the tristes of Peru, accompanied by a guitar.

He is off again before the dawn, and we have more about horses.

I had bribed the capataz to let some horses pass the night in the corral; we accord-

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\* After the party had left one of the posts about an hour, and when they were twelve or thirteen miles from it, they saw a man galloping after the carriage, endeavouring to overtake it. They stopped, and when he came up, they found it was the master of the post-hut where they had slept. He said very civilly that they had forgotten to pay him for the eggs, and that they therefore owed him a medio, (two-pence halfpenny.) They paid him the money, neither more nor less, and then galloped on, leaving the man apparently perfectly satisfied.

ingly started before the sun was up, and galloping the whole day till half an hour after sunset, we rode a hundred and twenty-three miles. The summer's sun has a power which, to those who have not been exposed to it, is inconceivable, and whenever we stopped at the corral to get our horses, the heat was so great that it was almost insupportable. However, all the time we galloped, the rapid motion through the air formed a refreshing breeze. The horses were faint from the heat, and if it had not been for the sharp Gaucho spurs that I wore I should not have got on. The horses in the Pampas are always in good wind, but when the sun is hot, and the grass burnt up, they are weak, and being accustomed to follow their own inclinations, they then want to slacken their pace, or rather to stop altogether; for when mounted they have no pace between a hand-gallop and a walk, and it is therefore often absolutely necessary to spur them on for nearly half the post, or else to stand still, an indulgence which, under a burning sun, the rider feels very little inclined to grant. As they are thus galloping along, urged by the spur, it is interesting to see the groupes of wild horses which one passes. The mares, which are never ridden in South America, seem not to understand what makes the poor horse carry his head so low, and look so weary. The little innocent colts come running up to meet him, and then start away frightened; while the old horses, whose white marks on the flanks and backs betray their acquaintance with the spur and saddle, walk slowly away for some distance, and then breaking into a trot, as they seek their safety, snort and look behind them, first with one eye, then with the other, turning their nose from right to left, and carrying their long tails high in the air. As soon as the poor horse reaches the post he is often quite exhausted; he is as wet as if he had come out of a river, and his sides are often bleeding violently; but the life he leads is so healthy, his constitution is so perfectly sound, and his food is so simple, that he never has those inflammatory attacks which kill so many of our pampered horses in England. It certainly sounds cruel to spur a horse as violently as it is sometimes necessary to do in the Pampas, and so in fact it is, yet there is something to be said in excuse for it; if he is worn out and exhausted, his rider also is—he is not goaded on for an idle purpose, but he is carrying a man on business, and for the service of man he was created. Supposing him to be ever so tired, still he has his liberty when he reaches the goal, and if he is cunning, a very long time may elapse before he is caught again; and in the mean while the whole country affords him food, liberty, health, and enjoyment: and the work he has occasionally performed, and the sufferings he has endured, may perhaps teach him to appreciate the wild plains in which he was born. He may have suffered occasionally from the spur, but how different is his life from that of the post-horse in England, whose work increases with his food,—who is daily led in blinkers to the collar, and who knows nothing of creation, but the dusty road on which he travels, and the rack and manger of a close-heated stable.

Our extracts have been solely confined to the Pampas; but there is much besides in the Rough Notes relating to subjects of more importance, if not quite so amusing. The captain crosses the Andes, and is as pleasant a fellow on the other side of them as on this. We have therefore a good account of the transit over the Cordillera, and many good descriptions of Chile, with much sensible observation on mines and mining. But we must take our leave of the captain, with a hearty shake of the hand; he to gallop in one direction, and we to creep in another. We will say this for him, that a pleasanter *compagnon du voyage* is not to be found; he may ride a little too hard at times, but when you come up with him he is always in a good humour, and has got something agreeable to tell. No fare is too rude for him; no fatigue too great: he is at home every where; and the freemasonry of a brave and generous spirit makes him every where acceptable. Though he travels a little too fast, his eyes are as open as his hand or his heart, and nothing escapes him. Fearing nothing, and suffering nothing, he is always in a cheerful humour, and looks upon every thing on the sunny side. Across a table, or across a horse, we should not choose to fall in by accident with a better man.



## MUCH-A-DO ABOUT NOTHING ;

OR,

## THE SPECULATIONS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

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And thus I've made a landscape of a post.—*Dr. Syntax.*

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It was in one of the narrow gloomy streets of Wapping, that I observed over a window the emblem of some non-descript animal, whose colour was certainly not, in my judgment, in keeping with nature ; for it was bright scarlet—a hue that belongs to no beast of the field, and is but sparingly vouchsafed to the creatures of the deep ; the species coctus of the cancer being almost unique specimens of scarlet fish, as I have been informed ; and I think I can rely upon the description given me of that species, to determine that this sign was not the representation of a coctus. Neither was it that of a flamingo nor parroquet, because in such a case, surely, the artist would have accommodated it with wings, to distinguish it from the brute and fish *genera* ; and if at all acquainted with the Linnæan system, he certainly would not have omitted those essential characteristics, the beak and claws.—However, being of an inquisitive cast, and despising not to avail myself of knowledge whencesoever obtained, it struck me, that the owner of the house must be the person best acquainted with the genus and species of that animal, which he had procured to be represented over his door ; and that some valuable information might be obtained from him, relative to this unknown denomination ; or possibly that the original might be found within—an opinion in which I was much confirmed by reading on the entablature of the shop-window, *The Original Barclay Perkins and Co's Entire Brown Stout Red Lion*. So I determined, if possible, to see this strange-formed brown red lion, since that was the appellation which these ignorant classifiers assigned him. Accordingly I entered the narrow passage, and meeting with an intelligent girl, inquired for Barclay and Perkins, upon which she directed me into an adjoining apartment, requesting me to take a seat : I thought this extremely civil of her, and entered the parlour. It was a low room of a dingy appearance, over which a ruddy gloom was thrown by a slip of scarlet fustian that curtained the window ; its walls were coloured with red ochre ; here and there the ceiling was marked with mezzo-tinto streaks, not unlike those sooty traces, which, in my college-days, I have pleased myself with branding upon the whitewashed walls of our cloisters and chapel-of-ease ; the floor was well sanded, and covered with reddish chairs and tables, occupied by the members of the groupe which I am going to describe.

After my introduction I stood somewhat abashed, conning over the words that I should use to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, and hoping that either of those gentlemen would relieve my embar-

rassment by stepping forward, and smoothing the way to my inquiries. But no! scarce one of the six individuals moved more than an eyelid at my entrance. Each was seated apart at a small cross-legged table, with a pewter goblet before him. The attendant soon entered with a like vessel foaming over the brim, and placing it on a table similar to the rest, desired me to sit down. As I always conform to the customs of the *locale* in which I am, I obeyed her directions, and sat down, until I should learn something more of the ceremonies of the place. I could observe, that though my entrance had excited so little attention, that of the girl was attended with a considerable stir. I heard a confused clamour of "*hear, hear,*" just like the shouts we read of in the House of Commons, and I strained myself to catch any good thing that might be uttered; but no! the only articulate words which I could distinguish amidst a confused jingle of outlandish sounds, were Potuplis, Inanderpoot, Morale, Amutchkin, Porter, and Pot-O'Stout, mingled with cries of "*hear.*" Notwithstanding which direct appeal, the gentleman called upon declined coming forward; but all sat impatient, some rattling the empty bickers against the table, some grinding the sand with their feet, and some tapping the wood with their knuckles; all which symbols were as yet lost upon me, and I remained in a shiver of embarrassment, lest I should be called on for an inaugural speech, before I had witnessed any of the proceedings of the assembly. The usher of the pewter pots, however, who seemed to be familiar with these orgies, soon put an end to the clattering of the vessels, by supplying their place with brimming tankards like my own. Silence once more prevailed, interrupted only by an occasional guzzle and a loud whiff, as the fraternity paid their devoirs *con amore* to the pewter cornucopiæ before them. I too joined in the libation, and soon became wrapt in a brown study, that effaced all my curiosity respecting the monster, whose place in the system of beings I had come to investigate. The fact was, I felt myself in a strange conclave, and my whole curiosity turned upon the characters of the taciturn party in the room. There was a sombre air prevalent in the countenances of them all, that affected me with sympathetic gloom: the lurid aspect of the room, and its russet furniture, were both calculated to impress strangers with an obscure, mysterious apprehension, which was not a little increased by the overcoming smell and smoke of mundungus. I never more fully agreed with King James in the infernal character of that herb;—for a time I thought myself in the Tartaric regions, and that the very malt-liquor which I drank, had all the narcotic and oblivious effect of the river Lethe; but I soon recovered myself, and more rationally conjectured, that the beings around, were magi, cabalists, sorcerers, illuminati, rosicrucians, or mystics of some sort or other.

The most striking figure, who occupied the remote corner of the room, was, if my conjecture is well founded, the chairman of the meeting. Independently of his authoritative look, there were other infallible symptoms of his superiority. He wore a triangular cocked-hat, like that of a Chelsea pensioner, but vastly more imposing: in his left hand he held a staff of authority, with which he sometimes traced hieroglyphs upon the sand, at other times resting his extended



arm upon it in a proud, majestic manner. A black robe, with puckered sleeves, added state and solemnity to his person. One of his legs was thrown across the other, and his muscular body inclined backwards in an angle of supreme haughtiness. These were conclusive symptoms of presidency. But why was the meeting convened? why were these proceedings carried on in silence, or by such masonic signs, as none but the initiated could unravel? I will explain why, but the reader must first attend patiently to the externals of the whole divan.

The name of the above personage, I have reason to suppose, was Potuplis, both from its precedence in the order of the summonses, and from its analogy to Egyptian names, such as Potiphar; and in its termination, to Memphis, Sesostris.—His visage possessed all the Rembrandt-duskyness, shaded besides with reliefs and furrows, that greatly deepened its solemn cast. His nose was obtuse, his beard acute, and his eye-brows rectangular. A little glaring eye shone through each bushy cover-lid, like that of a shock-dog, giving to the beholder the idea of lurking treachery. His lips were firmly pressed against each other, as if he were a Pythagorean ascetic, or one of the Astomores; that mouthless people of whom Pliny speaks. The only movement in his face was an occasional spasm of contemptuousness, and a quick gliding of the iris from one to the other corner of his eye.

After having viewed his general aspect, I took a trigonometrical survey of his countenance by means of a Lavater's quadrant. The facial angle F. T. E., or angle contained under right lines, from the forehead to the teeth and from the teeth to the ears, closely approximated to phiz. perf. or physiognomical perfection; also the angle subtending the nose and upper lip was homologous to the facial angle, and denoted him, according to the same authority, a primordial genius. His nose indeed did not correspond in contour or dimensions, being of the undignified class, which the French term *camus*, and somewhat warty moreover, as must be admitted. I regretted this circumstance not a little, for the sake of science; but one or two exceptions should not overturn an ingenious system; and when I recollected that Socrates and Confucius had short noses, my veneration for the individual revived; especially when I considered that the shortness of his nose might at any time be mended by Taliacozzi's operation, should its diminutiveness, according to Riolan and others, prevent his obtaining orders in the Jewish or Roman priesthood; \* as a layman, he might be better off without a long pullable handle to his face, in these profane modern times, when the nose is as little respected as the beard was in Lucian's days. We may remark *obiter*, that it must be a great pleasure to those who duly honour that primest feature of the human face, to see beards once more coming into fashion, and we recommend the wear of them to all those who value their noses, whether as the recipient organs of snuff, or the *fulcra* of spectacles, as undoubtedly the more pleasant and convenient gripe which a long beard presents, and will hereafter save many a nose from being pulled.

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\* See the the Man of Sin, p. 76; and Leviticus, cap. 21.

In Potuplis, the deficiency of this cardinal point, this great-ness, as the etymological Dr. Beddoes\* calls it, was supplied by ample conch-like ears, which denoted him a man of acuteness and intelligence, as being possessed in profusion of the receptacles of acute and intelligent things ; and though truly the ass can have as much said for him, yet Baptista Porta and others have asserted, that no man of intelligence ever was deficient of that symbol in all its bulk, unless he had undergone the pillorial operation.—Wherefore I hope one day to see the character of that organ vindicated also ; and not only it, but likewise the heart, the liver, the spleen, the pineal gland, &c. and that they will be readmitted to a share of the honour of secreting the soul, which is now monopolized, perceptions, passions, and all, by the brain. Why should not all the members of the body-corporation agree, as Menenius Agrippa recommended in another cause, and support the soul among them ? Would not this furnish a larger field for philosophic speculation, and enable metoposcopy, nasology, and judicial astrology, to come once more into play along with their supplanting sister-science phrenology. The more aids we have for prying into one another's characters, the more easily shall we perform our special business in this life ; since, according to Pope,

The proper study of mankind is man.

In the present instance, had I been left to craniology alone, how should I have been able to pursue my proper study of Potuplis, seeing that my *man* would have required to have been studied through his three-cornered hat, that obfuscated all his cerebral organs ? I did, indeed, for fear of being reproached with careless observation, note down in my tablets, that the caul of the said hat was an obtruncated spheroid : and therefore, that if there was any homogeneity between it and the head which filled it, the zenithal organs of Potuplis must be exceedingly flat indeed. As for his brows, I have intimated before, that they were so shaggy and so puckered with loose plaits, that they would have required the exhibition of the razor and the scalp to render their bumps visible. I should therefore have studied in the dark, had I not been furnished with other equally good logs to sound the depths of this character by—but I beg the reader's pardon ; I have more figures to delineate, before I can give the result of my researches respecting him ; and I pray his close attention, since his concurrence in my deductions mainly rests upon his viewing the groupe with the same tutored eye as I did.

The figure on his left was a lank, bony, oversized man, whose legs were thrown forwards, and discovered a pair of naked shanks of colossal dimensions, terminating in small flat-bottomed boats or pontoons, for they were too vast to be termed shoes, though paved with large hob-nails ; the exact order of which, I regret to say, escaped my attention. I was so perplexed with the magnitude of his foot, that had it not been for the size of his body, I should have unhesitatingly classed him with the sciapodous Scythians, of whom Ctesias speaks, who had nothing to do in hot weather, but lie down pleasantly in the shade, by holding up one foot between them and the sun.

\* Monthly Mag. July, 1796.



His attitude was that of supercilious contempt: he was sitting bolt upright, with his eye fixed keenly on the chairman; with his right hand he alternately stroked his chin, and raised his bicker to his mouth; his left rested with its knuckles on his hip, and exposed its brown palm in full projection. How I longed for a telescope, to trace upon this chart all the minute lines and mazes of this man's life and adventures! As it was, I could perceive gapes and defiles, that indicated great reverses. I began to think him some wandering prince like Ulysses, meditating mighty deeds in a beggar's disguise, for nothing but a Tartan frock enveloped his huge body, over which hung a belt, to which was appended a leathern wallet. On his head he bore, obliquely, a black bonnet with red selvage, which he carried with the high bearing of a morioned chieftain. His upper lip curled outwards, and was thatched raggedly with towey moustaches; his jetting cheek-bones served as a bulwark to his small grey eye, levelled point-blank against the foe; but the ornament of his face, the criterion of his nobility, was his august Cyrus-like\* nose. Never was feature better developed—it would have served the Egyptians† as an hieroglyph for wisdom; and Dr. Johnson‡ as the emblem of great sagacity, which he calls the nose of the mind. The author of Tremaine would have venerated its aristocratic magnitude—Sterne would have written a chapter upon it—the Persians would have made a king of the man attached to it; the Jews a high-priest; the cardinals a pope.§ It was, as Aretine apostrophizes his friend's nose, in his Nasea, "*veramente Re de nasi*." I warrant, with Ambrose Paræus and Mr. Shandy, that no "firmness and elastic repulsion of the nurse's breast" had prevented its expansion.|| The individual who bore this majestic nose, seemed fully aware of its significance; he was quite in character with his nose, and followed it in the moral sense of the phrase. His look was fierce and intimidating; intrepid daring portrayed itself in his every gesture, even when charging his nose with the pungent dust from his horn-mull; and yet he must have been a patient, enduring man, for that, according to Bouchet\*\* and Camerarius†† is the Hebraic metonymy for long-nose, (Exod. 34,) and wherever our scriptural paraphrase long-suffering is used, the Spaniards and Antwerpeans use the literal expression long-nosed.‡‡ This nasal hero bore, apparently, the princely eastern name Inanderpoot, not much dissimilar to Rajapoot.

Near him sat, with his back turned to me, a most extraordinary figure, dressed in a red coat, the cape of which extended so high as not to allow me to perceive whether he had any head. So many peculiarities united in this strange animal, that had it not been for my reading, I never should have believed him one of the human species. Not that the want of head made any great difficulty with me, for I had St. Augustine's authority for the existence of such a

\* Vide Dr. Garmann De Miraculis Mortuorum, p. 84.

† Taliacotius. De Curtorum Chirurgia.

‡ Boswell, v. iii. p. 599.

§ Taliacot. Garmann ut Suprà. Aretine's Nasea, p. 532 et seq.

|| Tristram Shandy, vol. 3, c. 38 and 41.

\*\* Tom. 3, p. 110.

†† Horæ Subcesivæ, tom. 1, 253.

‡‡ Idem.

headless race, the *acephali*, to whom he assured his hearers he had preached in the wilderness.\* It was the uncommon smallness of his size that created my astonishment: he might, with a little pressure, have been squeezed into the shoe of his neighbour, tail and all,—for he had such an hairy appendage depending from the *os coccygis*. He was, in fact, a compound of the varieties of man, which the system of Linnæus comprehends: he was both *homo troglodytus* and *caudatus*, a pigmy and a tailed man. It perfectly agreed with Pliny's account, that the troglodyte should be found adjoining the sciapodous or large-footed man; and as for the caudate man, he is indigenous in England. If any reader doubt the existence of these species, I can refer him to a host of authorities,† beginning with the prophet Ezekiel,‡ who mentions the pygmies under the name of Gammadins, as centinels of Tyre, down to Dr. Harvey,§ who explains the use and necessity of a tail to human creatures. St. Augustine not only testifies the existence of such creatures, but he extended the breed, according to Bulwer,|| endowing some of the Kentish men with that ornament. Whether the race exists in Kent still, I am unable to say; but unquestionably here was one of them; and though he had it not exactly of a size to suit Lord Monboddo's fancy,\*\* yet it was a tail, and sufficient to verify the systems of those learned men who admit tails among the human properties. And why, pray, should a man not be furnished with one, as well as devils and inferior animals? Who is there presumptuous enough to say that it might not be of use to him? A greyhound turns himself round by the help of his tail; a water-dog steers himself by his tail—surely then Captain Clias, and the Monk Bernardo of Naples,†† will advocate tails for their running and swimming exertations; certainly man will never be a thorough gymnast, or amphibious animal, without one. A tail is never without its moral effect—no *homo caudatus* will turn tail in battle, for fear of being caught by that back-stay, or of having it cut off. Dr. Guindant, in his *Variations de la Nature dans l'Espèce Humaine*, 1771, asserts that the *Sieur de Cruvellier de la Ciotat*, who carried a natural tail, distinguished himself in several battles against the false three-tailed Bashaws. Our grenadiers formerly, for want of real, wore artificial tails; and a French petit-maitre was nothing without a long *queue*—every thing with one: for, What is a tail? Is it not an elongation of the spine? And is not the spine filled with marrow from the brain? Has not, therefore, a man with a tail, brain to the very end of it? Caspar Hoffman was so convinced of the utility of a tail, that he intimates that the species is truncated without it, and that properly the *os coccygis* is the stump, or mark of de-cauditation; others have asserted it to be a sprout, that only wants fostering to become sufficiently elongated to trail nobly in the dust, like the train of a dutchess. Certes, then, it behoves the benefactors

\* Serm. ad fratres in eremo.

† Aristot. Hist. Anim. lib. 8, cap. 12. Pliny, lib. 8, c. 2. Solinus, c. 25. St Augustine, De Civ. Dei, lib. 16, c. 8, et alii; see Ferriar's Collection, in his Illustrations of Sterne, p. 203.

‡ C. 27, v. 11.

§ De Generatione Animal. Exercital 4.

|| Artificial Changeling, p. 410, et passim—Aldrovandus, passim.

\*\* See Horne Tooke Epea Pteronta.

†† Quart. Rev.



of mankind, the surgeons and anatomists, to turn their thoughts this way. Let them lay hold of some insignificant fellow, and slice him up for tails, as their precursors in Bologna\* did their slaves for noses—and thus reproduce that useful, elegant, and, as Dr. Harvey vouches, modest ornament of men and women. The matter has undergone some high consideration already; and it is supposed the frequent voyages to the North Pole, of which many have doubted the utility, were not planned without some relation to this momentous concern: persons let into the secret, know that it is one of their primary objects to discover that tribe of Esquimaux, who are so unsophisticated by civilization, as to have preserved themselves undocked: and *that*, in order to dovetail and unite them with cultivated society. We may surmise too, that Major Laing's expedition has some such purpose in view. The ulterior advantage of incorporating such a race with our lower orders, will be very great, because the *homines caudati* are known to be exceedingly docile, and easily governable, like fishes, by the tail; and moreover to bear their burdens less complainingly (witness the ass and the mule) than your curtailed operatives; who have rid themselves of that fancied incumbrance, attached by the Apostle of Britain to their priest-ridden ancestors, the long-tailed John Bulls of Kent and Wiltshire.†

But *revenons à nos moutons*. Our little acephalous, caudatory, troglodyte, was called upon, as well as I could distinguish the gutturals of Inanderpoot, by the appellation Amutchkin, a term which I profess myself not sufficiently grounded in etymology to explain. I can just perceive that it is a diminutive by its ultimate syllable; but I hope that some philologist will give himself pains to ascertain its root, that it may throw some light upon this inexplicable monster; for of all the figures in the room, he puzzled me most. I could not unravel his gestures and dumb-shew; and as for words, he never uttered one; he seemed an alien in the groupe, for he neither smoked the calmet of peace, nor quaffed the pledge of welcome—further proof of his want of head—but now and then he snuffed, spat, and scratched his buttocks, and seemed to be amusing himself with his pedicularian subjects, the colour of which I would have given much to ascertain, as it would at once have settled whether he was descended from Ham, or not, as Mr. Latreille, the modern French entomologist, decides.‡ Should this description meet the eye of M. Bory de St. V. he may probably add another to the fifteen species into which he divides man.§

The fourth subject, who sat on the right of the chairman, was a lean melancholy figure, the iris of whose eye seemed to float in its circumambient moisture, giving him the air of one whose soul is absorbed in some fantasy unseen by others. His hair was disarranged, and several grisly locks mingled with its lustrous black. His hand now and then clasped his temples, as if he would subdue the rebellious organs throbbing there, and as he lowered it, he would raise a stumpy cigar from the table, light it, smoke a second or two, and then again drop the arm dejected by his side. He wore a laced

\* Taliacot. ut suprâ. Dr. Garmann, ut sup.

† Fuller's Worthies. Lochner's *Miscellanea Curiosa*.

‡ Lond. Lit. Gaz. Sept. 9, p. 571.

|| Idem.

green surtout, looped and windowed in many places, but folded close round him with his left hand, as if he dreaded some shocking exposure. Any pathologist must have discovered that he laboured under idiosyncrasy, and that in this congress, matters were discussed that powerfully affected his feelings. His name I gathered to be Morale, or probably Moralez, a common cognomen in Spain.

The fifth in dignity was a stout coal-heaver-like fellow, who, I am confident, in this session represented the labouring classes, for his name, as well as his occupation, was Porter. He was called upon by several of the group, and indeed seemed to be the only one of them inclined to jaw ; but he generally choaked himself in his exordium by big oaths, and was obliged to supply the defect of his oratory by scribbling cyphers with ale upon the table. His pate alone would have furnished a solid study to the phrenologist, for it was paved with bumps as roughly as Old Bond-street, and not a whit better lighted : the mass of it lay in huge buttresses behind, indicating sturdy resistance, and *backwardness* in yielding to force. His short ears and scanty nose were emblematic of little shrewdness and much choler ; his straight flaxen hair and fair blue eyes, however, were characteristic of "ancient faith that knew no guile," and fair play, that *unique* jewel in the British *crown*. His mouth and cheeks pouted considerably, like those of an habitual grumbler, or a hungry man disappointed of his victuals. His huge mutton-fist was ostentatiously clenched upon the table ; and if there be sympathy between the different organs, as unquestionably there is, I venture to say, that the knobs upon the back of his head did not more surely indicate combativeness than the knuckles upon the back of his hand ; I am not sure that the proof would not be better established by these than by those, even to Dr. Spurzheim's satisfaction. All over, comparative physiognomy demonstrated him a pugnacious animal : his forehead had all the breadth of the fighting buffalo's, his neck all the muscle of the contentious bulldog, and his arm all the sinew of the warlike lion's paw. Bull, bull, seemed to be stenographed and stereotyped in all his lineaments, and his very oaths were bellowed out in the major key of *boo* natural ; being a long commination against corn-laws and malt-duties, as I interpreted it, abruptly broken off by his calling upon his neighbour, Pot O'Stout, to do justice to the same subject.

Pot, or Pat as I should pronounce it, was a tall, strapping, beardless boy, with a ruddy face, on which was impressed a natural stare of good-humoured simplicity, very much at variance with his small, ferocious, grey eyes. It was as difficult to establish any physiognomical propositions upon it, as it would have been to tell the character of a potatoe from its external configuration ; for to say truth, it was much the same in formation as that bulbous root, not only in its naked broad vulgarity, but in the circumstance of the *eye* being its most distinguishable peculiarity. A thick frieze jacket of loose fit served much to enlarge the breadth of his Atlasean shoulders. His knee seemed to have grown too large for his leathern smallclothes to button over it, and the surprise was how such legs and ankles could have passed through them ; but as all phenomena admit of solution, his nurse had probably thrust him into them when he assumed the adult garment, and the young Patagonian had continued growing in them ever since.



Under his arm he held tight a bundle, as if he had an instinctive dread of pilferers, and between his legs reposed a stout oaken cudgel, which, by the grasps he sometimes gave it, seemed to be one of his Penates, his *fetiché*, or amulet, under the protection of which alone he found himself secure. Here he sat as delegate from the savage tribes, if it be true, as I suppose, that these individuals each represented some distinct sect or condition of men, and that I myself was unconsciously guided by my stars to this council, that I might take part as the mystical seventh cabalist, and represent the lights and intellects of the age.

For a long time I felt, like a young diplomatist, quite at a loss to understand the outward gesticulations of the assembled plenipotentiaries. They cautiously avoided committing themselves by distinct phraseology; for, indeed, had they spoken out, there was not one of them but the president whose language would not have been set down as libellous and treasonable. As for him, he was one of the Ins, a Tory, a supporter of the *ancien regime*. His every movement seemed to say, "What do I care who hungers or thirsts: have I not bread and beer? (here he swilled away.) What are your plans for the good of the world to me? I want no innovation," and much more of the same sort, declared in signs as significant as Lord Burleigh's nod, and concluding with a "Confound you all for Radicals." Aye! that was his meaning, every iota of it; there is no interpolation by me, no apocryphal syllable or unauthenticated version. Con-found you all for Ra-di-cals. The sentence consisted of a pooh! a humph! a snort, a snap of his fingers, and a twirl of his staff semicircularly along the floor, all which are typical in the Tory dialect of the above ejaculation: and that it was so understood by the meeting I could have no doubt. The long nose of Inanderpoot wrinkled upwards in a sneer; his great foot stamped its proof-impression on the floor; he grasped his tankard round the middle, as if he meant to empty it at the head of Potuplis; but it was not worth while to waste so small a quantity, so he carried it to his mouth, and drank the Downfall of the Tories, and other toasts not to be rashly published. I knew him to be a political economist at once, furnished with a potent organ for smelling out corruption, but anxious to poke his own nose into a good situation. The above types and gestures of his, when expanded into words and the libel suppressed, read thus: "You booby! you deserve to be trampled under this foot, and kicked out of place. We alone possess talents to govern the state; we grasp every thing thus, within the span of intellect, and could sink and drown you if we chose to waste our powers in the trial; but saving and economy are our maxims, so I shall content myself with giving you a sentiment or two; here is, The maximum of population is the minimum of food; hip, hip, hurrah! Product is to labour as rent to capital; hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah! May absenteeism be to superabundant population what small notes are to currency; bravo! hurrah! three times three. I have got no more in the pot." His neighbour, Amutchkin, contented himself with spitting at Toryism, and jabbering in approbation after every one of his ally's toasts, right or wrong. I took him for some Jacobinical reformer, whom nothing would content but beheadings and retailings of our species. Moralez was a liberal, and in his dumb-show spoke like a

patriot; but there were in it curses deep, not loud, against his oppressors; his eye shot swords and daggers at the heart of Despotism, but he most often missed his aim, and gave Freedom a stab, or furnished Tyranny with arms. As for honest Porter, he was a real John Bull politician, always grumbling about corn and beer, and consuming both most lavishly, besides wasting his drink in drawing up scrips and omniums upon the table. He was not much concerned at heart for Ins or Outs, old systems or new-fangled doctrines, but ready for a *brise* or *spree*, just as it might happen, and longing to impinge his great knuckles in political affairs. This his gesticulation declared most emphatically, and more, which, for his sake, I must not repeat. Pat O'Stout hardly knew which side to take, nor indeed well what he would be at: he now hurraed for one faction and then for the other, sometimes threatening, by the hostile *sotto*-flourish of his shillelagh, extermination to both. A sign, of which he knew not the meaning, was enough to inflame him; and by the use of it, each party sported with his passions in turn, and then laughed at him. The chairman reproached him that his great great grandmother Joan was a Pope, and made monarchs kiss her big toe. The economist accused him of eating potatoes, a most dangerously prolific food, as he said; and hailed the prospect of a bad crop, by which some millions of potatoe-eaters might be annihilated. Honest Porter himself taunted him with worshipping wooden images, and particularly the staff in his hand. At this I could sit quiet no longer, nor indeed would it have become the philosophic spirit of the age; and though I knew but so much of their dumb language as enabled me to comprehend what was imaged forth, but not to express any thing *extempore* in it, I was determined not to be baulked by that consideration, but boldly to speak aloud and vindicate O'Stout. So I rose, and called upon the chairman for leave to address the meeting in plain English. This infringement of the mystical silence, which they had prescribed to themselves, seemed to astound them all; but I dashed at once into the subject, charged Potuplis with raking up the bones of old fanatical times to pelt them at the head of modern Popery; bid him remember his own Egyptian Isis and Anubis, and turn his hieroglyphs to better account than supporting bigotry; reproached Inanderpoot with overturning the soundest doctrine of Adam Smith, that population is the wealth of a country; reminded him of the population of the Persians under Xerxes, and asked him how he should like some millions more of his countrymen to be cut off now, as they were then, at Marathon and Platea; I then diverged into an eulogy upon the potatoe, and its first transplanter from Virginia; lastly, I attacked Mr. Porter for his credulity and assurance in calling my friend on the right an idolator and worshipper of wood; but what was my astonishment to hear a loud explosion of diabolical laughter from the whole group, but especially from the owner of the stick, whom I had risen to defend. Such monstrous ingratitude appalled me; I felt the learning and philosophy of these enlightened times insulted in my person, and determined no longer to sit in congress with cabalists, who derided every language but their own masonic symbols. So taking up my hat, I started forth, followed by loud and reiterated ha ha's; rushed out of the house, nor ever stopped till I reached my lodgings, where I sat down to pen this



account, hoping that some hardier philomath may be tempted to explore the same tabernacle, and study this Chaldean sect, who, for aught I know, may be evidences of metempsychosis; at all events, are possessors of that secret mode of communication said to prevail among beings of a higher order, and of which my study in the occult sciences has unfolded to me the rudiments.

SOMBRERUS.

ED. We have taken a trip to Wapping on purpose to authenticate, before we published, the account furnished us by our correspondent, Somblerus. Without any disrespect to him, we must say, that his learning has made him magnify little things, and render clear matters obscure. The result of our visit was, that we found the small ale-house where his adventure took place, and had no difficulty in making out the sign, which was that of a Red Lion, painted by some Dick Tinto, of Wapping. We were ushered into the red-room, where the identical four first characters of his group happened to be. The haughty *Potuplis*, with his triangular hat and black stuff-gown; the fierce, long-nosed *Inanderpoot*, in his tartan plaid and kilt; alongside of whom was the troglodyte *Amutchkin*; and farther off, the woe-worn *Moralex*. We must pause here, to intreat our correspondent not to be offended with our plain speaking, and to consider, that if we assume to be better observers of common things than he is, in profound matters we yield the palm to him. The chairman, as he imagined him, was no other than a rich Jewish broker from Hanover, perfectly agreeing in all externals with the accurate picture drawn by Somblerus, but in no greater respect a favourer of the old *regime*, than as one of the believers in the dispensations of Moses. The second portrait was equally true to nature, being the faithful representation of Sawney Macintyre, the Scotch bagpiper, and we imagine no further a political economist than as a countryman of Mr. McCulloch's, and a man of scanty apparel. Near him sat the *homo caudatus*, and we verily believe the only foundation for such a vilifying species. Somblerus, in observing him, should have recollected the proverb, that the *coat* does not make the *man*; for, on closer inspection, he would have found the wearer of this scarlet jacket to have been an ape, and moreover that it had a head, to the fresh confusion of St. Augustine. This same Jacko might legitimately enough have been a *Jacobin*, or any thing worse, since he had a chain round his body, and was the slave and vassal of Mr. Alexander Macintyre, who was laird of a monkey-show; but we must doubt whether he took any part in the debate which Somblerus shadows forth. The wretched patriot in the green surtout is a poor Spanish emigrant, which may have suggested to the imagination of our correspondent the notion of his part in the discussion; for all his portraits have been founded upon a particle of reality, obscured by a mountain of fanciful conception. Thus we can fancy that the John Bull politician was in sober truth a dustman or coal-porter, and that the young Patagonian savage was an Irish spalpeen in quest of labouring work: the rest of the theory must be sought for in the embellishing imagination of Somblerus, who was probably obnubilated, and in a *brown-stout* study at the time. As to his strange vocabulary of names, which he adapted with such moulding ingenuity, we all along suspected from his statement that they were

but ordinary terms distorted by his fancy. Thus, Hear *Porter*, could have been nothing but the summons, Bring some porter *here*; *Pot-O'Stout* needs no comment, nor *More-Ale* either; *Amutchkin* is a mutchkin, or Scotch pint of ale; *Potuplis* must have been a foreign corruption of, A pot, if you please; and *Inanderpool* is likely the Germanism *ein ander*, another, and *poot* for pot. Thus we have explained the enigma to our correspondent, at the same time we have no wish to show up or discourage so ardent a cultivator of occult lore from reviving speculations allied to some modern sciences, and very pleasant withal.

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MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA,

BY HIMSELF.

[THE following narrative is translated from the memoirs of Jacob Casanova de Seingalt; a work but little known in this country. Casanova was a Venetian, descended from an ancient but decayed family of Spanish origin; he spent a life of vicissitude and adventure, in which he passed through every gradation of poverty and wealth. In the latter part of his life he retired to Dux, in Bohemia, where he left a manuscript of memoirs. This manuscript is the property of the well-known firm of Brockhaus at Leipsic; and from it have been published translated "Extracts," in several volumes, edited by Schütz. A gamester and a libertine, born and residing for a considerable period of his life in a country celebrated for the profligacy of its morals, he has, though certainly unintentionally, produced a work which, judging even from that part which M. Brockhaus thought it prudent to publish, is for the revolting nature of many of the anecdotes, we think nearly unparalleled in modern literature—the limited acquaintance with the German language in this country, has hitherto prevented it from becoming much known. Perhaps the only Extract of the same length in the work, which we could have ventured to present to an English public, is the following history of his escape from the prisons of Venice, which will, we think, be found interesting to our readers. We should, however, in justice mention, that though, as we have stated, Casanova was a man of the most unbounded passions, and of exceedingly loose morals, which he had never been taught to subdue, his vices were rather those of his country and times, than the result of any baseness peculiar to himself. He was certainly a man of considerable talent, and possessed many redeeming virtues, even fully allowing for the colouring which vanity must always lend to the writings of autobiographers.—T.]

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It was on the morning of the 25th of July, 1755, just at break of day, when messer grande\* entered my chamber. To awake, to see him, and to hear the question, "whether I were Jacob Casanova," was but the work of an instant: I had hardly answered in the affirmative, when he demanded all my papers and letters, and desired me to rise and follow him. I asked by what authority he acted; he replied, by that of the tribunal of the State Inquisition.

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\* Chief executive officer of the Venetian police.



The word tribunal overpowered me; all my customary resolution yielded to the most implicit obedience; my writing-desk stood open; my writings lay on the table; I told the officer "he might take them." A bag that was carried by one of his assistants was immediately filled with them: I was then required to produce the bound manuscripts which were suspected to be in my possession; I surrendered them, and was at no loss to guess at my infamous accuser. These writings of magical and cabalistical contents, were the "*Clavicula Salomonis*," the "*Zecor-ben*," "*Picatrix*," essays on the planetary periods in which magical incantations were to be performed, and other works of a similarly learned nature; whoever knew me to be in the possession of these, would consider me as a magician, and that I did not by any means regret.

The books also on my table, Horace, Ariosto, Petrarch, a manuscript, and the works of *Arétin*, were not overlooked.

While the chief of the police was searching for my papers, I dressed myself mechanically; caused myself to be shaved and my hair to be dressed; and put on a silken suit; and *messer grande*, whose eyes were never turned from me, seemed to feel no surprise at my dressing with so much care.

On my leaving the chamber, I was not a little startled by seeing from thirty to forty officers of police; they had done me the honour to consider me worthy of their attendance, though according to the proverb, "*Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*," two would have been quite sufficient. Is it not extraordinary that in England, where courage is innate, one man is considered sufficient to arrest another, while in my country, where cowardice has set up her home, thirty are required for the purpose? Probably a coward is still more one when he attacks, than when he is attacked, and that makes the person assaulted bolder; the truth is, in Venice one man is often seen opposing twenty *sbirri*, he gives them a good beating, and escapes.

*Messer grande* desired me to enter a gondola, and seated himself by my side; four men remained with him, the rest were dismissed; we proceeded to his dwelling, where, after offering me coffee, which I refused, he locked me in a room; I remained there four hours; when the clock struck three\* the head of the *sbirri* entered, and told me he had orders to take me to the "*Camerotti*."† I followed him, and after passing in a gondola through many bye canals, we entered the "*canal grande*," and stopped at the quay of the prisons: a flight of steps led us over a high, enclosed bridge, which connects the prisons with the ducal palace, and is thrown over the canal, called "*Via di Palazzo*;" from hence a gallery, leading through a chamber, brought us to another, in which I was presented to a man in the dress of a patrician; he cast a glance on me and said, "It is he, secure him well;" this was the secretary to the state inquisitors, *Domenico Cavalli*.

I was delivered over to the superintendant of the *Camerotti*, who, accompanied by two of his men, led me up stairs through three long chambers, two of which were locked, into a dirty garret. It was about

\* The time throughout the narrative is reckoned after the Italian method.

† This is the name these celebrated prisons are known by in Venice; in the German the original word signifies "lead-chambers," from a cause noticed in the narrative.

six yards long and two broad, and received light through a hole in the roof. I concluded that this was to be my prison, but I was mistaken; my jailer seized a large key, and opened a strong iron-bound door, about three feet and a half high, and which had a hole in the middle, eight inches square; on being desired to enter, I observed with curiosity a machine of iron, fastened to the wall: my attendant, on noticing my surprize, said, laughing, "The signor is puzzled to guess the use of this machine; I can help him; when the illustrious inquisitors command a prisoner to be strangled, he is obliged to sit on a stool with his back against this iron, which incloses half of his neck; the other half is surrounded by a silken cord, which is passed through these two holes in the wall, and is fastened to a windlass, which is turned till the culprit has given his soul back to God; but the confessor does not leave him till life is fled."

"Ingeniously contrived! and probably you have the honour of turning the windlass," I replied; but my worthy companion was silent.

As I was five feet nine inches high, I was compelled to stoop double to enter the door, which was immediately closed on me. The jailor asked me, through the grating, what I would have to eat; I answered, I had not yet thought about it; he left the place, and I heard him lock door after door as he went.

Sullen and overwhelmed, I leaned on my elbows against the grating of the window, reflecting on my fate; six iron bars, each one inch thick, crossing each other, formed sixteen small holes five inches square, in an opening of two feet square; my dungeon would have received light enough through these, if it had not been for a beam eighteen inches thick, which crossed before the opening in the roof. I discovered on groping about, and stooping my head, so low was the place, only three sides of the room; the fourth seemed to form an alcove, in which a bed could be placed; but neither couch, table, nor chair were to be found—I made use of a shelf, about a foot broad, which was fastened to the wall, and there laid my fine silken mantle, my gala dress, assumed in an unlucky hour, with my hat and plume. The heat was intolerable, and drove me to the grating, where at least I could rest, leaning on my elbows; the window itself I could not see; but by the light from it, I saw rats as large as rabbits running about the garret; these disgusting creatures, at the sight of which I shuddered, were bold enough even to come close to the grating; I immediately shut the opening in the door, for my blood ran cold at the idea of their approaching me. I sank into a deep reverie, and leaning with folded arms against the grating, stood silent and motionless.

The clock striking twenty-one, raised anxiety in my mind at the non-appearance of any human being; I was left without food, without a bed, or a chair; I had not even bread and water: I was not in truth hungry, but none could know that, nor seemed to care whether I were or not. I felt, though, a bitterness in my mouth I never experienced before; I still hoped that some one would appear before the end of the day; but when it struck four-and-twenty, and none came, my rage broke loose; I howled, stamped, cursed, and screamed as loud as I could, and made as much noise as was possible; I passed an hour in this occupation, but neither did any one show himself, nor had I



any reason to hope that I was even heard ; involved in darkness, I shut the grating to keep out the rats, and binding a handkerchief round my head, laid myself at full length on the floor.

So complete a neglect of me, even if my death were resolved on, seemed impossible. I thought a moment to try to remember the crime that had drawn down this punishment, but I could recollect no great fault I had been guilty of ; that I was licentious, and spoke whatever came into my mind, and that I sought every enjoyment of life, did not render me guilty ; nevertheless, I was treated as a criminal of the worst description. The reader may conceive what hatred and desperation rage inspired me with, against a despotism that could be familiar with such oppression : nevertheless, neither the violence of my anger, nor the depth of my grief, nor the hardness of the floor, hindered me from falling asleep ; my body required rest ; and when a man is young, he often obtains as much as he requires when he least would expect it.

The midnight bell aroused me ; dreadful is the waking that causes us to lament the unreality of the deceptions of slumber. I could hardly imagine that I had spent three hours free from the feeling of any misery. Without rising, while lying on my left side, I reached my right arm out to get my handkerchief, which I remembered confusedly to have put near me ; but oh, Heavens ! what did my hand encounter—another, cold and stiff as ice. Fear penetrated me from head to foot, and my hair stood on end ; never had I felt before such a trembling ; I lay for five minutes motionless ; at last recollecting myself a little, it occurred to me that it might be imagination only, which had deceived me ; in this persuasion I reached forth my arm again, and again encountered the same hand, which, with a cry of horror, I dropped from my grasp ; I trembled still ; but on reflexion, I concluded that a corpse had been laid by my side while I was sleeping, for I was certain when I first laid down there was nothing on the floor. I stretched my hand out a third time to be convinced, by feeling, of the truth of this supposition ; but when I leaned on my elbow to effect this, I found, on touching the cold hand, that it began to move ; I was now convinced that what my right hand grasped, was only my own left one, which, by my lying on it for so long a time, had lost all feeling and warmth.

This discovery was in itself laughable enough, but instead then of enlivening me, it rather suggested the gloomiest reflexions. I saw myself in a place, where if what was false seemed true, truth itself became a dream ; where reason lost half her powers, and where the fancy fell a prey to delusive hopes or fearful despondencies. I began to be distrustful of the reality of every thing which presents itself to our senses, or our mind. Approaching my thirtieth year, I summoned philosophy for the first time to my aid. All the elements lay in my soul, but no occasion had ever called them forth into action, and I believe the majority die without ever attaining a correct judgment.

I lay till eight o'clock : the dawn of day began to appear at a quarter after nine : the sun must rise : I impatiently anticipated the approach of morning. I had a feeling, which seemed like conviction, that I should be dismissed to my home ; and I could not suppress the longing for revenge that glowed in my bosom. The time ap-

peared to be come when I was to place myself at the head of the people, and annihilate the aristocracy; it seemed to me as if the order for the destruction of my persecutors would not content me; I must myself aid in butchering them. Such is man! And he doubts not the least that it is reason that speaks in him; but it is his worst enemy, anger, who thus imitates the voice of reason.

The less I expected from the moment I hoped for, so much the more did my rage subside. The drawing of bolts in the passages which led to my prison, broke, towards half-past eight, the deep stillness of this hell, invented by man for his fellow men; I saw the jailer appear before my grating; he asked me whether I had had time enough for consideration of what I would have to eat: one is fortunate when the insolence of inferiors takes the disguise of a jest. I demanded rice soup, boiled meat, roast meats, bread, water, and wine. It surprised the fellow to hear me ask none of the questions he expected from me; he went, and returned in a quarter of an hour, to express his wonder that I had not asked for a bed, or any other furniture, "for I deceived myself if I supposed I should only remain here for one night."

"Bring me, then," I replied, "all that in your opinion I shall want."

"Where am I to get them from? here is pencil and paper, write down the address where I am to apply." I described the place where bed, linen, night-dress, slippers, night-caps, arm-chair, table, glass, razors, pocket-handkerchiefs, and the books which messer grande had taken from me, together with other papers, were to be found. I read this inventory to him, for the fellow could not read himself, and he told me I must omit books, ink, papers, looking-glass, and razors, for they were forbidden to the prisoners. He then demanded money to procure my food: I gave him one of the three zechini which constituted all my wealth; he quitted me, and in half-an-hour I heard him leave the prison. I afterwards learned, that in that time seven other prisoners had been secured, to each of whom, as to me, a separate cell was allotted, to hinder any communication between us.

About noon the keeper came, accompanied by five assistants appointed for the service of the state prisoners, as we were called; he opened the door to bring in my furniture and food; the bed was placed in the alcove, the dinner on a small table; I had only an ivory spoon, bought with my own money, to eat with; for knife and fork, as well as all other articles of metal, were proscribed.

"Tell me what you will have for to-morrow's food, for I can only visit you once a day, that is at sun-rise; and his excellency the secretary bids me inform you, you shall have other books more fitting for your state, for those you wrote down are forbidden."

"Present my thanks to him for the favour of having given me a room to myself."

"I will do so if you desire me; but you ought not to jest with him."

"I do not jest; it must be a favour to be left alone, and not to be put into the company of rascals, such as I suppose to be in these dungeons."

"How! signor! rascals! I am astonished; here are none but people of condition, and reasons known only to the illustrious inquisitors,



compel them to place them apart from one another ; with you this has been done as a severer punishment, and am I to return your thanks for that ?”

“ I did not know this.”

The fellow was right, as I learnt, some days afterwards, but too well. I then found, that a man who is alone in his confinement, without the power of employing himself, in a cell nearly dark, and where he only sees the person who brings him food, once in a day, and in which he cannot even walk about upright, becomes the most miserable of living creatures ; he may at last even long for the company of a murderer, a madman, or even a bear. Solitude in these prisons brings despair ; but none know that who have not had the experience. If the prisoner, however, happen to possess some knowledge, and is allowed pen and paper, his misery is diminished a tenth.

When the jailer was gone, I approached my table to the grating, for the sake of the scanty light which penetrated the aperture, but I could not swallow more than a spoonful of soup ; after fasting five-and-twenty hours, my sickness was not surprising. I passed the day tolerably quietly in my arm-chair, and waited till morning expecting the promised books. I was kept awake all night by the noise of the accursed rats in the adjoining garret, and by the striking of the clock in the tower of St. Mark, which was as audible as if it had been in my room ; added to which, that a host of fleas attacked my flesh and blood, with an energy without parallel, that nearly produced convulsions.

At day-break, Lorenzo, my jailer, appeared : he ordered my bed to be made, and my room to be swept out and put in order, while one of his people brought me water to wash. I wished to go into the garret, but he told me that it could not be allowed. He gave me two large books, which, intentionally, I would not open before him ; probably he would have informed the spy, if I had manifested any dislike to them. After he had arranged my meal, and cut two lemons, he left me.

I ate the soup directly, that it might not grow cold. I held one of the books up to the light of the grating, and found it was just possible to read in this manner : the title of the work was, “ The mystic town of the sister Maria of Jesus, called Agrada.” I could not conceive what could be the contents of the work. The second book was the work of a Jesuit ; I have forgotten his name. His object in it was to found a new and more particular veneration for the heart of our Saviour. According to him, this, before all other parts of the body of the redeemer, should be held sacred : the first page revolted me ; the heart seemed to me to be no more worthy of especial veneration than any other of the entrails. The first work somewhat attracted my attention ; it contained the ravings of the overstrained fancy of a very pious, but very melancholy nun, of Spanish origin, whose ignorant superiors had flattered her delusions. All her chimerical and extraordinary visions were delivered as revelations, inflamed with love for the holy virgin, and, as her confidential friend, she had received from God himself the direct command to write the life of his holy mother ; the Holy Ghost had afforded her the needful instructions for this purpose, which no mortal could have obtained by other means. The writings contained no intentional fictions, for invention could not go

so far; all was written in perfect belief, as is usually the case in the visions of an exalted and overstrained imagination, which, far removed from pride, is perfectly convinced of the truth of the communications, which it believes the sacred spirit to have instilled into it. The work excited in me neither a greater thirst for nor devotion to religion, but rather induced me to regard every doctrine as erroneous that contains any thing either dogmatical or mystical.

Nevertheless, I soon felt the effect this reading had on my spirits. A mind more susceptible than mine, and more inclined to the wonderful, would have become as visionary as that of the nun itself. I devoted a whole week to the work, till I could read no farther; on going to sleep, I felt the influence of the disorder which the nun of Agrada had ingrafted on a mind depressed by melancholy and bad food. I smile now when I recal my fantastic dreams. If I had possessed pen and paper, a work might have been produced in the prisons of the Camerotti, more extraordinary than that Signor Cavalli had sent me.

I have ever since been persuaded of the error of those who boast of the strength of the human intellect. If mankind were to observe narrowly, it would discover more of weakness than of strength in the mind. Notwithstanding mental derangement is a rare occurrence, I am convinced how easily the mind may be overturned: our reason is like gunpowder, easily inflamed, and but requiring a spark for its explosion. Such a work as that of which I have been speaking can upset a man's reason, if, like me, he were a prisoner in the Camerotti, and deprived of every employment, and every other mental occupation.

At the end of nine days I was destitute of money. Lorenzo asked to whom he should apply for some; I answered to no one. My silence and reserve were in the highest degree repugnant to this gossiping and avaricious man. On the following morning he announced to me, "that fifty sous per diem were allotted me by the tribunal; as receiver of this sum, he would keep a reckoning of my expenditure, and account with me at the month's end, and I might dispose of the overplus." I requested to see the newspapers twice a week, but I was informed that that was forbidden. Seventy-five livres monthly were far more than I could spend, for I hardly ate any thing: the overpowering heat of my room, and the want of proper food, had exhausted me; the destructive time of the dog days now began, and the sun's rays acting on the leaden roof of my prison, converted the atmosphere of my cell to that of a sweating-stove; I remained entirely unclothed, and the perspiration streamed down on both sides of me on my arm chair as I sat in it; violent accesses of shivering announced the approach of fever: I remained in bed and was silent. On the third day after the first attack, when Lorenzo found all my food untouched, he asked me how I found myself? "Well," I replied. "That is impossible, for you eat nothing; you are ill, and you will be astonished to hear of the bounty of the tribunal, for you shall have a doctor, surgeon, and medicines, without its costing you any thing." In three hours he reappeared, carrying a lighted taper before a man, whose appearance proclaimed him a physician. For three days I had been in a burning fever; he wished to interrogate me, but I declared, that to my confessor and physician I could only speak without witnesses. He ordered Lorenzo to withdraw, and on his refusing, he quitted me, declaring me



in danger of my life. This was what I wished ; it was a satisfaction to me to show my inflexible tyrants the consequences of their persecution.

In four hours the physician returned alone with the light, Lorenzo remaining without. I was so exhausted that I felt really at ease. When we are seriously ill we no longer experience ennui ; I was even vexed my tormenting spirit remained without, for since he had explained to me the use of the strangling machine, I had conceived a horror of him.

I shortly explained my situation, and what I needed. " You must banish your melancholy, if you would get well," said he. " Write a receipt for that purpose, and bear it to the only apothecary who can prepare a dose of it for me," I replied ; " Signor Cavalli has been the fatal physician who prescribed for me the ' Heart of Jesus,' and the ' Mystic Town : ' those works have reduced me to this." He prepared for me himself a lemonade, of which he advised me to drink copiously, and then left me. I passed the night more easily, though with troublesome dreams.

On the following morning my medical attendant returned, accompanied by a surgeon, who bled me ; he gave me some medicine, which I was to take at evening, and a draught ; he also had obtained permission for me to sleep in the garret, where the heat was not quite so overpowering ; but this I declined on account of the rats, which I feared might come into my bed. He compassionated my condition, and told me that he had represented to Cavalli the consequences of my reading the books he had sent me, and that Cavalli had promised to send me others ; in the mean time he had brought me Boethius. I thanked him for his kindness, and he went, after leaving me elder and barley water to drink.

After four visits of this man I became convalescent, and I regained my appetite. At the beginning of September I was tolerably restored ; nothing tormented me but heat, vermin, and ennui, for I could not read Boethius eternally. Lorenzo told me I might, while my bed was being made and my room swept out, in order to destroy the fleas who consumed me, wash my face and hands out of the cell : this was a favour, and I employed the eight or ten minutes that was allowed me in walking violently up and down the garret ; the rats, frightened at this, were not visible. On the same day Lorenzo granted me this indulgence, he settled his accounts with me ; there remained about thirty livres coming to me, but I gave it to him, telling him he might have masses said for it ; he thanked me as if he had been the priest who had to say them. At the end of each month I repeated this gift, but I never saw any receipt from a priest ; without doubt, it was among Lorenzo's least crimes that he appropriated this money to his own use.

I remained in this condition, ever nourishing the hope of speedily returning to my liberty ; scarcely an evening passed without my retiring to rest with a conviction that on the morrow my freedom would be announced to me ; but as I saw my hopes constantly disappointed, it occurred to me that probably a stated term was fixed for my imprisonment, and I conjectured the first of October to be that term, because on that day the inquisitors were changed. My confinement would last till then, I further concluded, from my not seeing the

secretary, who, I had supposed, would have come to announce to me the crime of which I was accused, and the extent of my punishment. This seemed but natural and probable; but I deceived myself; for in the Camerotti nothing ever passes that is either natural or probable; I imagined that, aware now of my innocence, they were ashamed of their persecution, but that they still detained me in order to save their own reputations; and that they would free me at the termination of their reign, that their successors might not discover the injustice they had been guilty of towards me.

But all this and other reasoning was totally fallacious, as applied to the inquisition. Every citizen becomes guilty as soon as he is treated by this court as such. What use then to examine him? Why give him the unpleasant information of his conviction and condemnation? His confession is not needed; they therefore leave him hope; the tribunal judges and condemns; the culprit is but a machine, a nail, to drive which through a plank only requires a hammer.

On the night of the thirtieth of September I could not sleep: I longed for the approach of day, for I was convinced it would bring me freedom; but morning broke, and Lorenzo brought me my food without a word. Five or six days I passed in rage and despair; I began to think that, from causes totally inexplicable to me, I was to be confined for life. This fearful thought excited a laugh, but nothing more: I resolved to free myself, or perish in the attempt. "*Deliberata morte ferocior.*" I determined, at the beginning of November, to leave a place by stratagem where I was unjustly detained by force. This became my only thought. I resolved in my mind the means of accomplishing, what doubtless many had attempted, but none had ever succeeded in. A curious circumstance disclosed to me the effect confinement had had on my mind. I stood in my cell, with my eyes turned up towards the hole in the roof, and contemplated the large beam: Lorenzo had just left the cell with two assistants, when I saw the huge timber not only shake, but bend to the right, and then resume its place; at the same moment I lost my equilibrium: I knew it must proceed from an earthquake, and the alarmed jailers concluded the same thing. Joyful at this discovery, I remained silent; in five minutes the shock was renewed, and I exclaimed, "Another, another, great God! but stronger." The attendants were astonished, for they supposed me deranged, and fled. On reflection, I was aware that it had occurred to me, that in the destruction of the ducal palace, I might effect my escape: I did not seem to doubt the possibility, that the falling building would leave me unhurt and free on the pavement of St. Mark's place! The same earthquake it was that, on the same day, laid Lisbon in ruins.

To render intelligible my plans for escape, a description of the "locale" is necessary.

The cells for the state prisoners are on the highest floor, in the roof of the ducal palace; which roof is neither covered with slates nor tiles, but with plates of lead three feet square and about a line in thickness; hence the name *Bleikammern*. The only access to them is through the gate of the palace, and through those galleries along which I had been brought, and in the way up to them the council-hall of the state inquisitors is passed. The secretary alone keeps the key,



and the jailer returns it to him every morning after he has performed his service for the prisoners. This arrangement was made, because at a later hour of the day the council of ten assembled in an adjoining chamber called *La Bussola*, and the jailers would have had to pass through an anti-room, where people in attendance on that council were in waiting.

These prisons occupy the two opposite sides of the building; three, among which was mine, towards the west, and four towards the east. The gutter on our side ran along the inner court; on the other it overhung the canal "*Rio di palazzo*." The cells on that side are very light, and a man can stand upright in them; but it was not so with the others, which were called "*trave*," from the beams which crossed the windows in the roof. The floor of my cell was the ceiling of the hall of the inquisitors, who, according to rule, assembled only at night after the meeting of the ten, of which they were all of them members.

I was aware of all this, and my knowledge of the locality afforded me the only hope of escape. It would be necessary to dig through the floor of my cell, but to effect this tools were required, which I had no means of obtaining, deprived as I was of all means of communication with others; all visits and writing materials were absolutely forbidden; gold to bribe the jailers I had none; and if they would have had the complaisance to let me murder them, I had no weapon; besides, one of them stood centinel at the closed passage, and before even a comrade could be let out he must give the pass word. Flight remained the object of my constant thought; and since I could derive no assistance on the subject from Boethius, I ceased to peruse his writings; but I had ever been convinced that there is no object a man may not attain by constantly devoting his thoughts to it.

In the middle of November I was informed, that, a new state prisoner having been taken, and being condemned to the worst cell, I was to have him for a companion. The information was of course agreeable to me. Accordingly, after the third hour, I heard the drawing of bolts, and Lorenzo, accompanied by his two assistants, appeared, conducting a young man, who was dissolved in tears: they shut him in with me, and left us. I lay on my bed in the alcove, so that the stranger could not see me. I was diverted at his surprise; he was fortunate enough to be only five feet high, so he could stand upright: he looked on my arm-chair, which he concluded was intended for him, with attention; and seeing my Boethius laying on the shelf over the grating, he dried his eyes and opened the book, but pushed it away discontentedly on finding it a Latin work. He was still more surprised at observing clothes, and on approaching the alcove he stretched forth his hand and touched me, instantly apologizing. I bade him to sit down, and in this manner our acquaintance commenced. He told me he was the son of a coachman, had been valet to a count, and had fallen in love with his master's daughter; that when the father found that she returned his attachment, and that they meditated a secret marriage, the count had exerted his influence, and got him sent here.

He was an agreeable, honest young man, but in love to desperation, and all his tears and sighs seemed vented more on account of his mistress's than of his own situation. I pitied his simplicity, and shared my provisions with him, but he ate nothing; and at night I lent

him my mattress to sleep on, as he could get nothing for himself till morning. On the morrow, Lorenzo brought him a mattress, and informed him that the tribunal allotted him fifteen sous daily for his provisions. I told the jailer he would always eat with me, and that he might keep the money to have three masses weekly said for his soul. Lorenzo congratulated my companion on my kindness, and gave us permission to walk every day half an hour up and down in the gallery: this was not only of great use to my health, but enabled me to further my plans for escape, which, nevertheless, did not ripen till eleven weeks afterwards.

At the further end of this magazine for rats, I found a quantity of old lumber, on each side of two old chests, laying tumbled together on the ground; a heap of papers and writings lay before them. Among the rubbish was a warming-pan, a brazier, a fire-shovel and tongs, an old candlestick, and a tin watering-pot; probably some illustrious predecessor of mine had obtained permission to have these for his convenience; I also observed an iron bolt, about the thickness of my thumb, and eighteen inches long; but I touched nothing: the time was not yet arrived for fixing my attention on any thing.

One morning, at the end of the month, my companion was removed from me; Lorenzo said he had been ordered to the prisons called *La Guattri*: they are in the interior of the building, and belong likewise to the inquisitors. Those imprisoned in them enjoy the privilege of calling their jailers at any time, if they want any thing. It is true, that there is no day-light, but an oil-lamp supplies the place. I afterwards heard that poor *Maggiorino* passed five years in them, and was then banished for ten more to *Lerigo*! The loss of his society affected me exceedingly. Left again to myself, I again fell into dejection, but I still was allowed the privilege of walking in the gallery for a short time, and I found means to examine every thing that was there; more particularly in one of the chests I found some blank paper, paste, undressed goose feathers, and twine; the other was locked. A piece of black smooth marble, about one inch thick, six long, and three wide, I managed to secrete and convey into my cell, where I hid it under my shirt.

Eight days after *Maggiorino's* departure, Lorenzo told me I might expect another companion. This jailer, who was an inveterate gossip, was impatient at my reserve; and as I never gave him an opportunity of showing his discretion, he concluded that I asked him no questions, in the belief he had nothing to tell me worth knowing. This hurt his vanity; and to prove that I was mistaken, he let fall hints of many things, of which I had asked no information, respecting the prisoners and the rules of the place; he also boasted his own virtues, but they were for the most part negative.

This was the first conversation he had honoured me with; it diverted me, and his information was afterwards of use to me; I also gathered from it that his folly prevented him from being baser than he otherwise might have been. I was fully aware that I might profit by this folly.

The following morning my new companion arrived, and the same scene as with *Maggiorino* was repeated. I now found that I should want two ivory spoons, for the first day I always had to treat the strangers.



I saluted the present one immediately; and my beard, already four inches long, imposed more on him than my stature; for though I was allowed scissors occasionally to cut my nails, I was not permitted to cut my beard; but use is every thing, and I became used to this.

The stranger was a man of about fifty, thin, and stooped much: he was shabbily dressed, and had a sinister expression of countenance; he was reserved towards me the first day, though he ate my victuals, but on the morrow he changed his system. A good bed and linen belonging to him was brought him. The jailer asked about his food, and demanded money for it.

"I have not even a sous."

"Good," replied Lorenzo; "then you shall have a pound and a half of ship's biscuit, and excellent water." He fetched both directly, and then left me alone with the spectre. He sighed, and that awaked my compassion. "Be not dejected," said I to him, "you shall eat with me; but you have been imprudent to come here absolutely without money." "I have money," he replied, "but one must not let these harpies know it."

I learnt from him that he was an usurer, who had been sent here most justly for an infamous piece of roguery he had practised towards a Count Serimony, to whom he had refused restitution of some money he had been intrusted with by him. After being condemned in a process with costs, he was committed here till he should pay. On the fourth day, at about four, Lorenzo summoned him to the presence of the secretary. He dressed immediately, and put on my shoes without my being aware of it; he came back in half an hour in great grief and agitation, and took out of his own shoes two purses with three hundred and fifty zechini in them, with which he returned to the secretary. Lorenzo told me he had been liberated on paying this sum, and his things were sent for on the following day. I concluded that the threats of torture had brought him to confession, so there may be some use even in this tyranny.

On the 1st of January, 1756, I received a new year's gift. Lorenzo brought me a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fox fur, a silken coverlid quilted with wool, and a case of bear skin to put my feet in; for in proportion as it was hot in summer was my prison cold in winter. At the same time he informed me, that six zechini monthly were placed at my disposal, and that I might buy what books or newspapers I pleased. He added that this present came from my friend and patron, the Patrician Bragadino: I begged of him some paper and a pencil, and wrote on it, "My thanks for the clemency of the tribunal and the generosity of Signor Bragadino."

A person must have been in my situation to be able to appreciate the effect this had on me: in the fullness of my heart I pardoned my oppressors; indeed I was nearly induced to give up all thoughts of escaping; so pliant is man, after misery has bowed him down and degenerated him.

One morning, as I was walking up and down the garret, my eyes rested on the bolt, which still lay on the ground. I saw that it could be made to supply me with an offensive and defensive weapon. I picked it up, hid it under my clothes, and brought it into my cell, at the same time taking in my hand the piece of marble I before men-

tioned to have secured: I recognized it now for a whetstone, and trying the bolt on it, I resolved to make a weapon of the latter, though every convenience for so doing was wanting. The difficulties I had to overcome were but an incentive to my perseverance: I was obliged to perform my work in nearly perfect darkness, and to hold the stone in my hand, for want of something to lean it against; and instead of oil, I was compelled to use my own spittle. I worked fourteen days to convert the bolt into an octangular stiletto, and a sword-maker could not have done it better; but it is impossible to form an idea of the fatigue and patience it cost me: it was a work, "*quam Siculi non invenere tyranni.*" I could hardly move my right arm, and my left hand was become one blister; but I would not give up my work. At length it was finished. Proud of my labour, and yet uncertain of what use it would be to me, I was puzzled in what manner to conceal it, so as to escape discovery. I hid it in the straw of my arm-chair; no one could find it there unless he knew of its situation. In this manner I was provided with one step towards an escape, which, if not wonderful, was at least remarkable.

After four days of reflection, I concluded that the only thing that remained for me to do, would be to dig a hole through the floor of the cell. I knew that under it must be the chamber in which I had seen Cavalli; I knew that this chamber was every morning open, and that if I could effect the opening, I could let myself down by means of my bed-clothes, then conceal myself under the table of the tribunal, and escape the following morning when the door was opened. I hoped to be able to reach a place of safety before I were pursued: if I found a sentinel, placed by Lorenzo, in that chamber, I would with my weapon kill him; but if it should turn out that the floor of the cell was doubly, and perhaps trebly boarded, the work might occupy me many months, and how should I be able to hinder the sweeping of my room so long? To forbid it would excite suspicion, for I had at first most strenuously insisted on it, for the sake of exterminating the vermin.

Nevertheless, I did forbid it; and after some days, Lorenzo was curious to know the reason; I replied, that it raised a dust that was prejudicial to my lungs: he proposed first sprinkling it, but that I reprobated still more, because dampness caused spitting of blood. At the end of a week he commanded it to be swept, had the bed taken out of the cell, and brought in a light, under the pretence of seeing it well swept; I saw that he harboured some suspicion, but I remained quite indifferent in appearance, and took my resolution accordingly.

I stained my handkerchief with blood, which I obtained by cutting my thumb, and waited in bed his coming. "I have coughed so violently," I said, "that I have burst a blood-vessel: see how I have bled; pray send for a physician." One soon arrived, bled me, and gave me a receipt. I declared to him that Lorenzo was alone to blame, because he would persevere in having the place swept. He was desired to desist, which he agreed to; and it became a rule among the under-jailers, only to sweep the rooms of those they meant to ill-treat!

I had gained much, but the time was not yet come for beginning my work; it was so cold, that I could not hold the iron without my hands being frozen. My undertaking required great circumspection: the



long winter nights made me inconsolable; I had to pass nineteen hours in darkness, for on the foggy days, which are common in Venice, the light that was able to penetrate to me was not sufficient to enable me to read. I again sunk into despondency; a lamp would have made me happy. I thought, and thought, how I could supply the place of one: I required a lamp, wick, oil, flint and steel, and tinder, and I had not one of them all; the lamp, however, I supplied by means of an earthen pipkin, in which butter and eggs were prepared, and which I managed to conceal: I saved the oil for my salad, and wicks I made out of cotton from my bed: I then pretended to have a violent tooth-ache, and persuaded Lorenzo to give me a flint to steep in vinegar, to apply to the tooth, and he was present when I laid three flints in vinegar for that purpose. A buckle in my girdle served for a steel, but I had neither matches nor tinder; these, at length, I managed to obtain, through contrivance and fortunate circumstances. An inflammation caused me an intolerable itching; I requested Lorenzo to procure from the physician a receipt to cure it: he prescribed "diet for a day, and three ounces of oil of sweet almonds, to cure the irruption; or rub the part with flower of brimstone; but the last to be used with caution." I laughed at the danger, and desired Lorenzo to buy me the salve, or rather to buy the sulphur, and I would make the salve myself with butter; this he did: but now for the tinder; to contrive a substitute for that was the work of three days. It at last occurred to me that I had ordered my tailor to stuff my silken vest, under the arms, with sponge, to prevent the appearance of the stain; the clothes, quite new, lay before me; my heart beat,—the tailor might not have fulfilled my orders; I hesitated between fear and hope. It only required two steps, and I was out of suspense; but I could not resolve on those two steps: at last I advanced to the place where the clothes lay, and feeling unworthy of such a favour, if I should find the sponge there, I fell on my knees, and prayed fervently. Comforted by this, I took down the dress—and found the sponge.

I was no sooner in possession of it, than I poured the oil into the pipkin, and put the wick in, and the lamp was ready. It was no little addition to the pleasure this luxury afforded me, that I owed it entirely to my own ingenuity, and that I had violated one of the strictest laws of the prison. I dreaded the approach of night no longer: but I was obliged to renounce salad, my favourite dish. I determined to begin my operations on the first Monday of Lent, for during the extravagance of the carnival, I was daily liable to have companions sent me. On Ash-Wednesday Lorenzo announced to me, that I was to expect the annual visit of the secretary, which was made for the sake of receiving any complaints of the prisoners, and to enable them to confess, and receive the sacrament; he desired me, therefore, to dress and receive him. When he came, I begged to have a confessor sent to me on the morrow, but I made no other request, and preferred no complaint. I regretted that I could not forbear shivering from cold, as the secretary might take it for a sign of guilt; when he found I had nothing to say to him, he made me a slight salutation, and left me, and I returned to my bed again to get warm.

I now began to cut through the deal boards of my floor with my

stiletto; at first the chips were not bigger than a grain of corn, but by and by they increased to respectable splinters; the deals were about sixteen inches broad. I dug my hole where two of them joined, and was obliged to be expeditious,—for what was I to do if another prisoner had come, who would have insisted on having the cell swept out. I had moved my bed on one side, lighted my lamp, and lay on the ground, my stiletto in one hand, and a napkin to collect the chips in the other; fortunately I met with no nail nor cramp to impede my progress. After six hours' work, I tied the napkin together, intending to empty the chips behind the lumber in the anti-room, and I put the bed back again in its place. On continuing my work on the following day, I discovered a second deal under the first, and of the same thickness; I had no interruption, but was in continual dread of it. In this way I laboured daily for three weeks: three planks were now cut through, and under them I found a pavement of small pieces of marble, called "terrazzo marmorin;" against this my weapon was ineffectual. I recollected Hannibal's contrivance for passing the Alps, and resolved to try it on this occasion. I found that the vinegar, aided by my perseverance, enabled me, if not to dig through the marble, at least to get out the mortar that cemented the pieces together, and in four days I accomplished my purpose, and had not broken my stiletto. I now found, as I expected, another plank, probably the last, but with which I had greater difficulties, for the hole was already ten inches deep.

It was on the twenty-fifth of June, as in the afternoon, after working three hours, laying on my stomach on the ground, and quite naked, dropping with sweat, and my lamp standing lighted in the hole, when I heard the rattling of the bolts in the anti-rooms. What a moment! I blew out the lamp, left the stiletto and napkin in the opening, pushed the bedstead into the alcove, threw mattress and bedding upon it, and sunk on the floor, nearly dead, just as Lorenzo entered; he would have trod on me if I had not cried out. "Ah, my God!" exclaimed he, "how I pity you, signor; this place is like an oven. Get up, and thank heaven for having sent you such a companion. Your Excellency may now come in." He said this to the unfortunate man who followed him, without thinking of my nakedness; the stranger, however, perceived it, and turned away, while I searched in vain for a shirt. The new comer must have thought himself in hell, and he exclaimed, "Where am I? and where am I to be confined? What a heat, and what a smell! With whom am I imprisoned?" Lorenzo called him out of the cell; begged me to put on a shirt, and to go out into the garret. He told the stranger he had orders to get him a bed, and whatever he might want, directly; in the mean time he might walk up and down in the room, and the smell in the cell would go off: this smell, in fact, came from the lamp, which I had blown out. Lorenzo made me no reproaches on the subject, though I was certain he suspected the truth, and I began to respect him a little for this forbearance.

At length I went out into the room with my shirt and dressing gown on: the new prisoner wrote with a pencil what he wanted; but as soon as he saw me, he exclaimed, "You here, Casanova!" I recognised him immediately for the Count Abbé Fanarola, from Brescia: he was



an agreeable, much-esteemed man, fifty years of age, and rich. I embraced him with tears, and said he was the last man I expected to see there. I told him, when we were left alone, that I would, when his bed came, offer him the alcove, but begged him to refuse it, and to forbid the sweeping out of the room. I would tell him afterwards my reasons. I mentioned the blowing out of the lamp: he promised secrecy, and rejoiced that he was confined with me. I learnt from him that no one knew the crime of which I was accused; and that, therefore, there were all sorts of reports and conjectures afloat about it. Towards the evening his bed, chair, linen, perfume, an excellent dinner, and good wine, were brought him. He could eat nothing, but I was far from following his example. His bed was placed without moving mine, and we were shut in together.

I now brought my lamp out of the hole, and laughed at finding my napkin soaked in oil; when an adventure that might have had tragical consequences ends with a trifling one, we have a right to laugh: the Abbé joined me in my mirth when he heard the story, as I set it to rights again, and lighted it. We never slept the whole night, less on account of the vermin, as that we had numerous questions to ask of one another. From him I learnt that the cause of his arrest was an insignificant but indiscreet observation of his, made at a public place. I told him he might expect to remain here a week, and that then he would be banished to Brescia for a few months; but he would not believe he would be kept here even a week; he afterwards, however, found my prophecy correct. I did my best to console him for the mortification of his confinement.

In the morning early, Lorenzo brought us coffee, and the count's dinner in a basket; the latter could not understand why he must eat at this hour. We were allowed to walk in the gallery for an hour, and were then shut in. The fleas which tormented us, induced the Abbé to ask me why I would not have the place swept? I told him, and showed him every thing. He was astonished, and mortified that he had compelled me to the disclosure. He, however, encouraged me to persevere.

The eight days quickly passed; but how unwilling I was to lose my companion may be conceived. It was superfluous to enjoin him to secrecy at his departure; I should have offended him by the mention of it. With much toil I completed my work by the twenty-third of August; an unfortunate discovery had retarded me till then. When I had made a small hole in the last plank, I found I was right in my supposition, that it was the chamber of the inquisitors that was beneath; but I perceived that I had made the aperture just above a large cross-beam, a circumstance that I had all along feared. I was, consequently, obliged to widen the hole on the other side, to escape this. I stopped the small hole in the plank with bread, that the light of my lamp might not be perceived, for I resolved to postpone my flight till the night before St. Austin's day, for then I knew that the great council assembled, and that therefore the Bussola would be empty, which adjoined the chamber I must escape through.

But on the twenty-fifth of August an event happened that even now makes me shudder at the recollection of it. I heard the bolts drawn, and a death-like fear seized me; the beating of my heart shook my

body, and I threw myself almost fainting in my arm-chair. Lorenzo, still in the garret, said to me through the grating, in a tone of pleasure, "I wish you joy of the news I bring." I imagined he had brought me my freedom, and I saw myself lost; the discovery of the hole I had made would effectually debar me from liberty. Lorenzo entered, and desired me to follow him; I offered to dress myself, but he said it was unnecessary, as he was only going to remove me from this detestable cell, to another quite new, and well lighted, with two windows, from which I could overlook half Venice, and could stand upright in; I was nearly beside myself. I asked for some vinegar; begged him to thank the secretary, but to intreat him to leave me where I was. Lorenzo asked me if I were mad, to refuse to exchange a hell for a paradise; and offering me his arm to aid me, desired my bed, books, &c. to be brought after. Seeing it was in vain to oppose any longer, I rose, and left my cage, and heard him, with some small satisfaction, order my chair to be brought with me, for in the straw of that was my spontoon hid. Would it had been possible for my toilsome work in the floor to have accompanied me also!

Leaning on the shoulder of Lorenzo, who tried by laughing to enliven me, I passed through two long galleries, then over three steps into a large light hall, and passed through a door at the left end of it, into a corridor, twelve feet long and two broad; the two grated windows in it presented to the eye a wide extensive view over a great part of the town, but I was not in a situation to be rejoiced at the prospect. The door of my destined prison was in the corner of this corridor, and the grating of it was opposite to one of the windows that lighted the passage, so that the prisoner could not only enjoy a great part of the prospect, but also feel the refreshment which the cool air of the open window afforded him; a balsam for any creature in confinement at that season of the year; but I could not think of all this at that moment, as the reader might easily conceive. Lorenzo left me and my chair, into which I threw myself, telling me he would go for my bed.

I sat like a statue; I saw all my labour lost; I could yet hardly lament it: not to think of the future was all the alleviation I could find for my misery. I acknowledged my situation as a punishment for having delayed my escape for three days; but did I deserve to be so severely punished, for listening to the most prudential dictates of reason, instead of following the suggestions of my habitual impatience?

In a few minutes, two under-jailers brought me my bed, and returned to fetch my other things; but two hours elapsed without my hearing any thing further, though the door stood wide open; this delay excited many reflections, but I could come to no resolution; as I had every thing to fear, I endeavoured to bring my mind to that state of composure that might arm me against whatever might happen.

Besides the "Camerotti," and the prisons in the inner court, there are also nineteen other frightful subterraneous dungeons in the ducal palace, destined for prisoners condemned to death. All judges and rulers on earth have esteemed it a mercy if they left the wretch his life, however painful that life might be for him. It can only be a mercy when the prisoner considers it himself as such; and he ought to be consulted on the subject, or else the intended mercy becomes injustice.



These nineteen subterraneous dungeons are really graves ; but they are called " wells," because they are always two feet deep in water, the sea penetrating through the gratings that supply the wretched light that is allowed to them. The prisoner, who will not stand all day long in salt water, must sit on a trestle, that serves him at night for a bedstead ; on that is placed his mattress, and each morning his bread, water, and soup, which he must swallow immediately, if he do not wish to contend for it with large sea-rats, that infest these wretched abodes. In these fearful dungeons, where the prisoner remains for life, some have, notwithstanding the misery of their situation and meagreness of their food, attained a considerable age. I knew of a man of the name of Beguelin, a Frenchman, who having served as a spy for the republic in a war with the Turks, had sold himself as an agent also to them : he was condemned to death, but his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment in the " wells ;" he was four-and-forty years of age when he was first immured, yet he lived seven-and-thirty years in them ; he could only have known hunger and misery, yet thought "*dum vita superest, bene est,*" and to this misery did I now expect to be condemned.

At last I heard the footsteps of one approaching in a towering passion ; it was Lorenzo, absolutely mad with rage ; foaming with passion, and cursing God and all the saints, he demanded of me the axe with which I had made the hole, and insisted on knowing the sbirri who had furnished me with it ; and he ordered me to be searched. I stood up, threatened, stripped myself, and told him to search as he pleased. He ordered my bed, my mattress, every thing to be examined, and when he found nothing—" So," said he, " you won't tell me where the tools are you used to cut through the floor ; I'll see if you'll confess to others." " If it be truth I have cut through the floor, I shall say that I had the tools of yourself, and that I have given them back again to you." At these words, which obviously were concurred in by his followers, he began literally to howl ; he ran his head against the wall, stamped and danced about like a madman ; he then left me ; and after his people had brought me my books, clothes, bottles, and in short every thing, even to the piece of marble and the lamp, he shut the widows of the corridor, so that I was deprived of the fresh air ; yet I had reason to rejoice in having escaped so cheaply ; experienced as he was at his trade, he had neglected searching the under side of my arm-chair ; I still possessed my stiletto, on which I might rely for achieving my escape.

The heat and change of situation prevented my sleeping : early in the morning, sour wine, stinking water, stale salad, tainted meat, and hard bread, were brought me ; my room was not swept out ; and when I begged for the window to be opened, I got no answer : a jailer examined the walls and the floor, especially under my bed, with an iron bar ; fortunately he forgot the ceiling, for I resolved to effect my escape through the roof ; but to effect this I should require co-operation, which I could not yet hope to obtain ; every thing which I did would be obvious to the eye, as the room was quite new.

I passed a dreadful day ; towards noon the heat increased so much, that I felt as if I should be suffocated ; I could neither eat nor drink, for all that was brought me was spoilt ; perspiration, that literally

dropt from me, hindered me from reading or stirring, but no change was made; the meat and the water that were brought me on the following day, were equally repulsive; I asked whether it were commanded that I should be killed through heat and noisome smells, but Lorenzo would give me no answer; I dipped some bread into some cypress wine, to support me, and to enable me to stab my tormenter when he appeared next day; however, I contented myself with saying, that as soon as I regained my liberty, I would certainly throttle him; he laughed, and left me without a word; I concluded that I was treated thus by command of the secretary, whom he had told of my attempt at escape; I was nearly overcome by the agitation of my mind and the exhaustion of my body.

On the eighth day, I demanded in a rage my monthly reckoning before the under-jailers, and called Lorenzo a cheat; he promised to bring it next morning; the window, which he opened for a moment through necessity, he shut again, and laughed at my cries; but I determined to persevere in using a violent behaviour, as I had gained a little by it; but on the morrow my rage subsided, for before Lorenzo gave me the reckoning, he handed me a basket of lemons, which Bragadino had sent me, with a bottle of good water, and a chicken; an attendant opened the window. I looked only at the balance of my account, and except one zechin, which was to be divided among his men, I desired the rest to be given to Lorenzo's wife: when we were alone, he said to me calmly, "You have told me that you were indebted to me for the work-tools you made the great opening in the floor of your cell with; I am not therefore curious to know any thing more of that; but who gave you the lamp?"

"You yourself—you gave me oil, flint, and sulphur; the rest I had already."

"That is true; can you as easily prove I helped you to the tools to break through the floor?"

"Just as easily; I got every thing from you."

"Grant me patience! what do I hear? did I give you an axe?"

"I will confess all, but the secretary must be present."

"I will ask no further, but believe you; be silent, and remember I am a poor man, and have a family." He left me, holding his hands to his face. I rejoiced to have discovered something by which I could keep in awe a man to whom I was apparently indebted for my life; I knew that his own interest would keep him silent about what I had done. Shortly after, I commissioned him to buy for me the works of Maffei; he was vexed at the laying out of so much money, but he did not venture to own it, but asked what use I could make of more books, since I already had so many. "I had read them all," I replied; he then promised to borrow others of another prisoner, to whom I could lend mine in return, as he assured me they should not be romances, but learned works, since there were many people of education in the prison; I agreed to his offer, and gave the *Chronology of Petand* to get another book in exchange for it.

In four minutes he returned with the first part of Wolff's writings; this suited me; I recalled the commission for Maffei's works, and he left me, exulting in the advice he had given me. I was not less pleased at the circumstance than him, not so much on account of the books,



as because it opened a channel for communication by writing, with some prisoner, who might aid me in my plans for escape. On opening the book I found a sheet of paper with six good verses, a paraphrase on Seneca's words, "*calamitosus est, animus futuri anxius.*" I made the nail of my little finger of my right hand, which I had kept long, into a sort of pen, and wrote, with mulberry-juice, some verses on the same paper; I wrote a list of my other books on the last leaf of the volume; and on the reverse, under the title of the book, I wrote "*latet.*" Anxious for an answer, I told Lorenzo, on the following morning, that I had read the work, and would be glad if the prisoner could lend me another; he returned immediately with the second part; a loose leaf, which lay in it, contained the following, written in Latin.

"We, both confined as we are in one place, must rejoice at the folly and avarice which gives us an unexpected advantage. My name is Marino Balbi; I am a Venetian nobleman, and belong to the brotherhood of Somascus; my fellow prisoner is Count Andreas Asquina, from Undine, in Frioul; he desires me to say that you may dispose of his books also, a list of which is subjoined on the other side: we must be cautious to conceal from Lorenzo our little correspondence."

I laughed at the recommendation of caution, because the loose leaf with the list of books was no proof of it on his part; Lorenzo might have found the paper, and needed only to get it translated for him to detect us. I gathered from this circumstance that Balbi was not very discreet. After I had read the catalogue, I wrote on the blank half of the page who I was, and all I knew of the origin of my detention, and that I hoped soon to be freed: in the next book I found a letter of sixteen pages, containing the whole history of the cause of his imprisonment. I concluded from this, that he was an affected, whimsical, false reasoner, wicked, stupid, thoughtless, and ungrateful; for example, he mentioned how unhappy he should be, without money and books, if without the company of the old count, and then filled two pages with jests and ridicule of him. I would never have corresponded with a man of this character, had not necessity compelled me to avail myself of his aid. At the back of the volume I found paper, pen, and pencil; I now had the means of writing conveniently. Balbi had mentioned, among other things, that Nicola was the jailer who attended him, and who told him of all that passed in the prison; that he had informed him of what I had done to the floor of my cell, and that Lorenzo had been employed two hours in getting the hole I had made repaired, enjoining the strictest secrecy to the carpenter and smith whom he had employed to do it. Balbi requested my full confidence as to the plan I meant to adopt, to effect my escape. I had less doubts of his curiosity than of his prudence, for his request was suspicious; but I was under the necessity of managing this man; at least, I supposed him able to execute the part in our escape I should entrust him with. I employed the whole day in writing an answer; but suspicion induced me to delay sending it directly: it was possible that Lorenzo might have favoured our correspondence, only to ascertain what instruments I had used to attempt my escape, and where they were to be found: I therefore said that I had used a knife, which still lay in the window of the garret before my cell; Lorenzo had not looked there, but he would do so if he examined our letters.

Oct. 1826.

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Balbi wanted to know whether I had not always had the knife with me. As he understood I had not been searched, Lorenzo would have justified his innocence of having been at all negligent, by alleging that he naturally supposed every prisoner sent him by messer grande, to have been previously searched; but in truth the latter had no pretence for searching me, as he saw me rise from my bed. Balbi begged me to send the knife to him by Nicola, as this man was to be trusted.

The incantation of this monk astonished me; as soon as I was convinced that our letters were not intercepted, I wrote to him to say, I would trust my secret neither to Nicola, nor even to paper; this suspicion however gradually left me, and I reflected that my stiletto was an excellent means of effecting my escape; but as I could not use the weapon myself, since, excepting the ceiling, all the rest of my cell was daily searched by an attendant with an iron bar, I could only escape by somebody's breaking through this ceiling from without, who could rescue himself as well as me, through a hole we might make, in the same night, in the roof of the ducal palace: but I must have a companion to help me to attain the roof, where we could consult what was to be done further; consequently, though I could find no one more able to execute my directions than this monk, who was only twenty years of age, and of weak intellect, he must know every thing, and even be put in possession of my iron bolt; I therefore asked Balbi in a letter, whether he were really anxious for freedom, and whether he would be ready to do all I desired him to do, in order to rescue himself and me. He answered me, that he and his companion were ready to attempt every thing that was practicable, but described to me in four pages the impediments and difficulties we should have to encounter. I answered, that common considerations I cared not for; my plan was arranged, and that he should partake of my freedom on promising on his honour to obey me in every thing; he did so promise. I now wrote to him about my iron stiletto, which I would contrive to send him, that he might dig through the floor, break open the wall, and draw me up to him through the opening; that then I would achieve all the rest, and free him as well as the count.

He answered me, that when he had drawn me up to him, I should still be a prisoner, only in another cell. I answered, I knew that well, and had no intention of escaping through any door; my plan was made, and would succeed; I only expected from him punctuality in fulfilling my directions: at the same time I bid him obtain from the keeper fifty prints of sacred subjects, and stick them up against the walls of his cell; these would not excite Lorenzo's suspicion, and we could conceal by means of them the hole through which we should escape, as it would only require a few days to accomplish, and Lorenzo would not be aware of it: I could not do this for myself, for I should be suspected, and no one would believe that I got the prints for the sake of devotion.

Having already planned how to convey to Balbi my iron bolt, I ordered Lorenzo to procure for me a folio edition of a work I specified: the size of this book induced me to hope, that I could conceal the stiletto between the binding and the back, but it was unfortunately two inches longer than the book. Balbi wrote soon to tell me he had hung up the prints. I was determined to send him the stiletto



in the book, but with some contrivance to conceal the part that would project.

I told Lorenzo I was desirous of celebrating Michaelmas-day, with two great plates of macaroni, dressed with butter and Parmesan cheese, and that I wished to give one to the prisoner who had lent me his books. He answered, that the same prisoner had expressed a wish to borrow my great book; I told him I would send it with the macaroni, and ordered him to procure me the largest dish he could; I would myself fill it. While Lorenzo went for the dish, I wrapped up the book in paper, and stuck it behind the binding; I was convinced, that if I put a large dish of macaroni on the top of the book, Lorenzo's attention would be so occupied in carrying that safely, that he never would perceive the end of the iron projecting; I informed Balbi of all this, and charged him to be particularly cautious to take the dish and book together.

On Michaelmas day, Lorenzo came with a great pan, in which the macaroni was stewed; I immediately added the butter, and poured it into both dishes, filling them up with grated Parmesan cheese; the dish for the monk I filled to the brim, and the macaroni swam in butter. I put the dish upon the volume, which was half as broad in diameter as the book was long, and gave them to Lorenzo, with the back of the book turned towards him, telling him to stretch out his arms, and to go slowly, that the butter might not run over on the book. I observed him steadily; he could not turn his eyes away from the butter, which he feared to spill; he proposed to take the dish first, and then to return for the book, but I told him by so doing my present would lose half its value; he consented to take both at last, observing that it would not be his fault if the butter ran over; I followed him with my eyes as far as I could, and soon heard Balbi cough three times, the concerted signal of the success of my stratagem. Father Balbi employed eight days to make the opening, which he daily covered over with a print; he wrote constantly to me, complaining of the slow progress he made, though he worked all night long, and that he thought we should only render our condition worse, as he feared we should have no success; my answer to him was, that I was persuaded of the contrary, though I was by no means so in reality; but I well knew we must either persevere, as we had begun, or give up every thing.

On the 16th of October, at eight o'clock, as I was translating an ode of Horace, I heard a noise over head, and then three taps; I answered with as many: this signal had been agreed on between us, if we had not deceived ourselves as to our relative position. Balbi wrote next day to tell me he should soon finish, if my ceiling did not consist of more than two planks, at the same time reassuring me he would not cut quite through the last, as I had particularly dwelt on the necessity of my ceiling's presenting no trace of our labours. I had already resolved to quit my prison on the night of the next day but one; now I had an assistant, I was confident of being able to effect an opening through the great roof of the ducal palace, in four hours; and when we had climbed out on that, to choose the best means that might present themselves of descending.

But on the same day, it was a Monday, two hours after our eat-

ing-time, while Balbi was working, I heard the door of the hall which adjoined my prison open; my blood ran cold, but I did not lose my presence of mind; I gave two taps, the signal to Balbi that he must cover the hole up. In a minute Lorenzo appeared, and begged my pardon, but he was obliged to bring me a scoundrel for a companion; at the same time I saw a man about thirty to forty, small, thin, and very plain, with a wretched dress and a round black wig, appear, led by two jailers; I observed, that the tribunal had the power of commanding there; Lorenzo desired a mattress to be brought for him, and left us, after he had told the new comer that ten sous daily were allotted for his provision.

This man, whose countenance and manners by no means belied the character Lorenzo had given of him, had been a common informer and spy of the basest kind; but having deceived the council in a treacherous piece of information, in which he had betrayed his own cousin, he had been sent here for his pains. His ignorance, superstition, and gluttony, were on a par with his rascality, and I was alternately tormented with his absurd and revolting devotions, his nonsense and his voracity; for having at first, out of compassion, let him dine with me, he spent none of his ten sous, but entirely lived on my provisions: his name was Sorodaci. I had written to tell Balbi, that for the present we must give up our efforts at escape. I kept my new companion in good humour, by condoling with him on his imprisonment, and flattering him with hopes of a speedy release; while I procured, through Lorenzo, crucifixes and images to feed his superstition, and plenty of garlic and strong wine to feed his appetite.

One night I wrote to Balbi to inform him, that when the clock struck eighteen he should begin to proceed with his work, and cease as the clock struck three-and-twenty; he had nothing to fear, and the hopes of our escape depended on his punctuality. It was now the twenty-fifth of October, and the day was approaching when the attempt must be made or given up altogether. The inquisitors and the secretary visited, on the first of November, some villages on the main land; Lorenzo was accustomed to get gay on that evening, and did not rise till late the next day to visit his prisoners; that night must therefore be the one destined for our flight.

It now only remained to work on the superstition of Sorodaci so effectually as to overawe him, and prevent his betraying or marring our plot; accordingly, after he had eaten with me one evening, I assumed the air of one inspired, and bid him seat himself and listen to me. "You must know," said I, "that this morning early, the holy virgin appeared to me in a vision, and said to me, that as you were a fervent worshipper of her holy rosary, to reward your devotion, she would depute an angel in human form, who would descend through an aperture in the ceiling to you, and free you in the space of five or six days: this angel, she told me, would commence his work at the stroke of nineteen, and continue at it till half an hour before sun-set, that he might ascend to heaven again by daylight. Accompanied by this angel, you and I were to quit your prison; and if you swore to renounce the trade of a spy, and reformed, I was to take care of you for the future."

I observed with the most earnest attention the countenance of the



fellow, who seemed petrified at my information. I then took my prayer-book, and after sprinkling the cell with holy water, pretended to pray, and repeatedly kissed the image of the virgin. My rogue remained silent for an hour, and then asked when the angel would descend, and whether we should hear him as he broke through the prison. "Certainly," said I, "he will come at the nineteenth hour; we shall hear him at work, and after four hours, which in my opinion are sufficient for an angel to perform his task, he will retire." "Probably," said he, "you have dreamt this." I denied it, and asked him whether he were determined to renounce the trade of a spy? Instead of answering directly, he asked me whether it were not time for him to renounce his profession some time hence. I gave him for consideration till the coming of the angel, but assured him that if by that time he had not taken the oath, he should not be rescued. I was astonished at the calmness of his mind; he seemed certain of the non-appearance of the celestial visitor, and pitied me: I was impatient for the clock to strike nineteen, and enjoyed the idea of the confusion and terror which I was certain this credulous man would manifest at the promised noise; my plan could not fail, unless Lorenzo had forgotten to give the book containing my instructions to Balbi.

At our meal at noon I drank nothing but water; Sorodaci drank all the wine, and ate a great quantity of garlic. As the clock struck nineteen, I threw myself on the floor, and cried out "the angel comes;" he imitated me, and we remained an hour silent. I read for three hours and a half, and he prayed to the rosary, every now and then falling asleep; he did not venture to speak aloud, and kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling at which Balbi was working, with the most comical expression; as it struck three-and-twenty, I bid him imitate me, as the angel was about to retire; we cast ourselves on the earth, Father Balbi ceased, and all was quiet: on the following morning fear, more than rational surprise, was legible on the countenance of my companion. In two hours I had informed Balbi of all that had passed, and told him when he had finished, he need only push in the ceiling of my cell, which he was to do on the night of the 31st of October, and at four we would escape together with his and my companion.

I kept Sorodaci in a continual excitement by my discourse, and never left him to go to rest, till he was nearly drunk and ready to fall asleep. Every thing succeeded to my wish; the 31st was come, and I endeavoured to persuade myself of the probability of our success.

But here I must pause, and endeavour to justify myself in the opinion of the reader, who may else doubt the sincerity of my religious feelings; since I could thus trifle with the mysteries of our religion, in feigning the vision of our Lady, and in playing on the weakness of my credulous companion at the time; and now, in venturing to record it: but I could not suppress this, if I intended to give a faithful account of my escape; and I conscientiously declare, that I feel no compunction at what I then did, though I do not pretend that it was a very honourable proceeding. I adopted it much against my will, and only because had no better means to employ; but I confess that if it were to do again, and my freedom depended on it, I could not resist the temptation of acting in a similar manner. If nature prompted me to endeavour to escape, certainly religion did not forbid me: I had no time to

lose; I had a traitor for a companion, whose very trade would induce him to betray me to Lorenzo; I must therefore either paralyze his mind by the agency of fear, or—murder him, as many others, who possessed less remorse, would have done in my place; I could easily have asserted that Sorodaci had died a natural death, and no inquiries would have been made. If any of my readers should declare this to have been the least reprehensible mode of acting, God enlighten them; their religion will never be mine; I did what seemed to me my duty, and eternal Providence did not frustrate my endeavours. Sorodaci's cowardice hindered him from sharing our flight, as will be seen, so I was freed from my oath of supporting him; but had it been otherwise, I will confess to my readers, that I would not have prejudiced myself; I will even own, that on the first appearance of danger, I would have freed myself from the wretch, if I must have tied him up to a tree; as I had sworn to him constant support, I knew his fidelity would last no longer than I could influence his fears, which would probably terminate at the appearance of the angel and monk. "Non merta fé, chi non la serba altrui." A man is more justified in sacrificing all to self-preservation, than kings are, who maintain their right to sacrifice all to the good of the state.

At length the seventeenth hour strikes, and the angel approaches. Sorodaci was about to prostrate himself, but I told him it was needless; in three minutes a piece of the plank fell at my feet, and Balbi precipitated himself into my arms. "Now your work is complete, and mine begins;" he gave over to me my stiletto: impatient to reconnoitre, I desired Balbi to remain with Sorodaci, whom I was unwilling to trust alone; I forced myself with difficulty through the opening into the cell of the count, whom I embraced. I found in him a man whose person did not seem adapted for exertions like those we had to make; and accordingly, when I told him my plan, he asserted he had no wings, which must be necessary to descend from the leaden roof, and declared he had not courage enough to accompany me, but he would remain behind to pray for us. I betook myself to the roof, to examine with my stiletto the timber and planking under the lead work, and found it break easily. In less than an hour I could effect a tolerable opening; I then returned to my cage, cut up clothes, napkins, and sheets, to make a rope of; I myself fastened the knots by nooses, for one bad one might have precipitated us headlong; I got a hundred feet of rope. In situations like mine a fortunate circumstance often decides all, and he alone deserves success who relies solely on his own exertions for attaining it.

I bound my clothes, my silk mantle, and some linen together, and we all betook ourselves to the count's cell; the latter wished Sorodaci joy of having been confined with me, and of now being able to escape with me. I laughed at laying aside the *Tartuffe's* mask I had carried for a week, in order to impose on my worthy companion; he now discovered that he had been cheated, but still could not comprehend how I had maintained an intercourse with the pretended angel, who came so punctually to our rescue. The count's assertion, that we exposed ourselves to imminent danger, made him anxious, and coward as he was, he determined not to hazard the perilous attempt. I exhorted the monk to make up his package, while I finished the opening in the



roof; at the second hour of the night it was ready. I felt, indeed, that the plates of lead were rivetted to, or at least bent over the marble gutter; but with Balbi's assistance, and with my bolt, I succeeded in loosening one of the plates sufficiently, so that with the help of one's shoulder it could be raised up. I saw with regret, as I looked out, the light of the new moon, and we must now wait till midnight, when she would set; for in such a night, when the serenity of the weather tempted all the world to walk in St. Mark's-place, we dared not venture to be clambering about the roof; at five the moon would set, and at half-past thirteen the sun would rise, so we had seven hours of perfect darkness.

I told Balbi we would pass the three hours in conversation with Count Asquino, and that the former should beg him to lend us forty zechini, which would be as necessary to our success as my stiletto had been. He performed my commission, and said, after some minutes, the count would speak with me alone: the poor old man represented to me that I needed no gold for my flight; that his family was numerous, and that if I should die he would lose the loan, together with other excuses, to conceal avarice. My answer lasted half an hour; I alleged excellent reasons, but these never will prosper while the world stands; for what can philosophy avail against the passions? It occurred to me, "*nolenti baculus*," but I was not cruel enough to put this proverb in practice, and concluded with the promise, that if he would escape with us I would bear him on my shoulders; weeping and sobbing, he asked if two zechini would be enough. I answered I must be contented with any thing, and he conjured me to promise to restore them to him, if, after wandering about some time on the roof, we should be obliged to return to our prisons. This I promised, though surprised he should imagine I should ever think of returning; I knew very well that would never happen.

We now called our companions, and brought our packages to the opening. I divided my hundred fathoms of line into two parcels; we passed the remaining hours in discourse over our past sufferings. Balbi already began to show the selfish folly of his character, in accusing me repeatedly of not keeping my word with him, for that I had written in my letters to him that I was certain of success, which was by no means the case; and he scrupled not to declare, that if he had known as much as he did now, he never would have united with me in the attempt. The count said, with the caution of a man of seventy, that he thought I had much better remain where I was, for that I should certainly lose my life in attempting to descend from the roof. I gave no heed to his advice; but he still persisted in the hopes of rescuing his two zechini; he described the difficulties of climbing along the roof, and the impracticability of getting in at any of the windows, which were all guarded by iron bars, or of finding a place where we might fasten the rope to; and even if we succeeded in finding such a place, he conceived we should be unable to let ourselves down by the ropes, so that one of us must sacrifice himself by letting down the other two, and then return to his prison; that further, if either of us was capable of such generosity, it then remained to be considered on which side we could descend, without being seen; on the side next the church we should be inclosed in the court-yard, where

there were centinels; there only remained, therefore, the side of the canal, and there we could not have a boat ready for us. I listened to all this with a patience which was foreign to my nature. What provoked me the most were the impudent reproaches of the monk; but as I could not hope to succeed without the aid of one at least, I restrained myself, and contented myself with saying, I was certain of success, though I could not explain all the particulars of my plan.

I sent Sorodaci, who had been in silent bewilderment all this time, to see how near the moon was to her setting, he returned with the information, that in a quarter of an hour there would be no moon to be seen, but that a thick mist would make it dangerous to ascend the leaden roof. "As long as the mist is not oil, I am content," said I, and desired Sorodaci to put on his mantle, and take a part of the rope; on this he began to weep, and begged me not to require his death; he should but fall into the canal, and be perfectly useless to us; he therefore desired to be left behind; he would remain and pray the whole night to St. Francis for us: I had it in my power, he said, to kill him, but alive he would never go with us.

He little knew that I was glad to be quit of him, as I was sure he would be more burdensome than useful to us; I dismissed him, therefore, on condition he would pray to St. Francis, and that he would bring all my books, with a hundred dollars, to the count; he did so; the latter offered to restore them all on my return; I observed he would never see me again. "The wretch deserves not to share in such an undertaking as ours; does he, Balbi?" I wished by this speech to arouse a spark of feeling and honour in the other, and he was obliged to acquiesce in my assertion.

I now begged of the count, pen, ink, and paper, which he possessed, notwithstanding the prohibition to that effect, for Lorenzo would have sold St. Mark himself for a dollar. I wrote a letter, which I could not read over, as it was dark, and gave it to Sorodaci. It began with the following appropriate verse: "*Non morar, sed vivam, et narrabo opera Domini.*" Our lord inquisitors may employ every means to detain a prisoner in their dungeons; but if he be fortunate enough not to be pledged by his word, he is justified in taking all steps to effect his liberation; the former justify themselves by law, the latter by nature; they do not require his concurrence for his imprisonment; he does not require theirs to his freedom. I wrote as follows:

"Jacob Casanova, who writes this in the agony of his heart, knows that the misfortune may befall him of falling again into the hands of those from whom he is now endeavouring to escape; should this be the case, he supplicates the humanity of his high-minded judges not to make his condition more wretched, in punishing him for an attempt that reason and nature equally prompted him to; he begs that if he should be re-taken, all his property be restored to him, and that he may be confined again in the cell from which he now breaks out. Should he, however, succeed in escaping, he gives all he left behind him to Francisco Sorodaci, whom the love of freedom did not inspire like himself, and who, therefore, remains behind, and whom Casanova begs would not attribute this present to him.



"Written, an hour before midnight, without light, in the cell of Count Asquino, the 31st of October, 1756."

*Castigans, castigavit me Deus, et morti non tradidit me.*

I gave the letter to Sorodaci, with an injunction to deliver it into the secretary's own hands, who would certainly visit the prisons himself. The count thought the letter would not fail in its effect, and he promised, when I was brought back, to return me every thing. Sorodaci even said he hoped to see me again, and to give me back also what I had left him.

But it was time to depart, as the moon was no longer visible. I placed on Balbi's shoulder the bundle of cord, and on the other his packet, and loaded myself in the same manner; we then, dressed in our vest only, and our hats on our heads, looked through the opening I had made.

*E quindi uscimmo a rimirar le stelle.—Dante.*

I went first; notwithstanding the mist, every object was visible enough; kneeling and creeping, I thrust my weapon between the joints of the lead plates, holding with one hand by that, and with the other, by the plank on which the lead-plate had laid, which I had removed, I raised myself on the roof; Balbi, in following me, grasped my band behind, so I resembled a beast of burthen, which must draw as well as carry; in this manner I had to ascend a steep and slippery roof-side. When we were half-way up this dangerous plane, Balbi desired me to stop a moment, for that one of his bundles had fallen off, and probably had only rolled down to the gutter; my first thought was to give him a push that would send him after it, but Heaven enabled me to contain myself; the punishment would have fallen on me as well as him; for without his help I could do nothing. I asked if the bundle was gone? and when I heard that it contained his black gown, two shirts, and a manuscript, I consoled him for its loss: he sighed, and followed me, still holding by my clothes.

After I had climbed over about sixteen lead plates, I reached the ridge of the roof; I set myself astride on it, and the monk imitated me; our backs were turned towards the island of S. Giorgio maggiore, and two hundred steps before us was the cupola of St. Marks, a part of the ducal palace, wherein the chapel of the doge is, more magnificent than that of any king. Here we took off our bundles; he placed his ropes between his legs; but on laying his hat upon them, it rolled down the roof, and fell into the canal; he looked on this as a bad omen, and complained he had now lost hat, shirts, and manuscript; but I reminded him, that it was fortunate that the hat had fallen to the right and not to the left, for otherwise it would have alarmed the sentinel in the arsenal.

After looking about me a little, I bid the monk remain quite still here till my return, and climbed along the roof, my dagger in my hand; I crept in this manner for an hour, trying to find a place to which I might fasten my rope to enable me to descend; but all the places I looked down into were inclosed ones, and there were insuperable difficulties to getting to the canonica on the other side of the church; yet every thing must be attempted, and I must hazard it without allowing myself to think too long on the danger; but about two-thirds of the way down the side of the roof I observed a dormer

window, which probably lit some passage leading to the dwelling-places not within the limits of the prisons, and I thought I should find some of the doors going out of it open at day-break. If any one should meet us, and take us for state prisoners, he would find, I determined, some difficulty in detaining us. With this consideration, with one leg stretched out towards the window, I let myself gently slide down, till I reached the little roof of it, that ran parallel to the great one, and set myself upon it. I then leant over, and by feeling, discovered it to be a window with small round panes of glass, cased in lead, behind a grating; to penetrate this, required a file, and I had only my stiletto. Bitterly disappointed, and in the greatest embarrassment, I seemed incapable of coming to a determination, when the clock of St. Marks striking midnight, awakened my fainting resolution; I remembered that this sound announced the beginning of All Saints day. When misfortune drives a strong mind to devotion, there is always a little superstition mingled with it; that bell aroused me to action, and promised me victory; laying on my stomach and stretching over, I struck violently with my dagger against the grating in the hope of forcing it in; in a quarter of an hour were four of the wooden squares broke, and my hand grasped the wood work; the panes of glass were speedily demolished, for I heeded not the cutting of my hand. I now returned up to the top of the roof, and crept back to my companion; I found him in a dreadful rage, cursing me for having left him two hours; he at last thought I must have fallen over, and was about to return to his prison. He asked me what were my intentions; "you will soon see," said I, and packing our bundles on our necks again, I bid him follow me. When we reached the roof of the window, I explained to him what I had done, and what I intended to do. I asked his advice as to the best mode of getting in at it: it would be easy for the first man, the second would hold the rope; but what would this last one do? in leaping down from the window to the floor he might break a leg, for we knew nothing of the space between. The monk instantly proposed I should let him down first, and afterwards think how I should get in myself; I was sufficiently master of myself to conceal my indignation at this proposal, and to proceed to execute his wish; I tied a rope round my companion, and sitting astride of the window-roof, let him down to the window, telling him to rest on his elbows on the roof, and to put his feet through the hole I had made. I then lay down again on the roof, and leaning forward, told him to be satisfied that I would hold the rope fast. Balbi came safely down upon the floor, untied himself, and I drew the rope back to me, but in doing this, I found that the space from the window to the floor was ten times my arm's length; it was impossible, therefore, to jump this. Balbi called to me to throw the rope to him; but I took care not to follow his absurd and selfish counsel. I now determined on returning to the great roof, and I discovered a cupola at a place where I had not been; it brought me to a stage laid with lead plates, and which had a trap-door, covered with two folding shutters. I found here a tub full of fresh lime, building tools, and a tolerably long ladder; the latter, of course, attracted my particular attention; I tied my rope round one of the rings, and climbing up the roof again, drew the ladder after me; this ladder I must contrive to put in at the win-



dow, and it was twelve times the length of my arm. Now I missed the help of the monk; I let the ladder down to the gutter, so that one end leant against the window, the other stood in the gutter; I drew it up to me again as I leaned over, and endeavoured to get the end in at the window, but in vain; it always came over the roof, and the morning might come and find me here, and bring Lorenzo soon after it; I determined to slide down to the gutter in order to give the ladder the right direction. This gutter of marble yielded me a resting place, while I lay at length on it; and I succeeded in putting the ladder about a foot into the window, which diminished its weight considerably, but it was necessary to push it in two feet more; I then should only have to climb back to the window-roof, and, by means of the line, draw it entirely in; to effect this, I was compelled to raise myself on my knees, and while I was doing so, they slipped off the gutter, and I lay with only my breast and elbows upon it. I exerted all my strength to draw my body up again, and to lay myself on the gutter: I had, fortunately, no trouble with the ladder; it was now three feet in the window, and did not move. As soon as I found I lay firm, I endeavoured to raise my right knee up to the level of the gutter; I had nearly succeeded, when the effort gave me a fit of the cramp, as paralyzing as it was painful. What a moment! I lay two minutes motionless; at length the pain subsided, and I succeeded in raising one knee after the other upon the marble again; I rested a few minutes, and then pushed the ladder still further into the window. Sufficiently experienced in the laws of equilibrium by this adventure, I returned to the window-roof, and drawing the ladder entirely in, my companion received the end of it, and secured it; I then threw in the rope and bundle, and soon rejoined him; after short congratulations, I felt about to examine the dark and narrow place we were in.

We came to a grated iron door, which opened on my raising the latch, and we entered a large hall; we felt round the walls, and met with a table, surrounded by arm-chairs. I at length found a window, opened the sash of it, and looked, by starlight, down a fearful depth; here was no descent by rope practicable. I returned to the place where we had left our things, and sat down in an arm-chair, and was seized with such an invincible desire to sleep, that if I had been told it was death, I should have welcomed it; the feeling was indescribable. At the third hour the noise of the monk awoke me; he said my sleeping at such a time and place was incomprehensible; but nature had overcome me; I, however, gained a little strength by the rest.

I said, as I arose, that this was no prison, and that there must be, therefore, somewhere an exit; I searched till I found the large iron door, and opposite to it was a smaller one, with a key-hole; I put my stiletto in it, and exclaimed, "Heaven grant it may not be a cupboard." After some efforts the lock yielded, and we entered a small room, in which was a table with a key upon it; I tried it; it opened, and I found myself in cupboards filled with papers; it was the archive-chamber. We ascended some steps, and passing through a glass-door, entered the chancery of the doge; I now knew where I was, and as in letting ourselves down we might get into a labyrinth of small courts, I seized an instrument with which the parchments are pierced to affix the seals; this tool I bid Balbi stick into the chink in the door, which

I made with my bolt, and worked it about on all sides, not caring for the noise, till I had made a tolerable hole ; but the projecting splinters threatened to tear our skin and clothes, and it was five feet from the floor to the opening, for I had chosen the place where the planks were the thinnest ; I drew a chair to it, and the monk got on it ; he stuck his arms and head through the opening, and I pushed the rest of him through into a chamber, the darkness of which did not alarm me ; I knew where we were, and threw my bundle through to him, but left the rope behind. I had no one to aid me, on which account I placed a chair on the top of two others, and got through the aperture to my loins ; I desired Balbi to pull me through with all his force, regardless of the pain the laceration of my flesh gave me. We hastened down two flights of steps, and arrived at the passage leading to the royal stairs, as they are called ; but these, wide as a town-gate, were, as well as those beyond, shut with four wide doors ; to force these would have required a petard, and here my dagger seemed to say, "*hic fines posuit.*" I sat down by Balbi, calm and collected, and told him that my work was done, and that God and fortune would achieve the rest for us.

*Abbia, chi regge il ciel, cura del resto  
O la fortuna, se non tocca a lui.*

"To-day," I continued, "is All Saints day, and to-morrow, All Souls, and it is not likely any should come here ; if any one do come to open the doors, I will rescue myself, and you follow me ; if none come, I will remain here and die of hunger, for I can do no more."

Balbi's rage and desperation knew no bounds ; but I kept my temper, and began to dress myself completely. If Balbi looked like a peasant, his dress at least was not in shreds, and bloody, like mine ; I drew on my stockings, and found on each foot large wounds, for which I was indebted to the gutter and lead plates ; I tore my handkerchief, and fastened the bandages with thread I had about me ; I put on my silk dress, which was ill assorted with the weather, arranged my hair, and put on a shirt with lace ruffles, and silk stockings, and threw my old clothes into a chair ; and now looked like a rake, who is found after a ball in a suspicious place. I approached a window, and, as I learnt two years afterwards in Paris, some loiterer below who saw me, informed the keeper of the palace of it, who, fearing that he had locked some one in by mistake, came to release us ; I heard the noise of steps coming up the stairs, and looking through a chink, saw only one man, with some keys in his hand. I commanded Balbi to observe the strictest silence, and hiding my stiletto under my clothes, placed myself close to the door, so that I needed only one step to reach the stairs. The door was opened, and the man was so astonished at my appearance, that I was able, silently and quickly, to pass by him, the monk following me ; assuming then a sedate pace, I took the direction to the great staircase ; Balbi wanted to go to the church to the right, for the sake of the sanctuary, forgetting that in Venice there was no sanctuary against state crimes and capital offences, but at last he followed me.

I did not expect security in Venice. I knew I could not be safe till I had passed the frontiers ; I stood now before the royal door of the ducal palace ; but without looking at any one, or being observed in



return, I crossed the "Piazzetta," and reaching the canal, entered the first gondola I found there, and cried out, "another rower, I wish to go to Fusina." Another gondolier soon appeared, and I threw myself negligently on the centre seat, while the monk sat on one side: the gondola put off.

The figure of the monk, without a hat, and wrapped in my cloak, might have caused me to be taken for an astrologer, or an adventurer. We no sooner passed the custom-house than my gondoliers began to exert their strength to cross the waves of the great canal, through which the way lay, as well to Fusina as to Mestre, whither in reality I meant to go. In the middle of the canal I put out my head, and asked the man, if in fourteen hours we should get to Mestre?

"You wished to go to Fusina, did you not?"

"No, blockhead, I said Mestre;" the other rower, however, maintained the contrary, and Balbi was even absurd enough to contradict me. I affected to laugh, and said I might have erred, but that my wish was to go to Mestre. The gondoliers acquiesced; they were ready to go to England, if I required it; and told me we should reach Mestre in three quarters of an hour.

I cast a look behind us, and saw no gondola in pursuit of us. I rejoiced in the fine day, which was as glorious as could be wished, shining with the first rays of an incomparable sun-rise. Reflecting on the dangers of the past night, on the place where I had spent the preceding day, and on all the fortunately concurring events, which had so favoured me, gratitude filled my soul, and I raised, in silence, my thanks for the mercy of God; overcome by the variety of emotions, I burst into tears, which relieved my heart from the oppression of a joy that seemed likely to burst it.

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At present it is sufficient to add, that after many difficulties and narrow escapes, Casanova succeeded in eluding pursuit, and safely quitted the Venetian territory. We shall return to the subject.

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## TABLE TALK.

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HONOURABLE MEN.—There are certain absurdities in France, which in England we could scarcely believe it possible to exist. An instance of this occurs to my recollection at this moment. One morning while we were in Paris, our lacquey de place did not appear as usual. Breakfast passed, the carriage drove to the door, still no lacquey, and Colonel Cleveland, in a passion, had sent to engage another, when, panting with exertion, the gentleman appeared. "He was very sorry—he begged ten thousand pardons—he had hoped to have got his little affair over sooner." "Your affairs, you scoundrel, what are your affairs to us? Do you think we are to sit waiting here, while you are running after your own affairs;" "Pardonnez moi, monsieur," said the lacquey with a low bow, and laying his hand on his heart; "but it was an affair of honour!" And the man had actually been fighting a duel that morning with swords, with another lacquey, in consequence of some quarrel while waiting for us at the French Opera the night before! On inquiry, we found this was by no means extraordinary, and that two shoe-blacks have been known to fight a regular duel, with all the punctilios of men of fashion.—*Continental Adventures.*

**PIG-DRIVING IN BUENOS AYRES.**—I was one day going home, when I saw a man on foot select a very large pig from a herd, and throw a lasso over his neck; he pulled it with all his strength, but the pig had no idea of obeying the summons: in an instant a little child rode up, and very quietly taking the end of the lasso from the man, he lifted up the sheep-skin which covered the saddle, fixed the lasso to the ring which is there made for it, and then instantly set off at a gallop: never did any one see an obstinate animal so completely conquered! With his tail pointing to the ground, hanging back, and with his four feet all scratching along the ground like the teeth of a harrow, he followed the boy evidently altogether against his will; and the sight was so strange, that I instantly galloped after the pig, to watch his countenance. He was as obstinate as ever until the lasso choked him, and he then fainted, and fell on his side. The boy dragged him in this state, at a gallop, more than three-quarters of a mile over hard rough ground, and at last suddenly stopped, and jumping off his horse, began to unloose the lasso:—"Sta muerto!" (he is dead,) said I to the boy, really sorry for the pig's fate. "Sta vivo!" exclaimed the child, as he vaulted on his horse, and galloped away. I watched the pig for some time, and was observing the blood on his nose, when, to my great surprise, he began to kick his hind leg: he then opened his mouth, and at last his eyes; and after he had looked about him, a little like Clarence after his dream, he got up, and very leisurely walked to a herd of ten or twelve pigs of about the same size as himself, who were about twenty yards off. I slowly followed him, and when I came to the herd, I saw they had every one of them bloody noses.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

**THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.**—Glaciers have been most inaccurately termed mountains of ice:—They are on the contrary more properly *vullies of ice*.—They are uniformly found in the deep vallies or ravines between the mountains—and in the deep hollow cliffs in the sides of the mountains themselves.—They have been obviously formed by the immense avalanches of snow which fall in spring and summer from the precipices and sides of the bordering mountains, into the ravines below. The percolation of the melted water through the snow, which is again frozen in that state, renders it an entire mass of ice.—As the enormous heaps which fall are not nearly melted before the close of summer, and the winter's snow still increases the mass—which the avalanches of the succeeding summer again continue to augment—it is not wonderful that in the course of ages, the enormous vallies of ice, we now behold, many of which are six or seven leagues in length, and of unknown and incalculable depth,—(which however in some places has been ascertained by the fissures to be upwards of three thousand feet,) should have been accumulated. The *surface* of the glaciers of the Alps from the Tyrol to Mount Blanc, is now computed to exceed twelve hundred square miles. As the declivity of these vallies or ravines which the glaciers occupy, is always rapid, their lower extremity pressed onward by the enormous weight of ice above, has always a tendency to descend lower and lower into the larger valley or plain, in which the ravine terminates.—But in proportion as the glacier advances to lower and warmer regions—the dissolution of ice becomes more rapid—consequently during hot summers, and often even during those winters in which the fall of snow has been trifling, they are frequently known to *recede*—that is, the ice is dissolved faster than it is pushed forward. In severer years, on the contrary, their progress is often alarmingly rapid.—In winter, while they are bound by frost, they are of course quite stationary—and the stream of water which in summer flows from their base, is then either completely stopped or dwindled to a very small runlet.—*Continental Adventures.*

**HOSPITALITY OF THE GAUCHOS.**—The character of the Gaucho is often very estimable; he is always hospitable—at his hut the traveller will always find a friendly welcome, and he will often be received with a natural dignity of manner which is very remarkable, and which he scarcely expects to meet with in such a miserable-looking hovel. On entering the hut, the Gaucho has constantly risen to offer me his seat, which I have declined, and many compliments and bows have passed, until I have accepted his offer, which is the skeleton of a horse's head. It is curious to see them invariably take off their hats to each other as they enter into a room which has no window, a bullock's hide for a door, and but little roof. The habits of the women are very curious: they have literally nothing to do; the great plains which surround them offer them no motive to walk, they seldom ride, and their lives certainly are very indolent and inactive. They have all, however, families, whether married or not: and once when I inquired of a young woman employed in nursing a very pretty child, who was the father of the "creatura," she replied, "Quien sabe?"—*Head's Rough Notes.*



**THE JEWS OF POLAND.**—The Polish Jew is generally of a pale and sallow complexion, the features small, and the hair, which is mostly black, is suffered to hang in ringlets over the shoulders. A fine beard, covering the chin, finishes the oriental character of the Jewish physiognomy. But few of the Jews enjoy a robust and healthy constitution; an evil resulting from a combination of physical and moral causes,—such as early marriages, innutritious food, the filthiness of their domestic habits, and the perpetual mental anxiety which is so strikingly depicted in their countenance, and forms the most onerous part of the curse of the Almighty to which they are subject in their dispersion. Their breath is absolutely intolerable; and the offensive odour of their apartments is such, that I have more than once been obliged to break off interesting discussions with their rabbins, in order to obtain a fresh supply of a rarefied air. Their dress commonly consists of a linen shirt and drawers, over which is thrown a long black robe, fastened in front by silver clasps, and hanging loose about the legs. They wear no handkerchief about their neck, and cover the head with a fur cap, and sometimes with a round broad-brimmed hat. In their walk the Jews discover great eagerness, and are continually hurrying towards some object of gain, with their arms thrown back, and dangling as if loose at the shoulder. They generally marry at thirteen and fourteen years of age, and the females still younger. I have heard of a rabbi, who was disposing of his household, preparatory to his departure for Palestine, that gave one of his daughters in marriage who had but just completed her ninth year. As a necessary consequence of this early marriage, it often happens that the young couple are unable to provide for themselves; and, indeed, altogether incapable, from youth and inexperience, of managing the common concerns of domestic economy. They are, therefore, often obliged to take up their abode at first in the house of the husband's father, except he be in reduced circumstances, and the father of the bride be better able to support them. The young husband pursues the study of the Talmud, or endeavours to make his way in the world by the varied arts of petty traffic for which this people are so notorious. It is asserted to be no uncommon thing among the Jews, for a father to choose for his son's wife some young girl who may happen to be agreeable to himself, and with whom he may live on terms of incestuous familiarity during the period of his son's minority. Comparatively few of the Jews learn any trade, and most of those attempts which have been made to accustom them to agricultural habits have proved abortive. Some of those who are in circumstances of affluence possess houses and other immovable property; but the great mass of the people seem destined to sit loose from every local tie, and are waiting, with anxious expectation, for the arrival of the period, when, in pursuance of the Divine promise, they shall be restored to what they still consider *their own land*. Their attachment, indeed, to Palestine, is unconquerable; and it forms an article of their popular belief, that die where they may, their bodies will all be raised there at the end of the world. They believe, however, that such as die in foreign parts are doomed to perform the *Gilgul Mehiloth*, or trundling passage, through subterraneous caverns, till they reach the place of their "fathers' sepulchres;" on which account, numbers sell all their effects, and proceed thither in their life-time, or remove to some of the adjacent countries, that they may either spare themselves this toil, or, at least, reduce the awkward and troublesome passage within the shortest possible limits. Instances have been known of their embalming the bodies of their dead, and sending them to Palestine by sea; and in such veneration do they hold the earth that was trodden by their ancient patriarchs, that many of the rich Jews procure a quantity of it, which they employ in consecrating the ground in which the bodies of their deceased relatives are interred.—*Henderson's Travels in Russia*.

**A GAUCHO'S TREASURE.**—In the morning, before day, we started, and for many a league my companions were riding together, and discussing the merits of their partners. The country we rode over was mountainous, and it was very fatiguing both to mules and riders. I had just climbed up a very steep part of the mountain, and, with one of my party, was winding my mule through some stunted trees, when I suddenly met a large-headed young man, of about eighteen years of age, riding his horse at a walk, and with tears running one after another, down his face. I stopped, and asked him what was the matter, but he made no reply. I then asked him how many leagues it was to Petorca, but he continued crying; and at last he said, "He had lost . . . . ."  
"Who have you lost?" said I, debating whether it was his mother or his mistress. The fellow burst into a flood of tears, and said, "Mis espuelas," (my spurs,) and on he proceeded. One cannot say much for the lad's fortitude, yet the loss of spurs to a Gaucho is a very serious misfortune. They are in fact his only property—the wings upon which he flies for food or amusement.—*Head's Rough Notes*.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM NUHAMANNA, QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, TO CAPTAIN KOTZEBUE.—I love you with all my heart, and more than myself, and therefore cannot express in words the pleasure I feel at seeing you again. You will find every thing altered: when Tamumaah was alive, the country flourished; but with his death these blossoms faded, and every thing in the islands fell into the greatest disorder. The young king is now in London; Karemaku and Kahumanni are at present absent; and the chief who supplies her place has too little influence with the people to receive you in a becoming manner: he cannot send you as much tarro, nor as many yams and pigs as you will want. I am heartily sorry that my large possessions in the island Mowee are at so great a distance from here across the sea; if they were nearer, you should daily be surrounded with swine. When Karemaku and Kahumanni return, they will supply you with every thing. The king's brother will also come with them; but he is still a boy, without any experience, and not able to distinguish right from wrong. I beg you to embrace your emperor for me, and to tell him with what pleasure I would do it myself; but, alas! a whole sea lies between us. Do not forget cordially to recommend me to your countrymen. As I am a Christian, like yourself, you will forgive my bad writing. Hunger obliges me to conclude my letter; and I wish that you may also eat your swine's head with a good appetite.

With royal constancy, ever yours,

NUHAMANNA.

HONESTY OF THE SWISS.—The traveller in Switzerland should remember, that even a solitary female, alone and unattended, will always be perfectly safe throughout the whole country, and in the wildest and most lonely passes of the Alps, by trusting to the native guides, upon whose fidelity and honesty the most perfect reliance may be placed. All the Swiss themselves, from the highest to the lowest, will confirm this statement. The author is well acquainted with a Swiss lady, of high character and respectability, who every summer mounts her mule, and, without any servant of her own, makes a new tour (always varying the route) among the mountains, to indulge her passion for botany. No injury, insult, or impertinence has she ever met with, nor will any be offered to the most unprotected stranger. Robbery and murder are wholly unknown, though there is no country in the world which affords the same facilities for their successful perpetration, both from the inexhaustible retreats for banditti, which its forests, its mountains, its rocky caves, and impregnable fortresses present, and from the extensive foreign frontiers which invest it on every side. Austrian Italy, Sardinia, France, Bavaria, and numerous German States, lie ready to receive the fugitive and the outlaw.

As somebody once said of a different country, "one good thing about Switzerland is, that wherever you are placed in it, you can very soon get out of it." With such temptations and security to the robber, it surely says much for the morals and character of the people, that robbery is unknown.—*Continental Adventures.*

PARISIAN FEMALE EDUCATION.—A smart little French girl of sixteen, returning with her father and mother, after finishing her education at a Paris Penion, to her home in Provence, chattered away with me. I made many inquiries into the nature and extent of her studies, and found she had studied—orthography, (upon this she laid great stress,)—and geography, (of which she had certainly a most original, but somewhat confused notion.)—That she had moreover acquired a smattering of grammar—a considerable experience of dancing—a very little music—a good deal of embroidery—and a most complete critical and ardent taste for dress—and in this last accomplishment her whole soul and mind, thought, and observation, seemed absorbed.—"But what did you read at school—what books?"—"Oh pour les livres!"—she read her lessons and school books."—"Mais par exemple,"—I enquired what they were about?—were they history?—"Ah l'histoire mon Dieu—oui." She declared she had read three gros volumes of history nearly all through! "And what history?—What history? she did not exactly know. "But what was it about?" It was about some kings and battles—but what kings and what battles she really could not say. "Did she happen to remember the author?" "No—she was not sure that it had any author—did not think it had." But she said with great simplicity, that she had all the books that she had learned locked up in her trunk, and she would go and fetch them for me to look at.—Not wishing to penetrate further into the learned stores of a young lady who carried all her knowledge about with her in her trunk, we abandoned our learned discussion, and talked of caps and quadrilles—but our learned discussion on these subjects was speedily interrupted by being again stranded.—*Continental Adventures.*



**NEW AIR SPECULATION.**—A paragraph from a Brighton Journal is now going the rounds of the press, containing a project for cheap and expeditious travelling, by means of an artificial current of air, which is to propel passengers and luggage through a tube or tunnel, at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. The principle of this invention differs from that of a pop-gun, as the body is to be shot on by the exhaustion of the air, instead of by the condensation of it. We have heard of another project, by which it is proposed to blow the public from place to place at a rate still more rapid, and in some respects more agreeable to the party; as the traveller, instead of being shot through a close, dark tunnel, will be forwarded through the open air, and gratified with a bird's-eye view of the country over which he makes his momentary passage. Certain large brass tubes are to be prepared at convenient stages of two miles or so. Into one of these a composition of an expansive power is to be rammed, and the traveller is then to creep in and to lie at his ease at full length, with his feet next to the composition; the tube being then directed to the next stage, the composition is to receive its expansive force, and the traveller is to be propelled through the air at a very slight curve, at the rate of about ten miles a minute. On his arrival at the next stage, he will instantly be put into another tube ready charged with the travelling powder, and again shot on "*bang up to the mark*" at the next post; and so he will proceed to his journey's end. This cheap and expeditious travelling through the air is proposed in opposition to the Brighton scheme for conveying the public by hurricanes through tunnels. The former will undoubtedly be the least expensive and the quickest mode of being blown home; but it is liable to some objections. For example, if two travellers should chance to meet on their respective roads, the jostle would be disagreeable. Invalids, too, might prefer the close tunnel with the hurricane at their backs, to the more rapid passage through the open air with the wind in their faces. But if some prefer the one, some will prefer the other, and thus there may be encouragement for both. The Brighton scheme is in a state of great forwardness—it wants nothing of completion but a Joint Stock Company to create a vacuum in the pockets of the public (the true bags of Ulysses)—the principle on which it proceeds being to raise the wind by exhaustion. Its passengers will start from "*The Swan with Two Necks*," a sign expressive of the uncommon personal endowments essentially necessary to the traveller who goes by this conveyance. Most of the members of the defunct Equitable Loan Company will embark in this undertaking, and will thus be engaged in their favourite business of turning the penny by things "*put up the spout*."—*Atlas*.

**SOLITUDE OF AN AMERICAN TOWN (MENDOZA) DURING THE SIESTA.**—The people, however, are extremely indolent. A little after eleven o'clock in the morning, the shopkeepers make preparations for the siesta; they begin to yawn a little, and slowly to put back the articles which they have, during the morning, displayed on their tables. About a quarter before twelve they shut up their shops, the window shutters throughout the town are closed, or nearly so, and no individual is to be seen until five, and sometimes until six o'clock, in the evening.

During this time I used generally to walk about the town to make a few observations. It was really singular to stand at the corner of the right-angled streets, and in every direction to find such perfect solitude in the middle of the capital of a province. The noise occasioned by walking was like the echo which is heard in pacing by oneself up the long aisle of a church or cathedral, and the scene resembled the deserted streets of Pompeii.

In passing some of the houses I often heard the people snoring, and when the siesta was over, I was often much amused at seeing the people awaken, for there is infinitely more truth and pleasure in thus looking behind the scenes of private life, than in making formal observations on man when dressed and prepared for his public performance. The people generally lie on the ground or floor of the room, and the group is often amusing.

I saw one day an old man (who was one of the principal people in the town) fast asleep and happy. The old woman his wife was awake, and was sitting up in easy dishabille scratching herself, while her daughter, who was a very pretty-looking girl of about seventeen, was also awake, but was lying on her side kissing a cat.

In the evening the scene begins to revive. The shops are opened; a number of loads of grass are seen walking about the streets, for the horse that is carrying them is completely hid. Behind the load a boy stands on the extremity of the back; and to mount and dismount he climbs up by the animal's tail. A few Gauchos are riding about, selling fruit; and a beggar on horseback is occasionally seen, with his hat in his hand, singing a psalm in a melancholy tone.—*Head's Rough Notes*.

**INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.**—Amphion made such uncommon progress in music, that he built the walls of Thebes at the sound of the lyre; and Gale, in his *Court of the Gentiles*, from some other authority, states, "that he fitted his verses, composed with great suavity, so exactly thereto, as that the stones ran of their own accord." As inhabitants of a sea-port, this is easily understood; most of us must be aware of the power music has over the souls of our seamen—the well-known music of "Yo! heave ho!" trips the anchor of the largest vessels from the ground; and the enlivening notes of the fife send the topmast aloft, or hoist the beer and water aboard. The martial sound of the drum, when beating to quarters, fills the head of the ship with the crew; and the thundering music of the cannon drowns all reflection on past or future; whilst the two instruments just named raise sensations of delight the moment the performers strike up "*Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh the old English roast beef!*"

When Napoleon was at Elba, it is reasonable to infer that he was under the influence of the celebrated tune called the *Rans de Vaches*,—an air so dear to some that it was forbidden, under the pain of death, to play it to the troops, as it made those who heard it desert, or die of what is called *la maladie du pais*—so ardent a desire did it excite to return to their country. Now, had a full military English band been placed on the island, it would have been ordered to play *Oh stay! o—h stay!* which tune would have prevented the grand musical festival of Waterloo. However, experience made ministers wise; and when again under the influence of the tune *Rans de Vaches*, at St. Helena, the band struck up the harmonious sound, *Oh stay!* he died of *la maladie du pais*.—*Burnet's Word.*

**TRAITS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.**—As I rode along the streets I thought they looked very mean and dirty. Most of the houses had been cracked by earthquakes; the spires, crosses, and weathercocks upon the tops of churches and convents, were tottering, and out of the perpendicular; and the very names of the streets, and the stories "*Aqui se vende, &c.*" which are over all the shops, were written as crooked and irregular as if they had been inscribed during an earthquake. They were generally begun with large letters, but the man had apparently got so eager about the subject, that he was often obliged to conclude in characters so small that one could hardly read them, and in some places the author had thoughtlessly arrived to the end of his board before he had come to the end of his story.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

**A SAILOR'S TERRESTRIAL PLEASURES.**—We have seen Jack come on shore, with a bag like an opossum, loaded with the hard earnings of two or three years. With the ambition of Alexander, he must have all the world to himself. Women, a fiddle, and some rum, are indispensable requisites: the last fires his brain, and sets all reflection at defiance. A thousand days' hard labour on the most dangerous element, battling his country's foes, have often been spent in less than a week by an individual in the most licentious manner possible. If money did not go fast enough, watches were fried, bank-notes eaten between bread and butter, and every practice resorted to for the purpose of its riddance. The paying off at Plymouth always gives seamen a treat which they cannot obtain elsewhere; that is, the glorious opportunity of riding in hackney-coaches, or standing on their roof when going full speed, and of which they always avail themselves. Every one must have witnessed the alacrity with which a seaman spies a coach on such occasions: he cannot resist the temptation, and when a quarter of a mile off, he strains his lungs with the cry of "*coachee, coachee.*" I once witnessed a sailor, with a string of twenty-five coaches behind him, moving through the town to the beach, being the whole number on the stand, all of which he had engaged. He was standing on the roof of the foremost, waving his hat, and seemed as much rejoiced as Napoleon is said to have been when the garrison of Ulm, with all the nobles it contained, marched out before him. The sailor exhibited his prowess to his companions much in the way of the great Macedonian: "*Oh! ye Athenians, could you believe to what dangers I have exposed myself, to be praised by you.*"—*Burnet's Word.*

**SOUTH AMERICAN TOILET.**—While I was sitting on a horse's head, writing by the blaze of the fire, I saw two girls dressing for the ball. They were standing near a stream of water, which was running at the back of the hut. After washing their faces, they put on their gowns, and then twisting up their hair in a very simple pretty way, they picked, by the light of the moon, some yellow flowers which were growing near them. These they put fresh into their hair, and when this simple toilette was completed, they looked as interesting, and as nicely dressed, as if "the carriage was to have called for them at eleven o'clock;" and in a few minutes, when I returned to the ball, I was happy to see them each with a partner.—*Head's Rough Notes.*



**CLERICAL AMUSEMENTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—The priests at Mendoza lead a dissolute life; most of them have families, and several live openly with their children. Their principal amusement, however, odd as it may sound, is cock fighting every Thursday and Sunday. I was riding one Sunday when I first discovered their arena, and got off my horse to look at it. It was crowded with priests, who had each a fighting-cock under his arm; and it was surprising to see how earnest and yet how long they were in making their bets. I stayed there more than an hour, during which time the cocks were often on the point of fighting, but the bet was not settled. Besides the priests, there were a number of little dirty boys, and one pretty-looking girl present. While they were arranging their bets, the boys began to play, so the judge instantly ordered all those who had no cocks to go out of the arena; upon which the poor girl and all the little boys were immediately turned out.

I soon got tired of the scene; but before I left them, I could not help thinking what an odd sight it was, and how justly shocked people in England would be to see a large body of clergymen fighting cocks upon a Sunday.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

**PROOF OF A GOOD NOVEL.**—In our last number, we copied a paragraph from the Edinburgh Observer, in which it is said that Vivian Grey is a much better novel than Tremaine; and that a proof of its being so is, that it will not be so frequently found on the drawing-room table, or on a lady's lap; that pet books of drawing-room tables and ladies' laps are always silly books; and that one should never read a book one finds on every drawing-room table, or venture on a work recommended by half-a-dozen ladies. These are very fallacious indications of a bad book, and the tests of a good one here described are still more defective. The Edinburgh Observer knows nothing about the matter. In the first place, Vivian Grey is not a better novel than Tremaine, and Tremaine is not found so frequently as Vivian Grey on the drawing-room table or lady's lap, nor is this circumstance always an unfavourable sign. We must consider the nature of the book, before we condemn it because it is to be found on every drawing-room table. We should not be prejudiced one way or the other, in the case of a philosophical work which enjoyed this drawing-room favour; and in the instance of a novel or production of imagination, it would operate certainly rather as a recommendation than otherwise. The popularity of such books raises a fair presumption of merit. We should say indeed to the subscriber to the circulating library, never read a book, (unless it be one just published,) with a fresh clean look, and sharp rectangular corners to the leaves. Choose a novel, on the contrary, the pages of which are worn quite round at the corners, and which has a frowsy, musty smell. A few leaves torn and carefully stitched together again, are a very good sign; and the binding should be rendered perfectly supple by use, and like the leaves, worn round at the corners. Such a book as this you may carry home under your arm, on a long wet evening, with a full assurance that its well-thumbed pages, redolent of bread and butter—the true smell of a novel of merit—will give wings to the heavy hours.—*Atlas.*

**POSING QUESTION.**—One of the party had a horse's leg in his hand. He told me that he had never been so tired in his life; that his mule, in mounting the hill, had become quite exhausted; and that, when he got off to lead her, she would not follow him: that, in despair, he made her drink up his flask of brandy, and that then, taking as a whip a dried-up horse's leg that was lying on the ground, he remounted the mule, which had gone very well ever since; "But, Sir," said my honest companion, "whether it be the brandy that has got into her head, or the notion of being beaten with a horse's leg that has urged her on, I cannot tell you."—*Head's Rough Notes.*

**PREJUDICE, THE SPIDER OF THE MIND.**—There is something exceedingly curious in the constitution and operation of prejudice. It has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception; but prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home; it has no choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live: so let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or uninhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live like the spider where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her poisoning to her palate, and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterized by the animal mind, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.—*Thomas Paine.*

**CHURNING COMPANY.**—We had all sorts of English speculations in South America, some of which were really amusing. Besides many brother companies which I met with at Buenos Aires, I found a sister association of milkmaids. It had suddenly occurred to some of the younger sons of John Bull, that as there were a number of beautiful cows in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, a quantity of good pasture, and as the people of Buenos Aires had no butter to their bread, a Churning Company would answer admirably; and before the idea was many months old, a cargo of Scotch milkmaids were lying becalmed under the Line, on their passage to make butter at Buenos Aires. As they were panting and sighing (being from heavy rains unable to come on deck) Neptune as usual boarded the ship; and the sailors who were present say that his first observation was, that he had never found so many passengers and so few beards to shave; however, when it was explained to him, that they were not Britannia's sons, but Jenny Bulls, who have no beards, the old god smiled and departed. The people at Buenos Aires were thunderstruck at the unexpected arrival of so many British milkmaids; however, private arrangements had been made, and they, therefore, had milk, before it was generally known that they had got cows. But the difficulties which they experienced were very great: instead of leaning their heads against patient domestic animals, they were introduced to a set of lawless wild creatures, who looked so fierce that no young woman who ever sat upon a three-legged stool could dare to approach, much less to milk them!—But the Gauchos attacked the cows, tied their legs with strips of hide, and as soon as they became quiet, the shops of Buenos Aires were literally full of butter. But now for the sad moral of the story:—after the difficulties had been all conquered, it was discovered, first, that the butter would not keep!—and secondly, that somehow or other the Gauchos and natives of Buenos Aires . . . . . liked oil better!!—*Head's Rough Notes.*

**DESCRIPTION OF A FUNERAL IN BUENOS AIRES.**—Certainly the way in which the people were buried at Buenos Aires appeared more strange to my eyes than any of the customs of the place. Of late years, a few of the principal people have been buried in coffins, but generally the dead are called for by a hack hearse, in which there is a fixed coffin, into which they are put, when away the man gallops with the corpse, and leaves it in the vestibule of the Recoleta. There is a small vehicle for children, which I really thought was a mountebank's cart: it was a light open tray, on wheels painted white, with light blue silk curtains, and driven at a gallop by a lad dressed in scarlet, with an enormous plume of white feathers in his hat. As I was riding home one day, I was overtaken by this cart, (without its curtains, &c.) in which there was the corpse of a black boy nearly naked. I galloped along with it for some distance; the boy, from the rapid motion of the carriage, was dancing sometimes on his back and sometimes on his face; occasionally his arm or leg would get through the bar of the tray, and two or three times I really thought the child would have been out of the tray altogether. The bodies of the rich were generally attended by their friends; but the carriages with four people in each were seldom able to go so fast as the hearse.

I went one day to the Recoleta, and just as I got there, the little hearse drove up to the gate. The man who had charge of the burial place received from the driver a ticket, which he read, and put into his pocket; the driver then got into the tray, and taking out a dead infant of about eight months old, he gave it to the man, who carried it swinging by one of its arms into the square-walled burial-ground, and I followed him. He went to a spot about ten yards from the corner, and then, without putting his foot upon the spade, or at all lifting up the ground, he scratched a place not so deep as the furrow of a plough. While he was doing this, the poor little infant was lying before us on the ground on its back; it had one eye open, and the other shut; its face was unwashed, and a small piece of dirty cloth was tied round its middle: the man, as he was talking to me, placed the child in the little furrow, pushed its arms to its side with the spade, and covered it so barely with earth, that part of the cloth was still visible, he walked away and left it. I took the spade, and was going to bury the poor child myself, when I recollected that as a stranger I should probably give offence, and I therefore walked towards the gate. I met the same man, with an assistant, carrying a tray, in which was the body of a very old man, followed by his son, who was about forty; the party were all quarrelling, and remained disputing for some minutes after they had brought the body to the edge of the trench. This trench was about seven feet broad, and had been dug from one wall of the burial-ground to the other: the bodies were buried across it by fours, one above another, and there was a moveable shutter which went perpendicularly across the trench, and was moved a step



forwards as soon as the fourth body was interred. One body had already been interred; the son jumped down upon it, and while he was thus in the grave, standing upon one body and leaning against three, the two grave-diggers gave him his father, who was dressed in a long, coarse, white linen shirt. The grave was so narrow that the man had great difficulty in laying the body in it, but as soon as he had done so, he addressed the lifeless corpse of his father, and embraced it with a great deal of feeling: the situation of the father and son, although so very unusual, seemed at the moment any thing but unnatural. In scrambling out of the grave, the man very nearly knocked a woman out of the tier of corpses at his back; and as soon as he was up, the two attendants with their spades threw earth down upon the face and the white dress of the old man, until both were covered with a very thin layer of earth: the two men then jumped down with heavy wooden rammers, and they really rammed the corpse in that sort of way that had the man been alive he would have been killed; and we then all walked away.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

**SINGULAR CITY.**—Fribourg is an ugly, but most extraordinary old place, in a beautiful but most extraordinary situation. The romantic Sarine rushes by its grotesque and antique walls, which inclose not only an immense extent of ground, but romantic dells and solitary scenes, more like the wilds of a desert than the interior of a city; while astonishing precipices of sand-stone, forming another wall of nature, rise around, in the sides of which curious chambers and cells, and chapels, have been hollowed out, fit for the abode of pious anchorites. The few inhabitants the enormous site of this strange old city contains, present a curious contrast with each other, one half of them living on the top of a rocky precipice, the other at the bottom of it, so that the pavement of one street literally serves as the roof for the houses of another: while it is a curious fact, that these two divisions, though fellow citizens, are yet as distinct as if they belonged to two different kingdoms, speak different languages, and cannot understand each other; the high dwellers speaking French, and the low German.

But the extraordinary sight of monks, in their long white robes, and friars, with shaved crowns, and bare sandelled legs, and ropes round their waists, walking solemnly about the streets—and *sœurs grises*, habited like nuns, gliding along; the host borne in state through the market, and all the dirty fishwomen and cabbage-hucksters falling down on their knees in the dirt, to adore it; the tinkling of bells, the saying of masses, the worshipping of images, the figures of Saints and Madonnas that adorn the gloomy, dirty, old-fashioned streets, and the quaint antiquated dresses of the people, altogether present a spectacle so extraordinary, that I am convinced Fribourg has not its parallel on the face of the earth. One cannot help thinking, that its honest citizens have contrived to lock up the sixteenth century within its walls; for you seem as if you had suddenly got into a place which was going quietly on in that primitive age, while all the rest of the world are living in the nineteenth.—*Continental Adventures.*

**SWISS SCENERY.**—Certainly, going from France into Switzerland, is like passing through purgatory to get to paradise. And Switzerland is an earthly paradise. The majestic trees, the verdant fields, the blooming enclosures, the deep blue waters of the wide expanded lake, its richly cultivated shores, with picturesque cottages, cheerful country houses, sweet villages and hamlets reposing on its banks;—the woods, the rocks, the half-seen opening vallies—the lofty mountains—the Alps in all the majesty of nature—the hoary summit of Mont Blanc, crowned with its eternal snows—No! vainly should I seek to give you an idea of this land of surpassing beauty!—All that is lovely, romantic, glorious, and sublime in the works of nature, are combined in these scenes of varied enchantment!

Nothing can be more animated than the scenery of Switzerland. The whole country is overspread with rural habitations. Here you see the wealthy substantial farm house, compactly built of wood, with its steep projecting roof, covered with wooden shingles, secured with poles and stones—unpainted, but well varnished with its own native brown coat of exuded resin; perchance carved over with quaint texts of scripture, and always sheltered under venerable umbrageous walnut trees, from the fruit of which the peasants extract their oil. Turn aside, and there, in a deep pastoral valley, at the base of some beetling mountain, which seems to threaten its humble roof with the terrific avalanche—stands a sweet lowly cottage, filled with busy inmates, and surrounded with every appearance of rural labour and contentment. High above, perched on some aerial summit, accessible only to the shepherd and the chamois, you behold the Alpine Chalet, or mountain dairy, tenanted only in summer, while the cows are grazing on the hills.—*Continental Adventures.*

**CONTEST WITH A CONDOR.**—Got to Mendoza, and went to bed. Wakened by one of the party who arrived: he told me, that seeing the condors hovering in the air, and knowing that several of them would be gorged, he had also ridden up to the dead horse, and that as one of these enormous birds flew about fifty yards off, and was unable to go any farther, he rode up to him, and then, jumping off his horse, seized him by the neck. The contest was extraordinary, and the rencontre unexpected. No two animals can well be imagined less likely to meet than a Cornish miner and a condor; and few could have calculated, a year ago, when the one was hovering high above the snowy pinnacles of the Cordillera, and the other many fathoms beneath the surface of the ground in Cornwall, that they would ever meet to wrestle and “hug” upon the wide desert plain of Villa-Vicencia. My companion said he had never had such a battle in his life; that he put his knee upon the bird’s breast, and tried with all his strength to twist his neck; but that the condor, objecting to this, struggled violently, and that also, as several others were flying over his head, he expected they would attack him. He said, that at last he succeeded in killing his antagonist, and with great pride he showed me the large feathers from his wings; but when the third horseman came in, he told us he had found the condor in the path, but not quite dead.—*Head’s Rough Notes.*

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,  
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.			INSURANCE OFFICES.		
	Amt. paid.	Per share.		Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton .....	100	170	Albion .....	500 50	54
Birmingham .....	17 10	255	Alliance .....	100 10	7 10
Coventry .....	100	1040	Ditto Marine .....	100 5	4
Ellesmere and Chester .....	133	100	Atlas .....	50 5	8
Grand Junction .....	100	265	Globe .....	100	137
Huddersfield .....	57	17	Guardian .....	100 10	15 10
Kennet and Avon .....	40	23	Hope .....	50 5	4 10
Lancaster .....	47	36	Imperial .....	500 50	90
Leeds and Liverpool .....	100	370	Ditto Life .....	100 10	10
Oxford .....	100	650	London .....	25 12 10	19
Regent's .....	40	30	Protector .....	20 2	1 5
Rochdale .....	85	84	Rock .....	20 2	3 5
Stafford and Worcester .....	140	775	Royal Exchange .....	100	240
Trent and Mersey .....	100	1850			
Warwick and Birmingham .....	100	240			
Worcester ditto .....	78	42			
DOCKS.			MINES.		
Commercial .....	100	66	Anglo-Mexican .....	100 70	20
East India .....	100	83	Ditto Chili .....	100 8	2
London .....	100	84	Bolanos .....	400 175	120
St. Catherine's .....	100 30	5	Brazilian .....	100 20	33
West India .....	100	186	Castello .....	100 5	4
			Chilian .....	100 7 10	2 10
WATER WORKS.			Columbian .....	100 15	5
East London .....	100	107	Mexican .....	100 15	2
Grand Junction .....	50	72	Real Del Monte .....	400 400	320
Kent .....	100	28	United Mexican .....	40 25	13
South London .....	100	90			
West Middlesex .....	60	60			
GAS COMPANIES.			MISCELLANEOUS.		
City of London .....	100 90	150	Australian Agricultural Comp. 100	6	9
Ditto, New .....	100 50	90	British Iron Ditto .....	100 32 10	4
Continental .....	100 8	2	Canada Ditto, Ditto .....	100 10	10
Imperial .....	50 46	36	Columbian Ditto .....	100 5	2
United General .....	50 18	10	General Steam Navigation ..	100 10	2
Westminster .....	50 50	50	Irish Provincial Bank .....	100 20	15
			Rio de la Plata Ditto .....	100 10	5
			Van Diemen's Land Ditto ..	100 2 10	1 10

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Protestant Union, or a Treatise of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best Means may be used against the Growth of Popery, by John Milton.

Practical Hints on Light and Shade in Painting, illustrated by finished Etchings of thirty-nine Examples, from the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, by John Burnet.

Early in November will be published, the English Gentleman's Manual, or a View of a Library of Standard English Literature, with notices Biographical and Critical, including many curious Original Anecdotes of eminent Literary Men of the Eighteenth Century : with Estimates for furnishing Libraries, and Lists of Books adapted for Persons going Abroad, Regimental Libraries, &c.

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(From August 24, to September 23, 1826.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	Shut. ....	Shut. ....	Shut.
3 per Cent. Consols.....	80 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	78 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	80 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Reduced .....	Shut. ....	Shut. ....	Shut.
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced.....	Shut. ....	Shut. ....	Shut.
New 4 per Cents. ....	96 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	94 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	95 $\frac{1}{2}$
Long Annuities, expire 1860 .....	Shut. ....	Shut. ....	Shut.
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. ....	237 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	235 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	237
India Bonds, 4 per Cent. ....	29s. pm. ....	24s. pm. ....	28s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day .....	19s. pm. ....	14s. pm. ....	16s. pm.

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent. ....	88 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	88 .....	88 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brazil ditto, ditto .....	67 .....	61 .....	66
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	62 .....	52 .....	61
Chilian ditto, ditto .....	44 .....	36 .....	43
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto .....	38 .....	31 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	35
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto .....	39 .....	32 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	36
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent. ....	58 $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	56 $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	58
French Rentes, 5 per Cent. ....	99 ex. div.	99 .....	99
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cents. ....	66 $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	66 .....	66 $\frac{1}{2}$
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent. ....	14 .....	12 .....	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican ditto .....	55 .....	41 .....	52
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent. ....	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	47 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	62
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent. ....	29 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	25 .....	26 $\frac{1}{2}$
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent .....	74 .....	72 .....	75
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto .....	94 $\frac{1}{4}$ .....	93 $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	94 $\frac{1}{4}$
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto .....	93 .....	92 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	93
Russian ditto, ditto .....	84 $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	81 .....	82 $\frac{3}{4}$
Spanish ditto, ditto .....	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	9 $\frac{1}{4}$ .....	10 $\frac{1}{2}$

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